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NATIONAL LAMPOON

FEBRUARY 1988

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

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VHS Beta

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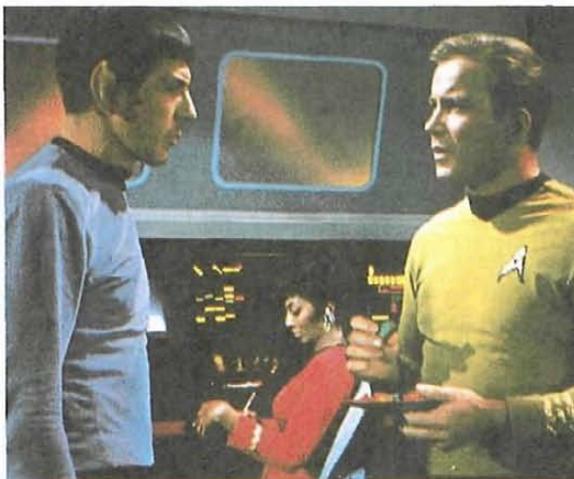
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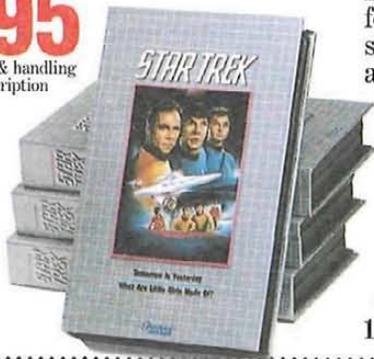
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ST-1

EDITORIAL

Letters—We Get Letters

Much mail here, reacting to our recent editorial regarding the pressures that caused the loss of certain advertising in this magazine. Readers are asking us for the names of those advertisers who bowed to the Tupelo, Mississippi, fundamentalist minister who had a flock of his “sheep” write our advertisers demanding that they pull their advertisements out of the *National Lampoon* because “Reverend Tupelo” didn’t appreciate our humor.

We thank the *NatLamp* readers who wrote. We thank, too, the various representatives of the news media who asked for those names and who wanted to cover the story. We will not, however, release the names of the advertisers.

We are not going to play that game—the business of blackmail belongs to the Reverend Donald Wildman, the ministers of the PTL, and others of that ilk.

Releasing those names doesn’t fit with a humor magazine that tries to satirize that very kind of thinking, among other of life’s ironies.

We are not above it. We’re just not into

it, and we’d be hypocrites if we were. We may be nasty and testy and rude and even blasphemous and, of course, we ain’t nice.

But we’re better than they are.

Thoughts While Waiting for My Socks to Dry:

Take every piece of beautiful music written in the last fifty years and play them under TV commercials. What the hell—Sinatra sings for Holiday Inns, the Beatles for a running shoe, why not Pavarotti and Rodgers and Hammerstein for a female douche?

Now that the gun laws in Florida are more liberal, Hertz rents out tanks at the Miami airport.

Football players shouldn’t have to go out there and hurt themselves for the kind of money they get. They should be allowed to hire stuntmen for the dangerous stuff.

A recent item in a Hollywood trade paper noted that Ronald Reagan called a TV producer to congratulate him on some award he’d received. While they were on

the phone, the producer, according to the column, asked if he could have the use of an aircraft carrier for a *Movie of the Week* he was doing—and “Mr. Entertainment” loaned him one. That’s what it said—right there in the paper.

There ought to be a Jerry Lewis Day to commemorate the fiftieth year since he was last funny.

Every time it takes longer to get your luggage out of an airport than it took for it to get there, they ought to imprison one airline executive.

Other Thoughts While Waiting for My Socks to Dry:

The deal with the Russians should come down to this: they remove their missiles from Eastern Europe and we remove our McDonald’s from the West.

I back Ronald Reagan’s proposal to make Louis L’Amour the poet laureate of the United States.

Company presidents who do their own TV commercials should have their larynxes neutered.

continued on page 114

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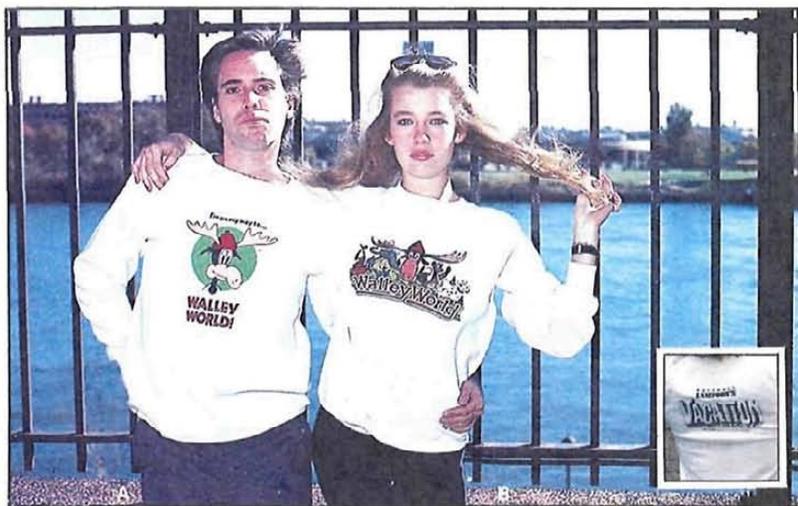
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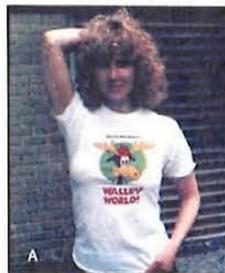
Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

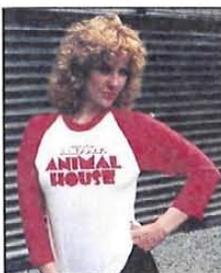
you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



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LETTERS



Sirs:
Show me a great candidate who don't like some pussy.

Jesse Jackson
Ontheprowl, Everywhere

Sirs:
I guess they aren't going to let me buy the remains of the Elephant Man. ...Darn... Hey, do you guys know where Totie Fields is buried?

Michael Jackson
Disneyland

Sirs:
There is something wrong with the world when the only people designing clothes for women would rather be tied up and teased by muscular boys with low hairlines and that vacant look in their eyes. AND I JUST THINK IT'S FAB!!!

Tommy Hilfiger
In Need of Discipline, N.Y.

Sirs:
What, you don't like the drunk act anymore?

Dudley Moore
In a B movie

Sirs:
You know what the best part of the job is? It's making kids with lots of stitches in their stomach laugh really hard.

Evil Clown
Children's Hospital

Sirs:
So you thought you could come home from college on vacation and everything would be the way it was, didn't you? Coming home late every night hammered and hungry, expecting to be fed, have your clothes washed, sleep all day, and still chase me around the house with the water gun! Expecting to be the center of your parents' attention, to be loved and fawned over. Well, things are DIFFERENT AROUND HERE NOW! We're the ones their lives revolve around. We get all the love, all the attention, all the understanding when we do bad things. And we like it this way.

Lulu and Schultze,
Your Parent's Cats
All over the place

Sirs:
Hey, um, do you guys know if they buried Kate Smith yet?

Michael Jackson
Disney World

Sirs:
Dear God, I was a classically trained actor once. I thought I would play Hamlet. I saw movies, Tonys, and respect in my youthful dreams. Now I fear it is too late. Too late. Too late.

Mr. Wipple
In a moment of sudden reflection

Sirs:
I want Matt Dillon for my next film. It is the story of a deformed and retarded peasant boy.

Federico Fellini
Roma

Sirs:
You know you're getting old when you go to jerk off but you start scratching your balls and end up completely content with that.

Rob Lowe
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
Art is only a passenger in the great gleaming automobile of fame.

Tama Janowitz
Palladium, N.Y.

Sirs:
I quit. You can all live forever, as far as I'm concerned.

Death
A doughnut shop in Queens

Sirs:
When he had that bump on his nose I told him again and again: stop nuzzling my tits.

Nancy Reagan
Recuperating on the ranch

Sirs:
The best part about writing a letter to the editor of the *National Lampoon* is that I can write anything I want and no one is going to believe I actually wrote it, because it's in the *National Lampoon!* Jerry Falwell is a screaming faggot!!!! Jimmy Swaggart is the Antichrist!!!! Oral Roberts is a fucking cokehead!!!! Boy, this is great!!!

Pat Robertson
Maybe the White House?

Sirs:
It's true, William Casey let me visit him in the hospital, and he said I could bury him in my backyard atrium.

Michael Jackson
Madame Tussaud's

continued on page 10

Making a Mountain Out of a Molehill by Giving It a Name

NOW IT'S...

The homelessBums
Child abuseDiscipline
HypoglycemiaSweet tooth
Toxic dumpsStadium sites
Gay communityFaggots
Aerobic fitnessSweating
FiberStuff stuck in my teeth
OsteoporosisLittle old lady
PMSCrabby nasty bitch
Time bombExperienced, open-minded sexual partner
Wife abuseWearing the pants in the family

continued on page 10

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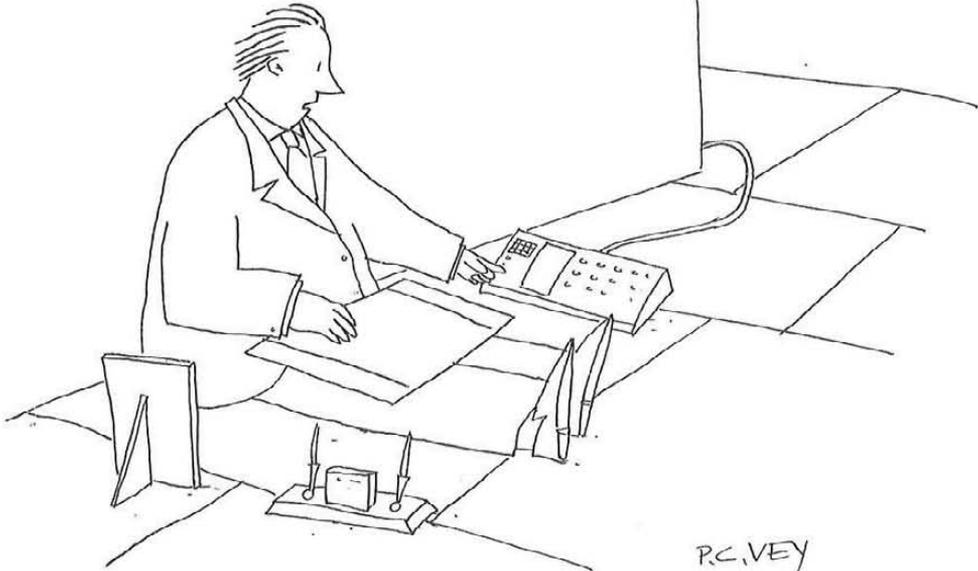


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"Miss Miller, have you found an office for me yet?"

Letters

continued from page 8

Sirs:

The way I've got it figured, all I got to do is keep saving up these leap seconds we're getting, keep tucking them away, and then when I'm about to die I can say, "Hold on," and pull out two or three of them and say something profound or just grin until they run out.

Carl
Elko, Nev.

Sirs:

Have you ever noticed that people in grocery stores who are buying only toilet paper seem to kind of stink? It's true.

LaDonna Mills
Cash Register #4
Food Barn

Sirs:

At first she stood there. Then she slowly unzipped his bulging pants. She slipped her hand in and encircled his throbbing member. Slowly she stroked that savage sausage while sliding her panties down her smoothly shaven legs. Her fingers lingered at the gateway to her heavenly hairdom. Then gently she pulled him to her. He knelt between her legs and she guided his muscular manhood into her slippery slot. And I saw it all and I tell you it was disgusting.

Andrea Dworkin
President
Women Against Pornography

Sirs:

It was beautiful. She took my little pee-pee out and then put it in her thingy. It felt

so nice. Better than a chocolate candy bar.

Larry Flynt
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

That Honda. It's something, I tell you. The wheels go this way, the car goes that way. The car goes that way, the wheels go this way. What does it all mean? I'll tell you what it means. It means Ed Sullivan can go fuck himself, that's what it means.

Jackie Mason
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

It's not true that we men want only one thing. We want dinner, too.

Men
America

Sirs:

I own a batting cage where high school boys, and a few girls, come to practice

NOT THAT LONG AGO IT WAS...

NOW IT'S...

Stress; anxiety	Adulthood
Sex after sixty	Them?! Are you out of your mind?!
Substance-abuse facility	Drunk tank
Drunk drivers	Drivers
Acid rain	Rain
Handicapped parking space	Good parking space
Footgear	Sneakers
Acid-washed, destroyed jeans	Faded jeans
Dust rags	Faded old jeans
American cuisine	Food
Cholesterol	Nutrition
Chocoholic	Pig
Horticultural landscaping consultant	Gardener

continued on page 114

their swings. What they don't know is that every thousandth pitch, my machine is programmed to throw a beanball right at their teenaged skulls. We haven't had any deaths yet, but there's still hope. And if I do get arrested, hey, I can always sue the manufacturer.

Bud
Bud's Batting Cages

Sirs:

Y' know, interoffice memos are surprisingly absorbent.

Fawn Hall
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I ask you: Are these the tits of a bimbo?
Jessica Hahn
Room 119
Flamingo Motel

Sirs:

Yep. Strange and mysterious. That's me. Like right now, I'm feeling particularly mysterious. Think I'll knock over a busload of children. There. I feel better. Isn't that strange?

The Lord
Hard at work

Sirs:

Jessica's stuck fifty-eight feet down a drain ditch in Texas? Hallelujah! Lord be praised!! What? Oh darn.

Tammy Faye Bakker
Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Sirs:

I plan to slowly creep back up, lulling everybody back into complacency, then turn around, drop a thousand more points, and rip the testicles off the small investor.

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Wall Street



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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

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ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



Predictions for 1988

I've been there for several earthquakes, but the recent one in the Los Angeles area was the strongest. I was on my way out, carrying my little round trampoline, when the earthquake struck. By the time I got outside, neighbors were already in the street, some naked with only towels on.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Was I jumping on my trampoline too hard?"

A previous earthquake, in San Fran-

cisco, happened to occur while a female TV newscaster friend I had secretly been lusty after was visiting me. When the house began to shake, she immediately jumped under my desk. It was second nature to her. On television once she had a microphone in her hand and was speaking from underneath a desk: "This is where you should be in an earthquake."

Now she was saying to me—live, "Paul, get under here."

I jumped under the desk and huddled next to her. Was my sexual fantasy about to come true? In an earthquake, yet? We were so close together under my desk that it would not be difficult to make that transition from conversation to physical stuff.

"Put the radio on," she said.

I got up and put the radio on, then jumped back under the desk with her.

"Not music," she said. "The news."

In the wake of the L.A. earthquake, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that a homeowner's insurance policy is now issued with every birdhouse built by Bristol Village Homes. Birdhouses destroyed not only by earthquakes, but also by "lightning, tornadoes, typhoons, nuclear explosions, low-flying airplanes, steam locomotives, or diesel locomotives" will be replaced free.

What an incentive to go on living after a nuclear explosion; you could get a new birdhouse built at no cost. As for the birds, you might have to wait a couple of thousand years for them to evolve again.

Meanwhile, I wanna know how come, with all their technology, the scientists

weren't able to predict that I would be carrying my trampoline in the middle of an earthquake that measured 6.1 on the Richter scale? I don't even know if Dr. Richter is still alive. Maybe he died in an earthquake. I like to think that his last words were "Where's my goddamn scale?"

But these are the *actual* words of the spokesperson for the official seismologists: "We know there is going to be a major earthquake sometime on the San Andreas Fault, but we just don't know when. It could happen in five minutes or it may not happen for fifty or a hundred years. We just don't know how to predict them. There is no scientific basis for predicting the day and hour that 'the big one' will hit."

So we might just as well keep watching a big glass jar filled with cockroaches and see when they begin to get a little restless.

However, a French psychic named Margerite Braconnier *did* predict that a major earthquake would take place in Los Angeles on October 1. The earthquake that came may have brought down a building here and there, but it certainly brought *up* her credibility.

And so, when Madame Braconnier predicted that another big earthquake would strike L.A. two weeks later, the story wound up on the front page of the Spanish-language newspaper *Noticias del Mundo*, and was repeated in English on all-news radio station KFWB.

The rumor spread quickly. Stores were closed by their owners. People stayed home from work. Parents kept their kids home from school. Whole families sat outside in the rain. The Cal Tech Seismological Laboratory was flooded with calls. They estimated that the chances were one in fifty thousand that the psychic was right.

"There's nothing irresponsible about printing the story," said the editor of *Noticias del Mundo*. "Police have often asked psychics to help catch criminals."

True enough. Psychics are now being used even in courtrooms. Their visions are transformed into sworn testimony. In New York there is a referral service which dispatches psychics to perform at private parties in the home and sales predictions in the office.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, a top psychic named Mr. Zodiac was able to identify by name a murder victim whose dismembered body had been scattered across an entire county. He accomplished this the night before the torso was identified by more ordinary police methods. Homicide investigators were astounded; Mr. Zodiac was not considered a suspect.

But when another psychic, Etta Smith, claimed to have a vision that led to the body of a kidnap and murder victim, she was arrested by Los Angeles police, who

continued on page 107



"Hey, John! Instead of giving you a haircut, this time I thought I'd just blow your fucking head off."

“In the spirit of *glasnost*, I invite the American public to sample the world’s first and best humor magazine, the *National Lampoonski*.”
—Georgi Agogli Gorbachev



Georgi Agogli Gorbachev, General Secretary of the Communist Party and publisher of the *National Lampoonski*, greets American leader Ronald Reagan in a spirit of détente.

Invented in Russia over seventeen years ago by expatriate Harvard graduates, the *National Lampoonski* is the funniest magazine on the face of the planet. To encourage Americans to discover this journal, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. has, for a limited time only, authorized me to slash the *National Lampoonski* subscription prices by an incredible seven U.S. dollars (equivalent to over sixteen rubles!). As a subscriber, you will be the first on your American street to guffaw, giggle, and gloat on the most wondrous comedic gems the clever Russian mind can produce. After having been brainwashed by the likes of Dostoevsky and Solzhenitsyn, I can guarantee you that after only *one* reading of our premier humor magazine you will see that the average Russian is just as much a—as you say—“party” animal as any American. I look forward to *personally* opening and fulfilling your subscriptions.

Greetings to the American public. As you may have read in your weekly news-magazines, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has opened its doors, and we are now happy to allow the finest examples of our cultural advances to walk through and enlighten and educate the citizens of the West. In the past, Americans such as yourselves have been able to sample some of our exemplary consumer products, such as Stolichnaya vodka and beluga caviar.

With the warm breeze of *glasnost* defrosting the Cold War imperialistic tendencies of your leaders, we are delighted to expose you Americans to some of our other cultural achievements. This winter, American audiences will have the honor of listening to the master Soviet singer/songwriter Billy Joelski, famous the world over for his compositions “Balalaika Man,” “Lenintown,” and “Upsteppe Girl.” But we are most excited about allowing the American public to—for the first time ever—delight in the world’s leading humor magazine, the *National Lampoonski*.

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DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES



by Michael Simmons

Drew Friedman



I'M STARVING!

I HEAR THE *VEAL* IS JUST GREAT!

MMMMMM! *BOY*, I'M HUNGRY!

SCOTCH AND SODA...

WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK?

SEVEN AND SEVEN...

WELL, I'D LIKE A DRINK, BUT YOU SEE, I CAN'T HAVE ONE BECAUSE I'M AN ALCOHOLIC!

LIGHT BEER...



A FEW DRINKS AND I'LL BE FOLLOWING YOUR WIFE INTO THE BATHROOM OR THROWING UP ON YOUR TIE OR *DROPPING TROU*' OR OFFENDING YOUR RELIGIOUS BELIEFS...

NOT AGAIN!



MAYBE IT'S GENETIC, MAYBE IT'S ENVIRONMENTAL, WHO KNOWS? IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS IN MY EARLY TEENS. I WAS CAPABLE OF DRINKING HUGE AMOUNTS OF BEER AND WINE. *BOONE'S FARM APPLE*, REMEMBER THAT STUFF? BOY, I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF THAT IN YEARS. REMINDS ME OF THE TIME I WAS AT THE *FILLMORE EAST* TO SEE THE *ALLMAN BROTHERS* AND WE MIXED THIS CONCOCTION OF RYE, BOURBON, SCOTCH, AND VODKA. THE ROOM STARTED TO SPIN WHILE *DUANE* PLAYED THAT MAGNIFICENT SOLO IN "*WHIPPING POST*"...



SOME PEOPLE CAN HANDLE BOOZE AND REMAIN MODERATE, SOCIAL DRINKERS FOR THEIR ENTIRE LIVES, BUT NOT ME, NO, I'M THE KIND OF GUY WHO WEARS LAMP-SHADES ON HIS HEAD AT PARTIES....

THROUGH THE YEARS, I FOUND THERE WAS ALWAYS A GOOD EXCUSE TO GET *DRUNK*. I'D DRINK IF I WAS HAPPY, I'D DRINK IF I WAS SAD. I'D DRINK ON HOLIDAYS. I'D DRINK ON BIRTHDAYS, MINE AND EVERYBODY ELSE'S. I'D DRINK BECAUSE I HAD MONEY, OR I'D DRINK BECAUSE I WAS BUMMED OUT ABOUT BEING BROKE. WHY, RIGHT NOW I COULD DRINK ALL OF YOU UNDER THE TABLE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M NOT GONNA, 'CUZ *I DON'T NEED* A DRINK. I'D JUST GET SHITFACED AND BORE EVERYONE TO DEATH....



THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SOCIAL DRINKING. MIND YOU. IT'S JUST THAT SOME PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT THEIR LIMIT IS. ... ONE MINUTE THEY'RE FINE AND THEN SUDDENLY THEY BECOME THIS UNRECOGNIZABLE MONSTER. IT'S THE OLD *JACKYLL AND HYDE* SYNDROME, AND LET'S FACE IT. THERE'S NOTHING MORE BORING THAN A DRUNK. BORING, BORING, BORING, BORING. THEY RATTLE ON AND REPEAT THEMSELVES INCESSANTLY AND NEVER KNOW WHEN TO SHUT UP. I THINK I'M A MUCH MORE INTERESTING PERSON NOW THAT I DON'T NEED TO GET THROUGH AN EVENING USING *ALCOHOL* AS A CRUTCH. LET'S FACE IT, THAT'S ALL IT IS. IT'S A CRUTCH TO LEAN ON. TO DENY HAVING TO FACE YOUR OWN INSECURITIES. DOES THIS PERSON LIKE ME? DOES THAT PERSON LIKE ME? *SOBERITY* TEACHES MAN TO FACE UP TO HIS OWN TRUE SELF, WHATEVER IT BE....



With Michael Simmons as the Alcoholic, Joanne Palace as the Date, Budge Threlkeld and Michelle Winding as the Couple, and John Storey as the Waiter. Photographed and Directed by Allan Arkush.

The manager of Pennsylvania's Williamsport Bills, a minor-league baseball team, fired catcher Dave Bresnahan after a game against the Reading Phillies. In the fifth inning, with the Phillies at bat, a runner took a couple of steps off third base. Bresnahan threw over the head of the third baseman. When the runner headed for the plate, Bresnahan tagged him out with the ball he had hidden in his mitt. What he had thrown into left field was actually a potato.

"I won't tolerate that kind of stuff," said Bills manager Orlando Gomez, noting that Bresnahan's batting average was .149 anyway. *Milwaukee Journal* (contributed by Joe Kaebisch)

From England's *Financial Times*:

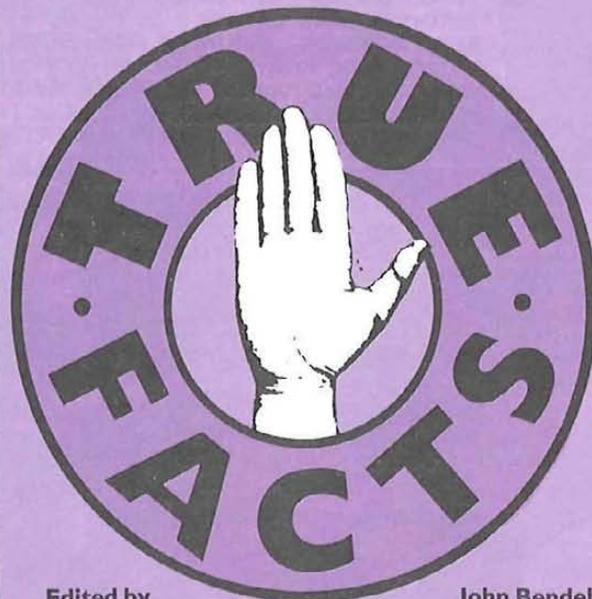
"Mistaking them for Heating Allowance Vouchers, several old-age pensioners in South Wales have been trying to exchange their Welsh-language versions of the AIDS warning leaflet for cash. 'Very few pensioners understand written Welsh around here,' said a DHSS spokesman." (contributed by Steven Newman)

For the fourth year in a row, Ramon Cervantes organized a Cinco de Mayo Parade in Chicago "to honor an 1862 battle in which Mexico defeated Napoleon III's invading army. He wore a sombrero and held a Mexican flag atop a placard plastered with bumper stickers."

Chicago authorities provided the following support: "The police department sent ten officers, a supervising sergeant, and three squad cars; the transit authority sent a superintendent and thirteen supervisors to reroute eleven bus lines; and the public works department ordered the bridge tenders to ensure that a bridge on the parade route stay down for one hour."

However, Cervantes was the only participant in the parade, which attracted virtually no spectators. *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by David Haywood)

According to California's *San Diego Daily Transcript*, sex therapist Theresa Crenshaw addressed a meeting of the Associated General Contrac-



Edited by

John Bendel

tors. The title of her talk was: "Construction and Sex—Building a Better Relationship and Creating a More Stable Erection." (contributed by Karen Filimor)

Eunice Dennin of Larrabee, Wisconsin, was fined \$270 for abusing the 911 emergency telephone system. Authorities charged that Dennin called the number 107 times to complain "about manure in a road near her home, vandalism to her mailbox, loud mooing by nearby cows, and the fact that her husband would not bathe her." *Milwaukee Sentinel* (contributed by Mary Ellen Petersen)

Joyce and David White of Berlin Heights, Ohio, filed a \$125,000 lawsuit against the Natilina Pizza Company of nearby Elyria, claiming that a "spoiled, rotten, rancid, and moldy" pizza caused the death of their dog, Fluffy. According to their lawyer, the couple "became violently ill after eating a small quantity of the pizza. Then they became severely distressed in their search for medical assistance and ran over Fluffy in the driveway." *Sandusky Register* (contributed by Patrick T. Hughes)

In an interview quoted in Britain's *Daily Graphic*, Ismalia Amadu, a politician in Ghana, related the following incident:

"There have been regular numerous complaints about the

heat present in the lavatory just outside the Islamic Truth Centre [presumably in Accra, Ghana].

"Shortly after the lavatory was opened at 5:00 A.M. last Wednesday a large queue of users formed, and by 7:45 A.M. the temperature inside rose to 102 degrees. A few minutes later there was a tremendous explosion, and a column of excrement over thirty feet high rose through the air, drenching those who were waiting for their buses at the Merryway Terminal.

"Some say that the height of the column has been exaggerated by right-wing politicians, but Mr. Mohammed Hassan, who was servicing the loudspeakers on the ITC's minaret, had his tool kit splashed." (contributed by Steven Newman)

Sanni Abubakar, chairman of the local government in Bauchi, Nigeria, recently cracked down on prostitution by ordering all single girls to get married within three months. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Roy Henock)

From Indonesia's *Jakarta Post*:

"Crowds of people at an East Java bus terminal recently rushed to a twenty-four-year-old man who had cried for help, only to discover him hopping in a public toilet with his genitals tightly pinched in the zipper of his newly bought blue jeans.

"The people at the Malang

city terminal heard Takim yell out in pain, so they came to his help and found the man vainly trying to release his member from the zipper, which he had pulled up hastily and forcefully.

"*Jawa Pos* newspaper said bus conductor Takim had run out of his bus to urinate when the vehicle arrived at the terminal.

"Takim, who told the people he hated to wear pants 'because they make me feel uneasy,' had not finished urinating when the driver called him. He hastily pulled up the zipper and had the accident.

"Earlier in the day, he had bought the blue jeans at the advice of his friends. They told him that as he never wore pants he had better buy a pair of jeans so that he 'won't have problems.'

"They told him Mike [sic] Jagger does not have problems with his genitals when appearing on the stage because he wears blue jeans.

"Based on that information Takim bought the jeans and got himself in a painful pinch.

"*Jawa Pos* said Takim hopped in the toilet 'in the same manner as Mike Jagger rocks on the stage.'" (contributed by Marc Croes)

From the *Aurora* of Labrador, Canada:

"The Labrador West detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Constabulary has charged two Labrador City residents with theft of a parking lot. The asphalt in the parking lot of apartment buildings in Wabush was taken during the week of July 29, and the constabulary found it in Labrador City. The two gents were going to melt it down and do their driveways." (contributed by Peter S. Morris)

In Warm Springs, Georgia, where Franklin D. Roosevelt went for treatment of his polio, workers discovered a "new, small pool which they set about landscaping so that visitors could enjoy the warm water." Recently, however, it was found that the pool had been formed by a leaky sewer pipe.

Charles Barnes, superintendent of the Little White House, commented: "That explains why the water was so warm." *Orlando Sentinel* (contributed by David T. Tisdell)



An unknown pet hater in Whittier, California, has killed at least a dozen cats and dogs by strewn poisoned meatballs around the community. Residents of the Beverly Acres area "believe the culprit uses a slingshot to scatter the poisoned meatballs throughout the neighborhood while residents are asleep."

One resident said that every morning "it looks like an Easter-egg hunt, with everyone outside looking behind every bush and tree." *New York Times* (contributed by Darren A. Singer)

An unnamed man was arrested in Montreal, Quebec, after he robbed a convenience store. The robber, dressed "in black bikini briefs and wearing a garbage bag over his head," threatened the cashier with a knife, grabbed \$171 from the cash register, and ran into a nearby building, which police then surrounded. Attempting to escape from a second-floor balcony, the man fell, breaking both ankles and biting off part of his tongue.

"Now," said Constable Gerald McGregor, "he can't sing and he can't dance." (*Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by Max McLaughlin))

A Ventura, California, woman was bitten on the legs by a pit bull terrier she found tied to a tree. According to the San Luis Obispo County *Telegram & Tribune*, a sack of dog food, a twenty-four-inch rubber hose, a rope, and a sign were found next to the tied-up pit bull.

The sign read: "Hello. My name is Patches and I haven't got an owner. Would you be mine? I don't eat much and I don't take up much room. I'm a great watchdog and once I get used to you, I am real nice, but until then, just beat me with this rubber hose." (contributed by Joe Bissin)

News from the world of rock 'n' roll:

Item 1. Some members of the audience complained after a

rock group known as the Feederz used live insects and dead animals in their act. According to *Express* of Oakland, California, the Feederz' lead singer, Frank Discussion, "was wearing a dead cat tied around his neck. Live crickets were affixed to his head, and he was carrying a dead dog." Discussion reportedly ate the crickets while "several maladjusted

named Speckles. They said they shouldn't have to look at it because that's what the pound is for. They asked why we couldn't just show a picture of it," Desha said. "They didn't seem to care the time we brought a pre-operational transsexual to the show carrying a cross and Frank was whipping the shit out of him." (contributed by David Rosenbaum)

mers and iron pipes the band was using to beat on the floor. (contributed by Henry Posner III)

George House, Jr. was serving a twenty-five-year prison term when he killed fellow inmate Jack Buddy Callison at the federal prison in Marion, Illinois. House was punished with an additional ten years behind bars plus a fine of \$1,303.61, the cost of Callison's funeral. The amount was to be deducted from House's commissary account, which he used to buy snacks. House appealed the fine, claiming that by killing Callison he actually saved taxpayers \$61.46 per day for the more than ten years left on Callison's sentence. However, Judge William J. Bauer ruled against House, pointing out that since he faced a thirty-year sentence in another state, he would be spending his life behind bars. Therefore the only real penalty the state could impose for his killing of Callison was the denial of \$1,303.61 worth of potato chips and chocolate. *Chicago Daily Law Bulletin* (contributed by Robert Balanoff)

The government of Guyana lost its entire domestic fleet of airliners for lack of 1.25 million dollars to repair them. Two airliners had already been sidelined when the last plane sustained one million dollars in damages while colliding with a cow on a runway. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Mary-Jane Newborn)

In 1982, the story of eight-year-old Buddy emerged on the citizens' band radio in Scotland. Buddy, it seemed, was dying of cancer and wanted, as his last wish, to win a place in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for receiving more postcards than anyone else. A retired security guard offered the use of his post-office box in Paisley, Scotland, assuming that a nearby CB club would pass the mail on to the boy.

According to UPI, "The story was picked up by the interna-

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The Official Library of Nursing



This photo, apparently of his personal library, was submitted by Matt Phalen of Mason City, Iowa.

Nazi punks" grabbed the dog and began throwing it at people. Humane Society officers found that, since the dog and cat were already dead at the time of performance, no laws were broken.

The Feederz' bass player, Kirby Desha, spoke to writer Brian Hill about the incident: "They all got upset because the nametag was still on the dog, a cute little Aussie shepherd

Item 2. According to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, two members of an unnamed rock group were arrested by campus police during a performance in Breed Hall at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh. A fight broke out when police tried to take away an electric grinder the band was using on a steel drum to spray sparks into the hall. Police also confiscated the ham-



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tional news media, and in the next year some two million post-cards and letters—180 mailbags worth—flooded into the Paisley post office from across the world. In May 1983, President Reagan heard the Buddy story and wrote a letter saying, 'Mrs. Reagan joins me in sending our prayers and warm wishes.'

The trouble is nobody has been able to find Buddy, and the mail is still coming in.

"In recent weeks," reported UPI, "the Canadian navy magazine *Trident* ran an article on Buddy. NATO headquarters sent a copy of the article to the Spanish defense ministry, which in turn sent it to Spain's leading newspaper, *El Pais*." That paper ran yet another story on Buddy.

"The mail for Buddy has ebbed and flowed," said postal spokesman Robert Sinclair, "but in the last few weeks it has increased again."

Buddy, who probably never did exist, is once again receiving between 2,000 and 3,000 cards and letters a day. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)

A Louisiana appellate court reduced the amount a nursing home would have to pay a sixty-nine-year-old patient from \$60,000 to \$20,000. The court noted that the woman suffered minimal physical discomfort on the three occasions when "someone dyed her pubic hair black."

According to *American Medical News*, "Some of the staff suspect her son." (contributed by Greg A. Yapalater, M.D.)

Secretary of State George Shultz and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger visited Australia last year under very heavy security. However, Secret Service agents assigned to protect the two Cabinet officers beamed their own communications over taxi-radio wave bands.

"Secret Service messages dealing with the detailed move-

ment of Shultz and Weinberger could be heard over our two-way radio network all day Sunday," said one taxi controller. (San Diego, California) *Tribune* (contributed by Shannon Peters)

According to the *Press-Herald* of Portland, Maine, patent number 4,666,425 was recently awarded to Chet Fleming of St. Louis, Missouri, for a device to maintain activity in an animal's head after its removal from the body at the neck.

"The 'discorporated' head,"

active cobalt machine which fell on her as she was undergoing treatment for cancer. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Bill Horgos)

Inland Country, a house organ of the Inland Power & Light Company of Spokane, Washington, featured an article on Galen Winsor, a retired nuclear engineer from Kennewick, Washington. According to the article, "Winsor has been eating uranium oxide for the past four years as part of his cross-country

Winsor once swam in and drank the water of a nuclear reactor's containment pool. "After disclosing what he had done, Winsor said, he agreed to undergo a CAT scan and was found to have the highest body levels of radiation ever found in a living human.

"In fact, Winsor says, his body now contains so much radiation that according to government standards he should be buried 3,000 feet beneath the earth's surface." (contributed by Don Kardong)

Make a Wish



This news photo from AP depicts government soldiers having a good time at an Independence Day celebration in San Salvador, El Salvador.

reported the newspaper, "is to be supported in a cabinet and supplied with oxygenated blood and nutrients. It is to be held by a collar around the neck, and if necessary the spine may be left attached. Depending on the surgical procedures, it is reported that the severed head may experience a period of consciousness." (contributed by Martin Perry)

Alice Fleetwood of Seymour, Indiana, was crushed to death by the 2,800-pound arm of a radio-

speaking tour promoting his nuclear views."

Winsor wants to collect "all of this country's used nuclear material and store it at an Illinois facility until the time comes when, he is convinced, the world will beat a path to his door to buy back what he calls 'valuable material.'

"The people who tell you that used nuclear material is useless and dangerous are just flat lying," Winsor said. "I'm living proof that the material won't hurt you."

Seventy-year-old Osborne "Ozzie" LaRue and his wife, Ronnie, had their motor home stolen by eight youths in Calgary, Alberta. According to the *Alberta Report*, the young thieves "roared through the Rogers Pass at speeds of up to eighty-five miles per hour" while being chased by Mounties.

"The culprits tried to deter their pursuers by opening up the RV's rear window and flinging appliances out of it, everything from an ironing board to a microwave oven. The romp ended a hundred miles later in a rocky ditch at Canyon Springs. The total damage—a hefty \$20,000. Mr. LaRue is, understandably, 'cheesed off,' especially since a friend of one of the vandals later phoned him. 'He asked if I would return the kid's skateboard, which they'd left behind.'" (contributed by Colin Shaw)

Attention, contributors! We now send each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency—and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

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YELLOW JOURNAL

Founded by Benjamin Franklin's second cousin on his mother's side, Bert

New Shere Hite Report Finding: Men Suck!

SHERE HITE, AUTHOR OF A CONTROVERSIAL 1976 report on women and sexuality, has come out with an equally controversial study concerning married women. In it she shockingly reports that 70 percent of all women admit to having had extramarital relations. A majority of women also complain of being "emotionally and sexually harassed" and state their husbands rarely help with the housework.

To amass her data, Hite sent 100,000 questionnaires to various women's groups ranging from the radical Women Who Love Women and Hate Men group to the slightly conservative Organization of Women Who Grovel at Their Husbands' Feet. Of the 100,000 she got back 4,000, 3,500 of which were from the Women Who Love Women and Hate Men group.

While the findings have indeed proved shocking, critics maintain that the whole study should be discarded as the biased ditherings of a garden-club polltaker. They argue that not only was it not executed in a scientific manner, i.e., asking intelligent questions, but it was weighted against men as well. They point to certain questions that could be construed as "anti-men," such as:

—On a scale of 1 to 10, how big a prick is your husband?

—In what ways does your husband remind you of Adolf Hitler?

—Do you average five orgasms a night like most single women?

A sample of findings taken from the new Hite report:

- 57 percent have sex with the mailman on a daily basis.
- 61 percent have sex with the grocery delivery boy twice a week.
- 66 percent have sex with the milkman on the days he delivers cream.
- 84 percent believe their husbands are pitifully poor in bed.
- 90 percent are embarrassed to be in bed with their husbands.
- 87 percent said their husbands would play World War II radio dispatcher with their breasts.
- 82 percent said after husband flossed, he didn't clean the splattered gunk off the mirror.
- 94 percent said husband left hair wads in bathroom drain.

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IN THIS ISSUE: Billy Martin Fired!
Bernhard Goetz, the NYC Subway Vigilante, Raped in Prison!

New Image for Pat Robertson

TV evangelist Pat Robertson, one of the many hopefuls in the race for the GOP nomination, attempted to put forth a new image as a "regular guy's candidate" in Dubuque, Iowa, recently. Before an estimated crowd of three thousand who had gathered to watch the frontrunners debate, Robertson crept from candidate to candidate, springing lithely onto each from behind while screaming, "You deserve a Pat on the back!" George Bush, who took a nasty spill after Robertson rode him heavily for nearly three minutes, was none too amused by the stunt. "These were sixty-dollar trousers," he said. "And now they're shot. He broke my darn glasses, too."



AP/Wide World

Jack Kemp, who fled from the stage once the leeterns began to tumble, said later to reporters, "If that son of a bitch comes near me, I'll kick his squirrely ass up between his big ears." While Robertson aides had no comment, those watching the campaign closely expect more pranks to follow.

—M.W.

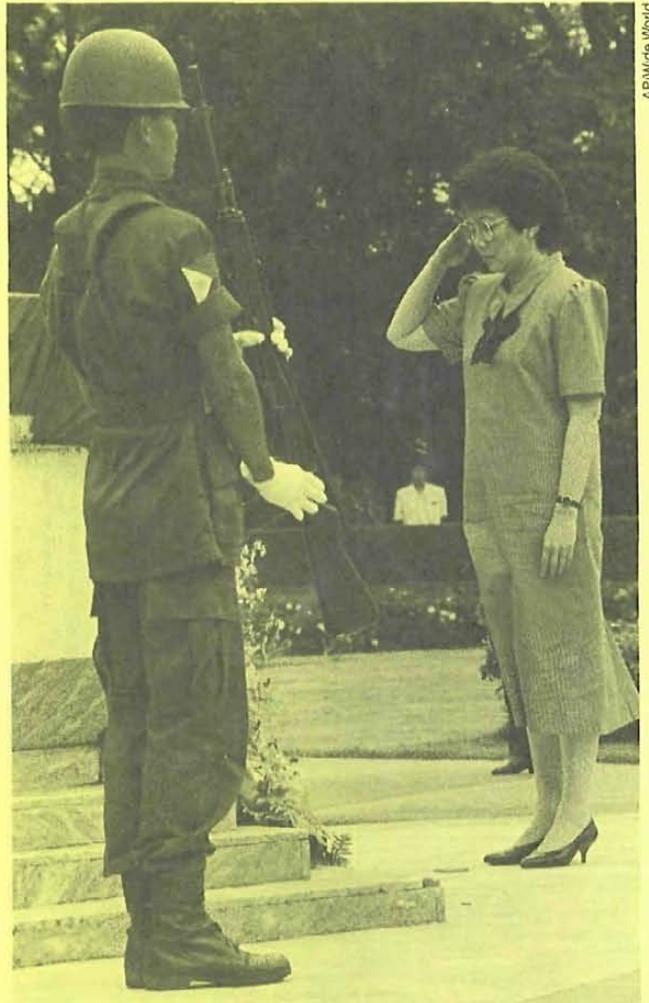
Louisiana Abolishes the Death Penalty, Replaces It with Kidnapping

The state legislature of Louisiana has abolished the death penalty, complaining that it was not successful as a deterrent. In its place, the legislature instituted mandatory kidnapping.

Under the new law a criminal, instead of being sentenced to death, will be sent to prison. Without warning, while he is going to the shower or the dining hall or out to the yard, he will be grabbed by masked prison guards, blindfolded, stuffed in the trunk of a getaway car, driven to a preselected site, and held there until a ransom for his release is paid. Perhaps an ear or two will be cut off and sent to the press for added pressure. The ransom will be determined by the heinousness of the crime committed.

Said state legislator Melvin Cupp: "Nothing else has worked. Besides, maybe we can get some money for these bums."

—A.S.



AP/Wide World

Philippine President Corazon Aquino reviews her loyal troop.

—M.J.

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Shere Hite Report

- 66 percent claim every time husband goes to the bathroom, the toilet overflows.
- 74 percent complained their husbands put catsup on their spaghetti.
- 88 percent complained their husbands became fat and ugly six months after the wedding.
- 64 percent claim their husbands stick their cigar butts into their dinner leftovers, then dump the dishes in the sink without scraping them, allowing them to get all gross and icky, forcing her to use the electric knife to remove the ground-in detritus.

—A.S.

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HORRORSCOPE

S★A★G★I★T★T★A★R★I★U★S★ (11/22-12/21)



old Puerto Rican. Brush up on your Spanish!

ARIES (3/21-4/19): Signs are good for romance. Your dentist will rape you while he has you under sedation—stay away from the proctologist!; your toilet will stay blocked up for three days—wonderful time to visit old friends.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20): Overcome your shyness—ask recently widowed lady next door for her husband's wardrobe and golf clubs; all eyes are on you this month—postpone shoplifting spree.

GEMINI (5/21-6/21): Pleasure flight to Europe will be hijacked to Libya—enjoy the extra vacation days; signs indicate that you will lose your uppers at an important cocktail party—keep a stiff lower lip.

CANCER (6/22-7/22): Surprise news from your new girlfriend—she has AIDS. Cheer up—now you two finally have something in common; dozens of Asian boat people suddenly inundate your neighborhood—keep a close eye on your pooch.

LEO (7/23-8/22): Love life looks stormy for you. Learn to be more gentle with your lover—otherwise she will just deflate again; signs show that a carload of college kids on angel dust will plow across your lawn and into your living room—keep plenty of milk, cookies, and plasma handy.

VIRGO (8/23-9/22): Virgo gals, you will finally tie up some loose ends—you're due for a hysterectomy; postpone important business trip until hideous facial rash improves.

LIBRA (9/23-10/23): Famous photographer, be cautious—your dog will urinate on famous rock star during

FAMOUS SAGITTARIANS: Fred Blaisse, Donald De-Freeze, Wendy O. Williams, Jello Biafra, Karl Ehmer, Squeaky Fromme, Francis the Talking Mule, Albert Anastasia, Donna Douglas, Nathan Leopold.

Your Birthday: New experiences: colitis and genital warts; halfway house for sex offenders established on your block—watch the children; your mother-in-law will maul your neighbor's pit bull—engage legal counsel.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19): Busy social calendar: your fifteen-year-old daughter brings her pimp home for dinner; inadvertently, you take your boss and his wife to the opening of a new snuff film—oops!; crazed crack addict will hold your office hostage for two or three days—fill those snack and soda machines!

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18): You will be trapped in an elevator for sixteen hours with a fat Greek Elvis impersonator; kidney stones an unexpected surprise—not to worry, they will soon pass; your teenage son moves in with his gay shop teacher—smile, he might learn a new trade.

PISCES (2/19-3/20): Rich, aged aunt leaves entire fortune to the Unification Church; neighbor's child will defecate in your new hot tub; thirty-eight-year-old daughter finally gets married—to nineteen-year-

CONDOM CORNER

with Connie Condom



On Location at Lake Tahoe

For God's Sake, Wear a Condom

As I sit here, comfortable in a light gauze cardigan and nylon balaclava helmet, I just want to lean back for a moment and share a thought with you on what a beautiful, luscious deal this life thing is. Especially now, since I'm on vacation, sort of.

But even the idyllic shores of Lake Tahoe cannot wrench me from the distress which swells in my heart: for the news has reached the provinces of the movement afoot to squelch the forward social march of the condom community.

Over a lovely brunch last weekend at the sun-drenched home of my friends J. Firefold Billiam (not his real name) and Ida Olula, an attractive blonde (née brunette), I was informed of some hideous news: it seems the public-education information ads encouraging the use of condoms have been decried by cross-touting stuffies in favor of ads encouraging abstinence, and the browbeaten government authorities have swayed in the halitosis wind of their wishes. Oh, how can they not realize that to encourage abstinence is to encourage the sun to stop shining, the waves to stop lapping, the Iranians to stop acting like mud-brained jackal pig-dogs, the televised athletes to stop putting their fingers in their wads. At long last my namesake the condom had begun to achieve a great measure of success, and now these sponge-brained weakies, with a sense of realism as keen as Jackson Pollock's, are telling people to just keep the fish out of the water. Well, boo-hoo on you, churchie-poo.

On a brighter, nonsectarian note, I can't begin to put into words how much I appreciate your many kind letters of support during my recent convalescence. You're very precious people indeed, and please continue writing in with naked pictures of yourselves and your loved ones. If you're ever in town, we'll try to arrange a fashionable lunch—your treat, of course. But either way, keep writing; I get awful lonely out here sometimes with just my Teddy Ruxpin and this old jar of hamburger relish to keep me company.

—D.H.

shooting; close relative will whine for money—be generous, of course. Notorious Libra loyalty will not let you abandon a lost cause. Accept reality—no more checks for the PTL. Writer of this column, however, offering warm and indispensable advice month in, month out, truly deserves your emotional and financial support. Contact editors.

SCORPIO (10/24-11/21): Things look stormy for

romance for temperamental Scorpios. Scorpio woman, watch your quick temper—signs indicate that your current lover is a mass murderer. Scorpio men, keep razors and sharp objects well out of reach of your steady dominatrix. Cigarette burns on your genitals indicate she has recently been getting a bit rough—tell her to put down cat-o'-nine-tails and TALK to you—the main thing is to communicate.

—T.K.

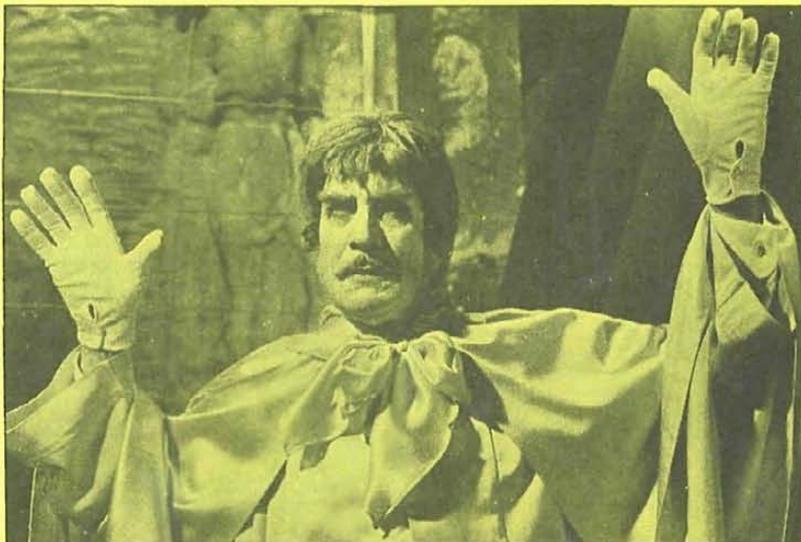
Michael Jackson Suffering from Rare Facial Disorder

Pop music mega-superstar Michael Jackson has checked into Cedars-Sinai Medical Center for treatment of a rare facial variety of anorexia nervosa, a condition marked by the patient's insistent belief that his facial features are too thick.

According to sources close to the reclusive star, after the 1979 release of his hit album *Off the Wall* Jackson began to frequently remark to family members and business associates that he felt his lips and nose were too thick.

Jackson subsequently underwent a series of operations in which he had 40 percent of his nasal cartilage pared away and his lips reduced in thickness until, as one surgeon described it, "he had lips like a ninety-year-old Japanese woman."

Jackson's family reportedly forced him to check into Cedars-Sinai after the star continued to express concern over his "bloated" appearance. "Did you see me on the cover of *Spin*?" he allegedly lamented to family members. "I've got lips like a fish and a nose like



Movie Star News

Michael Jackson prior to checking into Cedars-Sinai Medical Center.

a horse." Jackson allegedly said he would not embark on his upcoming solo tour without first visiting his plastic surgeon.

Asked how Jackson looked when he

checked in, Jackson's physician responded. "Did you ever see the movie *The Abominable Dr. Phibes* with Vincent Price? Something like that."

—P.C.S.

Pup Travels 1,500 Miles to Find Owner

When they moved from their home in Peoria, Illinois, to the suburbs of Seattle, Jeffrey Tupins and family, thanks to an ordinance prohibiting dogs in their new neighborhood, bade a tearful farewell to Tippy, their beloved cocker spaniel, believing they would never see him again.

Three months later, however, an emaciated, mangy, battle-scarred, but very happy Tippy limped down the flagstone walk to his master's new home.

"Why, the kids were just as pleased as could be to see old Tippy again," Mr. Tupins told reporters. "We can't figure for the life of us how he got all the way over here. I tell you, I've never seen such devotion in a dog before."

When asked about Tippy's future, Mr. Tupins replied, "Oh, he's got none. Soon as he showed up, we took him to the ASPCA, where they immediately gassed him. I mean, devoted or not, they still don't allow dogs here."

—M.H.



Ron Galella

Kathleen Turner Scheduled to do Miniseries

ABC has announced that Kathleen Turner has signed on to do a seven-part miniseries entitled *The Mama Cass Story*. Turner's costar will be Bob Denver as the Evil Ham Sandwich. Shooting is expected to begin in the spring.

—S.M.

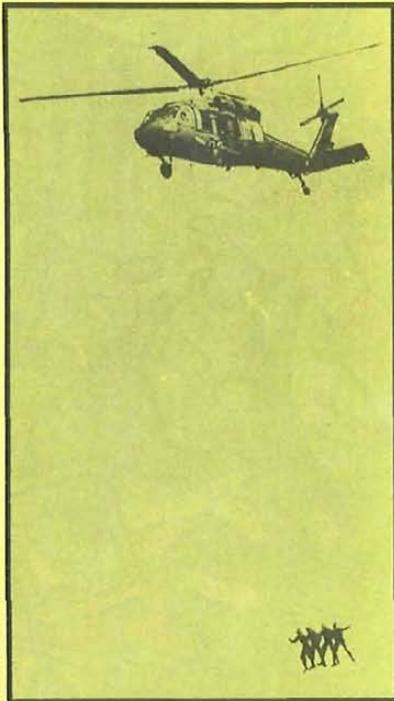
Wall Street Crash Benefits Select Few

While corporate America generally suffered financial setbacks and stock losses in the so-called "Crash of '87," not everyone had all bad news.

"Our stock soared," said Gerald McRae, CEO of McRae's Sidewalk Body Scraping, Inc., "and with any luck at all we could enjoy an even bigger boom within the next six or eight months."

Other businesses that reported increases in stock prices were Blarney's Wall Street Saloons, Ltd., Martin Marin's House of Freebasing Equipment, and Acme Monastery Registration Co.

—L.Y.



The Reagan administration has confirmed reports that it recently tried to install a puppet government in Nicaragua. "We'd have pulled it off," said a White House aide, "if it hadn't been so damn windy."

—M.J.

Inside Larry King



Larry King's Humans

Some thoughts on the new age of American athletes.... Art Schlichter is a great guy to go to the track with.... Is is just me, or does Cardinal outfielder Willie McGee resemble a man who just swallowed a fistful of Percodan?... I don't know what I like better—watching the Royals' Jim Eisenreich swing that lumber or twitch spasmodically in the outfield.... Let's put an end to all those ugly rumors surrounding Merlin Olsen and the late Bob Crane.... Giants coach Bill Parcells has come a long way from the days when he worked as Alan "Skipper" Hale's stand-in on the set of *Gilligan's Island*.... For this reporter's money you can't beat the sheer grace and poetry of "Glow" female wrestling.... Color me a romantic, but there's something sexy about Mike Ditka's bulbous, tumescent neck.... How many of you would like to see Joe Theismann brutally raped at a state prison facility?... And that goes for Joe Garagiola.... Gruff Eagles field marshal Buddy Ryan determined to diet down to a size 5

cocktail dress, even if it kills him.... Keep your fingers crossed that Marv Albert will follow through on plans to have those adenoids removed.... Recently addled Dolphins coach Don Shula seen rubbing Kramer's heat rub into the calves of transsexual superstar Divine.... Do you miss Gary Carter's perm as much as I do?... If I were a parent, nothing would please me more than delivering up my son to four years of abuse from Bo Schembechler.... Hey, Bob Griese, did anyone ever tell you how intensely BORING you are?... You haven't lived until you've smelled a John Madden beer fart.... Super-rookie Brian Bosworth reminds me of a young, beautiful Dick Van Patten, and how about that new Shemp Howard haircut?... In a perfect world there would be an abundance of young, uniformed little leaguers hitchhiking on a rainy thruway, willing to do anything to get home.... Have you ever noticed that Don Baylor has a major league caboose?... Say, let's play word association.... Phil Simms?... White trash.... Don Coryell?... hemorrhoids.... Tommy Lasorda?... pus-filled zit.... Dan Dierdorf?... Nazi.... Captain Lou Albano?... breasts.... Dan Marino?... dingleberry.... Gary Carter?... Amway.... Lawrence Taylor?... wussy.... Mark Gastineau?... open sore.... Ivan Lendl?... barrel o' laffs.... Bob Costas?... little dickhead.... Phil Rizzuto?... diarrhea.... Larry King?... back next time with a retrospective of the life and loves of Martha Raye.

—N.B.

National Geographic to Release New Collection of Environmental Recordings

On the heels of its successful collection of environmental background LPs for nature-lovers released in the 1970s, *National Geographic* has answered the needs of an increasingly urbanized society by releasing a new collection of "Urban Environment" soundtracks.

Geared mostly to former urban dwellers who have been forced out of their beloved cities by high rents, the records are aimed at satisfying buyers' cravings for city noise. Included in the collection are the following: airport noises • honking cabs • sirens • stabings • guns • fireworks • blaring

ghetto blasters • sexually liberated neighbors • car burglar alarms • block parties • construction site sounds, including demolition and jeering • domestic violence • all-night stickball games • drag races.

Also on line are a series of household noises which serve as seasonal soporifics, including fans, air conditioners, and furnaces, and a collection catering to newly divorced men who miss the sounds of shrieking children, incessantly barking dogs, nagging, and violent cartoons.

—D.H.

Survivors OF THE

by Rick Meyerowitz and
Gerry Sussman

Story idea by George Malko

There was nothing they couldn't or wouldn't do to stay alive. They were men who scarcely deserved to be called by their own gender. In the lawless jungle of the Old West, they lived by their own moral code—that it is far better to be a live coward than a dead hero, or even a dead person. In their own way they were as famous as the outlaws and desperadoes they so cravenly feared. They were the legendary cowards of the Old West.

Billy the Adult

No one in the folklore of the Old West has inspired more legends than William "Billy the Adult" Binglehoff, the most notorious coward of them all, a man who could "sweat bullets on cue," according to young Samuel Clemens, who knew him from his tenure as a reporter for the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* in Nevada.

As Billy's reputation grew he had to live with the constant challenges of every young punk, every two-bit coward with the whiskey shakes who wanted his mantle. His most dangerous rival was Milton "Scaredy" Katz, also known as "The Jewish Jellyfish."

Katz and Billy had the inevitable show-down one night when the Younger brothers rode into Virginia City and raised a lot of hell at McGinty's Saloon. Every self-respecting coward was there, but the crowd knew it was Billy and Milton's show. It started with the usual compliments.

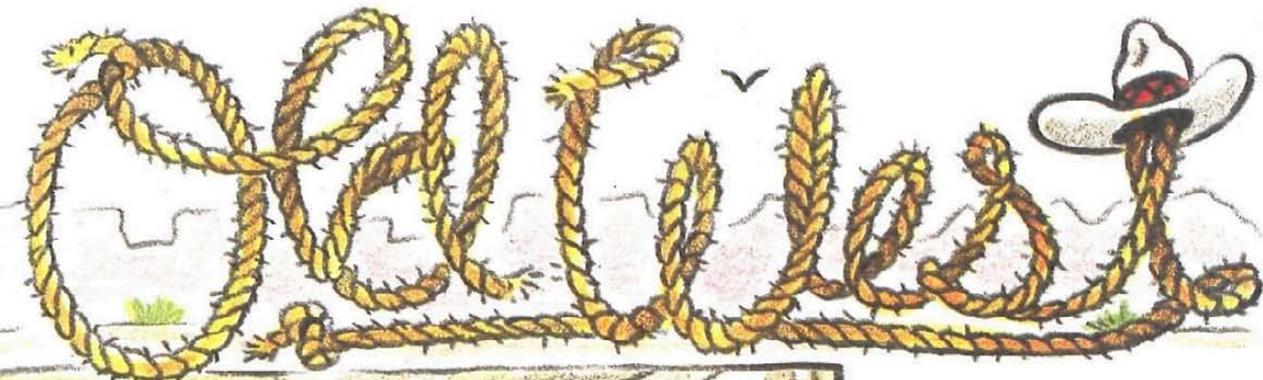
"I hear you're pretty yellow, Billy," said Katz.

"I've been known to tremble a bit. But they tell me you're the best, Milton," said Billy.

"I'm good, Billy...real good."

"You talk big, Milton. But talk is cheap," said Billy.





"Ask Cole Younger how good I am," sneered Katz.

"Cole Younger? Is he here? Oh my God!" screamed Billy.

And without skipping a beat Billy opened a sack of ashes, poured them over his head, tore his clothes and wailed and begged Cole Younger not to kill him. It was an inspired performance that nearly knocked Katz off the map.

But Katz recovered and gave Younger's boots a tongue bath, a chew softening, and a military spit shine, using his scalp as a brush. The crowd applauded with enthusiasm.

Billy realized he was in for a fight. He pulled out pictures of his lovely wife and three children, painting the most horrendous scenario of widowhood and orphanhood if he were to die. It had the entire saloon watering their drinks with tears.

But Katz actually topped him with his own family story, about a blind child, a crippled wife, and a sick dog. He shook and trembled and went into an epileptic fit, with violent convulsions and frothing at the mouth.

The crowd was stunned. Even the Younger brothers took off their hats and bowed. But Billy wasn't finished. He made a short, humble speech, begging the Younger brothers to allow him to live. Then, without warning, he clutched his chest and made the unmistakable sounds of a heart attack. He gasped for air and fell to the ground, a lifeless lump.

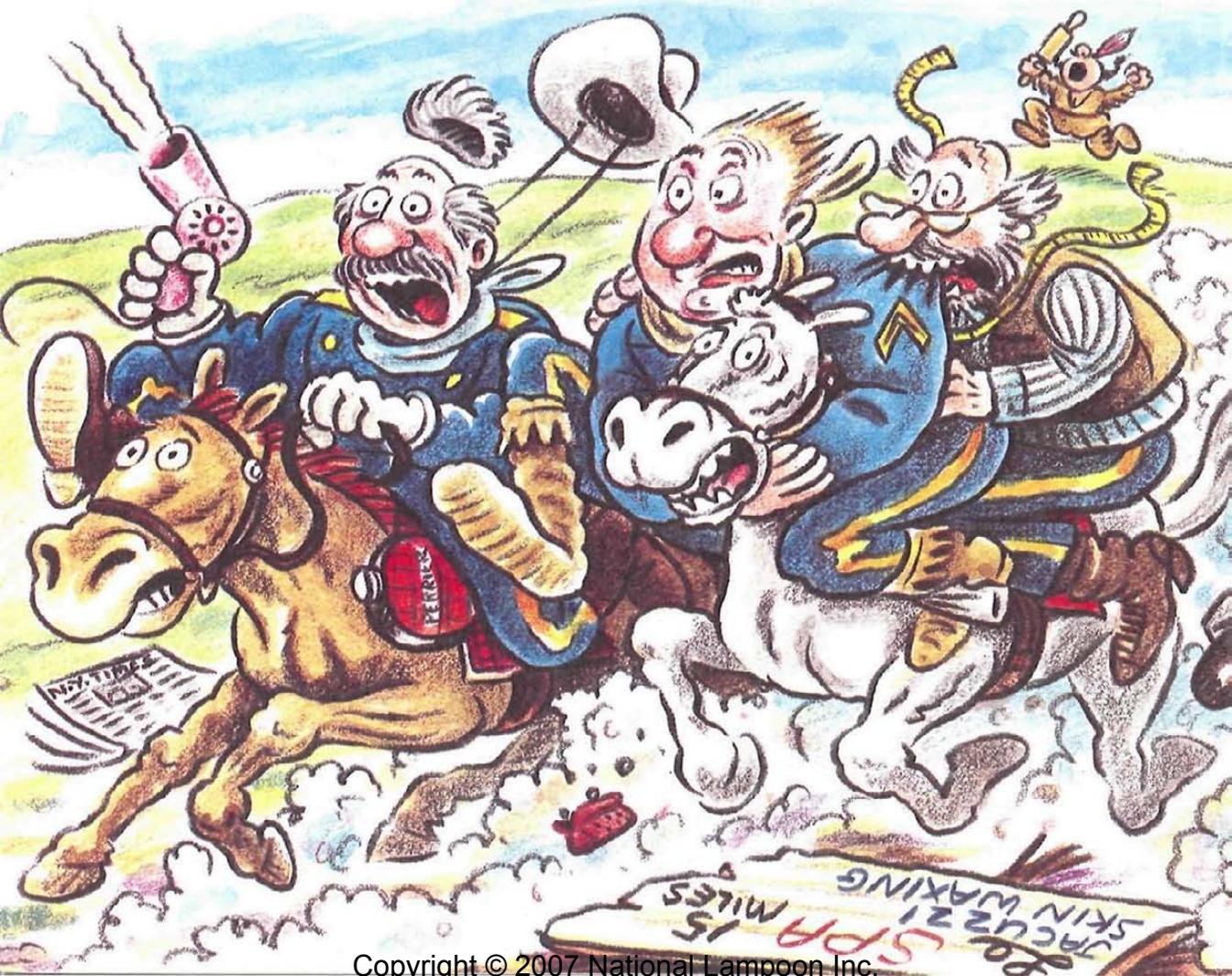
Doc Holliday was in the house and was summoned. He pronounced Billy dead. Billy was buried the next day. As the coffin was about to be lowered, a loud knock was heard from within. It was Billy, alive and well, nearly scaring the gravediggers and pallbearers to kingdom come.

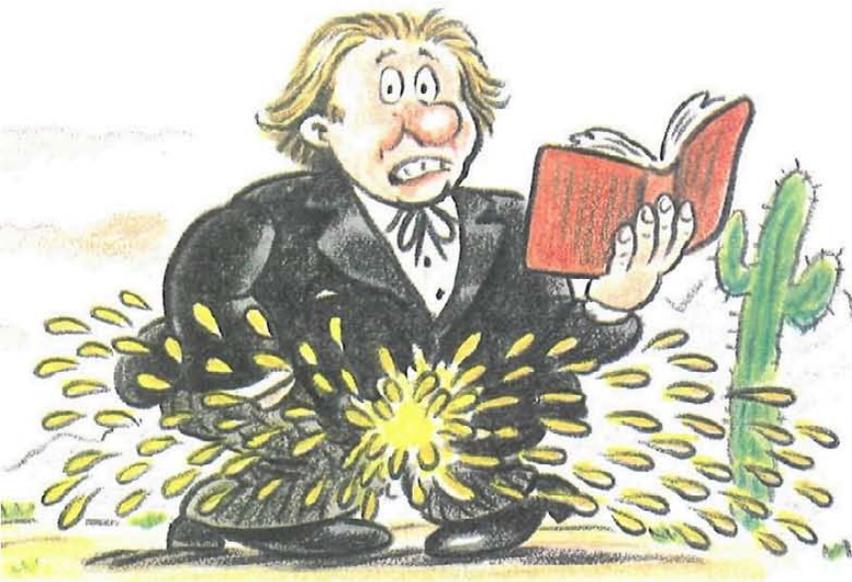
Billy's remarkable feat has been explained by historians as a trick similar to the Indian Yogi's ability to will his body to do anything, even to "die" temporarily. In Billy's case, he went too far one day and actually suffered a real heart attack, thus cutting short a brilliant career.

The Older Brothers

The Older brothers, Clem and Clive, were identical Siamese twins who were surgically separated at birth and then, through a cruel twist of fate, separated from each other for many years. Each grew up to be a great coward, one in Texas, the other in Colorado.

The Older brothers had a strange psychic bond, a bond similar to that of Alexander Dumas's Corsican brothers. Like the twins in the Dumas story, the Older brothers had only one set of feelings, one "soul." So if one experienced fear and trembling or outright panic, the other would have the very same feelings as well, no matter how far apart they were. For instance, if Clem, in Colorado, panicked at the sight of a gang of desperadoes and became incontinent, Clive in Texas would suddenly get the runs.





The Sniveling 69th

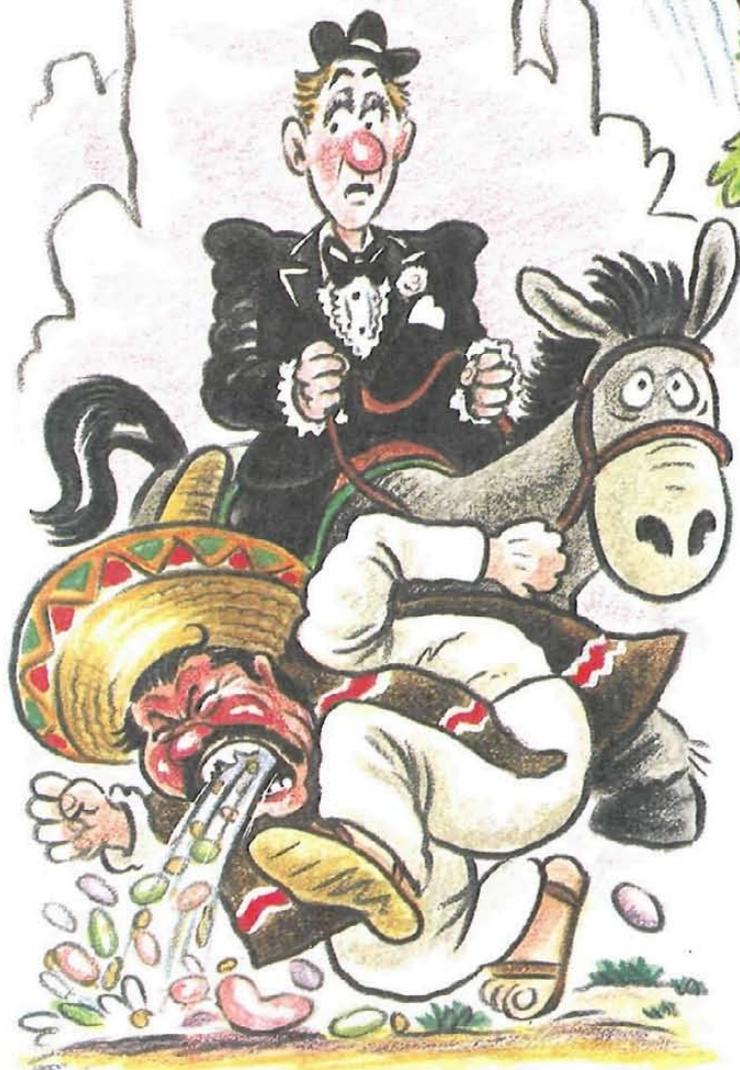
Through a clerical error at the central headquarters in Washington, D.C., a small brigade of cavalymen stationed in Boston were inadvertently sent to the far West, to fight in

the Apache wars against the legendary Geronimo. They were all older men, career officers who were in the uniform design and tailoring division of the cavalry. Their soldiering days were long behind them.

The culture shock of the West, after a lifetime in civilized Boston, was too much for these senior citizens and they showed their true yellowness. It turned out that they were deathly afraid of Indians. The red creatures were like some kind of supernatural monsters that come out with the full moon—pagan, cruel, barbaric. The rumors of what would happen to the soldiers if they were captured by the Apaches fevered their fertile imaginations—cannibalism, homosexual rapes, even skin paint that could not be washed off.

In their first and only encounter with the Apaches, the "Sniveling 69th," as they were soon called, turned tail and retreated as quickly as their horses were able. Most of them were killed or taken prisoner. The few who got away rode nonstop to San Francisco, where they eventually got employment with Levi Strauss, the inventor of denim jeans and overalls. They even persuaded Strauss to make a new line of velvet jeans for evening wear at the gold-mining camps. It never caught on.





Samuel "Feet Don't Fail Me Now" Davis

Samuel Davis (top left) was a world-class sprinter who claimed he had an extra bone in his ankle that gave him this remarkable quickness.

Not only could he run like a frightened deer when confronted by a desperado, he also perfected a clown act as "The Dancing Fool," the man who could tap-dance while a "desperado" was shooting at his feet.

The Yellow Kid

When confronted with genuine danger to his life, the Yellow Kid (top right), a Chinese emigré, would pull out a small portable stove of his own design and cook his bullying tormentors a ten-course gourmet Chinese dinner.

Unfortunately, he met an untimely death when he put too much MSG in his moo shu pork, giving outlaw Jack Slade a bad case of the runs. Slade was so upset that he shot the Kid, marinated him in soy sauce, and hung him upside down for a week like a Peking duck.

Noel Cavendish (Noel the Coward)

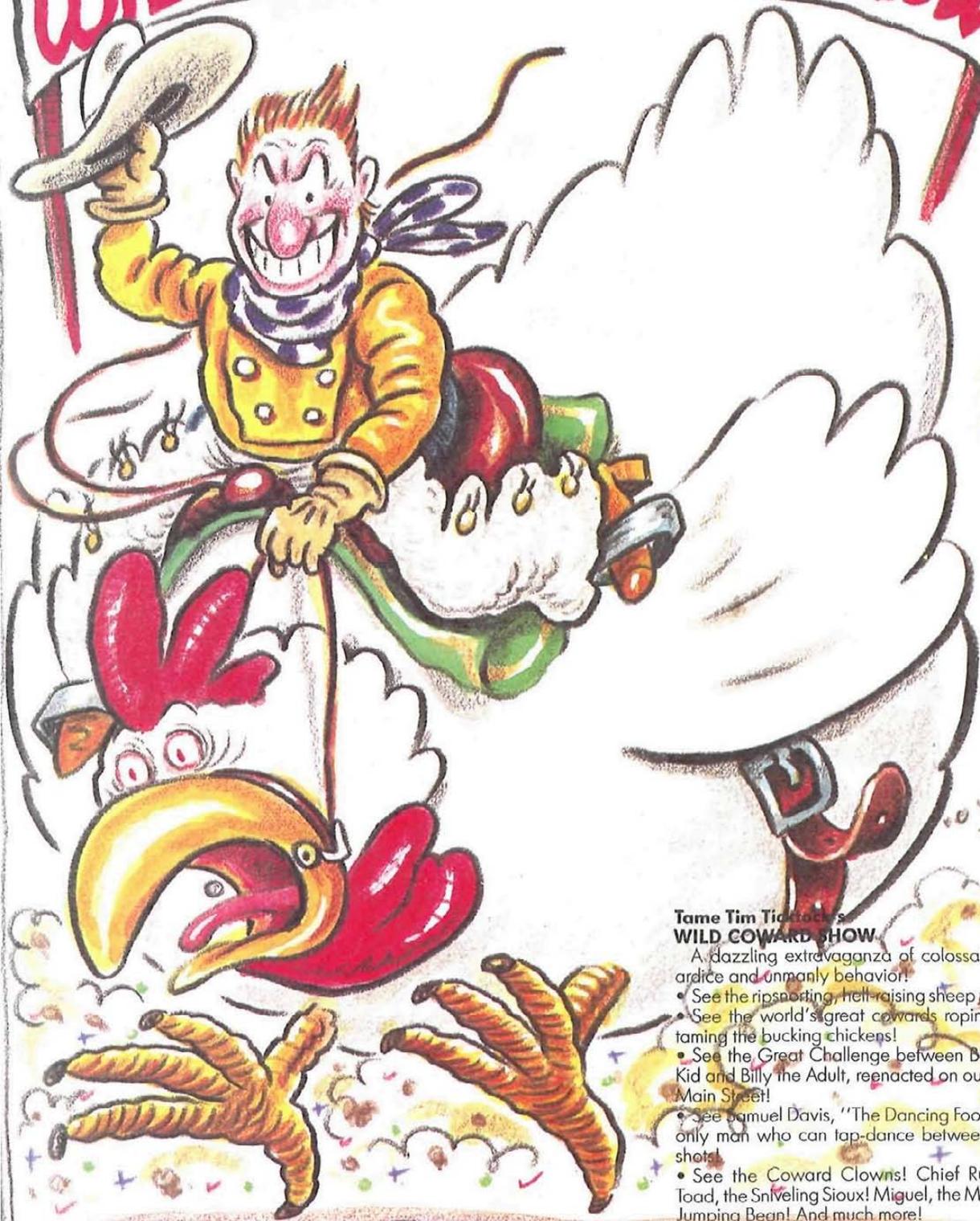
Cowards seemed to turn up around outlaws as if magnetized, and one of the most prominent was Noel Cavendish, or "Noel the Coward," as he was popularly known (center left). His Not Wanted poster was plastered everywhere.

José Velásquez (The Phlegmenco Kid)

José Velásquez (bottom left) was a great whiner and sniveler, but his trademark was a shattering cough.

His problem was that he was too good a cougher. He was finally shot by the notorious Black Bart, an outlaw and a fastidious hypochondriac who was terrified of the germs that Velásquez was spreading.

WELCOME TO
TAME TIM TICKTOCK'S
WILD COWARD SHOW



**Tame Tim Ticktock's
WILD COWARD SHOW**

A dazzling extravaganza of colossal cowardice and unmanly behavior!

- See the ripsporting, hell-raising sheep rodeo!
- See the world's great cowards roping and taming the bucking chickens!
- See the Great Challenge between Billy the Kid and Billy the Adult, reenacted on our giant Main Street!
- See Samuel Davis, "The Dancing Fool," the only man who can tap-dance between gunshots!
- See the Coward Clowns! Chief Running Toad, the Sniveling Sioux! Miguel, the Mexican Jumping Bean! And much more!

PEN PALS: The Inter-Penitentiary Correspondence of America's Most Famous Felons

by Brenda and Michael Hampton-Cain

What sets today's maniacal murderers and would-be assassins apart from their counterparts in the fifties and sixties? The same thing as in every other profession: networking. So it came as no surprise when it was discovered that John Hinckley had been corresponding with Ted Bundy. Here, reprinted for the first time, are those Hinckley-Bundy letters, as well as a selection of others posted between famous felons around the country.

Dear Ted,

How are you?
I'm fine, although I can't seem to find two doctors who agree with me. I realize this puts you in an awkward position, what with you being a Republican and me being the guy who shot the president and all, but I was wondering, would you care to strike up a correspondence?

Fondly,
John

Dear Ted,

Get out of here, you big nut, calling me a celebrity. I was a fan of yours long before you ever heard of John Hinckley. Watching you defend yourself on national television during your trial, I put one and one together and realized that unspeakable crimes plus a great courtroom demeanor make for someone people really take notice of.

You heard right, Jodie and I are having problems, but to tell you the truth, the blame is in my lap. I've met someone new.

I tell you, Ted, it tears me apart to say goodbye to Jodie, with all I've shared with her, but this new woman just seems like she was born to eat crackers in my gurney.

I met her a couple months ago one afternoon in occupational therapy. I was just pounding away at some leather, minding my own business, and this woman working at the next table kept crossing her eyes at me. So we got to talking and it turns out she's in for murdering her child. We talked right through the night. We talked so much more in common than Jodie and me, we hate the same people, love the same movie, enjoy the same medication.

Ted, tell me, by all rights, this is the woman of my dreams, but I still can't seem to get Jodie out of my mind, no matter how many extra kilowatts I get. What should I do?

Waveringly yours,
John Hinckley

Dear John,

Thanks for writing, but I'd really been hoping to hear from the guy who shot the pope.

But seriously, John, guys in prison don't get much mail, especially from celebrities. I can see your writing to Sirhan Sirhan, or James Earl Ray, but to take time out from planning your escape to write to a guy who killed a bunch of no-name-sluts--jeez, that's really special of you. I'd be proud to be your pen pal.

Say, John, what's this we've been seeing in the papers about you and that Foster girl no longer being an item? She still won't reciprocate your affection after you went out on a limb like that? I say dump her, preferably where no one can find her.

Respectfully,
Ted

Dear John,

Ask yourself these questions: Would Judge Foster ever try to kill me over another woman? Would my new woman ever kill me over Judge Foster? Be honest with yourself, John, I've had a lot of experience dealing with women, and the old song about "Love the one you're with" never rings so true as when you're in a maximum-security environment. Believe me, it sounds like you two were born to be together, and trust me, a bird in the hand is worth two buried under the bush.

Sincerely,
Ted

Dear John,

Maybe you don't remember me, but I'm the gal who tried to shoot President Ford. Although the papers described me as a dowdy, middle-aged loner, I'm actually a voluptuous woman in her sexual prime.

I read about your imminent parole and I'm hoping to be released soon myself, so I was wondering, since we work in the same field, if maybe you'd like to get together sometime. My idea of an ideal evening is a moonlit picnic on a shooting range. And since we could both use the practice, you're my idea of an ideal date. Write soon.

Love,
Sara Jane Moore

P.S. I guess you'll be getting a lot of these letters since it's all over the prison grapevine that you and Judge Foster have split up.

Dear Ms. Moore,

Thank you for your kind letter. Unfortunately, I've recently had a similar invitation to unbuckle somebody else's straitjacket.

Graciously yours,
John Hinckley

Dear John,

Although the papers described me as a dowdy, middle-aged loner, I'm actually a voluptuous woman in her sexual prime.

Please respond soon. If you delay I will have to give this blossom (which is full to bursting) to the first male I meet when I get sprung from the joint.

Salaciously yours,
Jean Harris

Dear Ms. Harris,
Thank you for your letter. Unfortunately, I've recently had a similar invitation to affix someone else's electrodes.

Graciously yours,
John Hinckley

Dear John,

How about when I get out I come down there and put you and whatever bitch made you that offer on a lead diet?

Menacingly yours,
Jean Harris

10
Dear Mr. Hinckley,

This is to inform you that you have been selected our organization's Man of the Year. In the future, when you see us on TV chanting "Yankee Go Home" and "Death to the Imperialist Yankee Dogs," rest assured we do not mean you.

Sincerely,

Islamic Jihad

11
Dear Mr. Jihad,

Thank you for the honor. I must admit that since St. Elizabeth's "Foreign Affairs" subscription to *Keep up with world lapsed*, I don't keep up with world events the way I should, and since you didn't mention the name of your organization, I was wondering if you would tell me what it is.

Sincerely,

12
John Hinckley
Man of the Year

Dear Mr. Hinckley,

You are a Stupid Imperialist Yankee Dog, and now Mother Teresa is our Man of the Year, even though our society does not recognize women.

Sincerely,

Islamic Jihad

13
Dear John,

Imagine there's no Beatles.
I wonder if you can.

No Paul no George no Ringo,
a non-existent band.

Imagine there's just Yoko,
Singing by herself.
You may say I'm half-crazy,

But I'm not the only one
Someday she'll record another album,
and I'll have to shoot her son.

Warm personal regards
in this joyous holiday season,
Mark David Chapman

14
John,

I hear you're up for release soon. Me too. Do you suppose we could get together when we get out? Maybe you could introduce me to some of your nurses.

Richard Speck

15

Dear Rich,

That sounds nice, although by the time I get out I expect to be married and not ready for any kind of swinging singles life. However, I've been in touch with a couple of friends recently, Ted Bundy and David Berkowitz, who're just itching to get out of the coolers and they can go have their way with some attractive young women. Maybe you could give those guys a holler. It's nice to hear from you, Rich, you do good work, but I better close now. I'm working on my autobiography and I want to finish a couple more pages before my medication kicks in.

Fondly,

John

16

Dear Sirhan,

Did you have a nice summer? It was very hot, so I mostly stayed in my room, except for a few trips into something they told me was a swimming pool but had a lot of wires and no lifeguards in it. Anyway, Sirhan (I hope you don't mind my calling you by your first name), I just wanted to tell you I hear you're up for parole again soon and I wanted to wish you the best of luck. You deserve it, you really do. Also I hear the Johnny Cash show is coming your way, and I wanted to warn you not to waste your time.

Fondly,

John

17

Dear John,

Dorrry I've been so busy in writing you back, but I've been getting ready for that parole hearing. I'm learning to play guitar, and I'm writing an original folk song I think is really gonna wow them. It's called "Abraham and Martin and John and Anwar and Indira and What's That Swedish Dweez name".

By the way, because of all the public attention I've changed my name.

Sincerely,
Harriet Harriet

18

Dear John Boy,

BOY ON BOY, it's too bad you're in a hospital, and not a jail. Know why? Cause in jail you get to play house with all these BOYS. And I love BOYS, here in jail, I'm just one of the BOYS. BUT I'm a special BOY. I'm the wife-BOY. It's my BOYhood dream come true.

Boy-crazily yours,
John Wayne Gacy

19

Dear John Wayne,
Continued success in your
chosen field.
J. Hinekley

SURVIVAL, EVASION, AND ESCAPE FROM A RUN-DMC CONCERT

by Andy Simmons

INTRODUCTION

Purpose and Scope

This manual, prepared under the supervision of Major General X.L. Murphy, United States Army, provides a basis for survival, evasion, and escape applicable to the warlike conditions at volatile and crime-ridden Run-DMC concerts. Owing to the extremely high casualty rates inflicted at these performances, Run-DMC concerts have been declared a "Hot Area" and should be avoided. Once you enter the concert hall, a state of war exists between you and the twenty thousand others in attendance. You should be prepared for being shot at, knifed, pummeled with fists, bat, feet, or chairs, and, at the very least, having your wallet appropriated.

Other Possibilities

If at all possible, attend a nearby Paul Simon concert.

Obligation

If attending a Paul Simon concert is out of the question and you find yourself in attendance at a Run-DMC concert, remember your obligation as a concertgoer—if ever isolated from your date, you are obligated to continue to fight, survive, and evade all concertgoers until you have reached your date and have gotten her/him safely to the exit, where friendly forces dressed in blue and packing guns will be stationed.

SURVIVAL

When conditions look their most grim; when bodies are skipped over seats like pebbles on a pond; when security forces have lost total control of the concertgoers and people are being mugged, raped, beaten, and harassed, just remember—you *can* survive! The experience of thousands of past concertgoers, as well as of soldiers serving

under similarly harrowing conditions in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, proves that with the correct mental outlook, one can reach the parking lot alive.

When you enter the concert hall, arena, or club, you may be greeted by a gaggle of dangerous, zombified blank faces. Your lot will be greatly improved if you remember these simple, yet vital, hints:

Sit near a cop and leave when he leaves.

Under no circumstances go to the bathroom. Go home and do your business there.

Run to the doors when you spot danger.

Value your life, get out of there.

If they're beating someone to a fine, pasty pulp in front of you, let them. Then get up quietly and leave.

Vanquish bravado and get out of there.

Act like the natives and leave when they do.

Leave your valuables at home, as well as yourself.

The Natives

Many Run-DMC concertgoers are friendly and not particularly interested in killing you. These are the ones you want to be near. They generally know the terrain. They can tell you where the exits are and who to be wary of. Therefore, be careful not to offend these people.

To enlist native help, use these guides:

1) Show friendliness. Do not show fright. If they jump up to dance to the music, do not overreact and hit them over the head with a bottle, as they do not appreciate that sort of gesture and may no longer wish to help you.

2) Treat natives like human beings, as that is how they like to be treated, and they will often respond positively.

3) Respect their local customs, no matter how stupid they might seem to you. Do not laugh at their dancing, singing, or the clothes they wear, especially the brass rings with their names written across the knuckles, as they could easily hit you with those humorous pieces of jewelry.

4) Respect their personal property, especially their women. Do not stick out your tongue and seductively wag

it, make goo-goo eyes, or pinch their butts. The male natives will not understand, even if you are only kidding. Remember: You are not only a concertgoer—you are a diplomat as well.

5) Leave a good impression, as others later may need this help.

CLOTHING

Don't Dress like an Idiot

Like sharks, your pursuers are attracted to flashy objects. Their sonar registers a blip at the slightest suggestion of Armani or gold. Choosing the correct clothes to wear for a Run-DMC concert is imperative and can prove to be a lifesaver. Remember: *Dress not as a fashion statement, dress as a life statement!*

When dressing for a Run-DMC concert, remember these don'ts:

- Don't wear bomber jackets
- Don't wear designer eyeglasses
- Don't wear fur coats
- Don't wear Air Jordans
- Don't wear gold chains that say "Mandy"
- Don't carry a Louis Vuitton pocketbook
- Don't wear tight pants that accentuate your wallet
- Don't wear your brand-new diamond ring with a T-shirt that loudly exclaims "Look at my brand-new diamond ring"

Dress Smart

Make sure to dress down. Wear something no one would possibly think of wanting, like slacks made from your shower curtain; a shirt attractively fashioned from kitchen wallpaper; and shoes constructed from used tire

treads and rope. A lovely hat can be yours simply by pasting your favorite book to your head.

This is an outfit that will deliver the minimum in comfort and design, but will protect you from the elements. It is also an outfit that you will get to keep.

DISEASE

The possibility of contracting a disease at a Run-DMC concert is remote. Nevertheless, certain illnesses do abound, the more serious having felled numerous concertgoers. These diseases are generally nervous disorders, such as the most common disease, acute fear. Symptoms include: profuse sweating of the face and palms; the shakes; wide-eyedness; whimpering; and finding yourself constantly calling for help. If you feel you are coming down with acute fear, seek help. These symptoms might well portend trouble and ought to be treated at once. To combat this disease, find the nearest exit and EVACUATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY! When you have reached the outside or, better yet, home, the symptoms should gradually fade, especially if, after having triple-locked all the doors, you sit in a dimly lit room with a shotgun in one hand and a bottle of Scotch in the other.

EVASION

Evasion can be either long-term or short-term. Ask yourself this question: "How long do I want to hang around while everyone else in my section is getting the crap knocked out of him?" Do you want to see the whole concert? Or do conditions demand that you evacuate after only the warm-up of the opening band?



The Boston Garden after a Run-DMC concert.

AP/Wide World

Don't look to the security guards to help you decide. They are just as scared as you are. Therefore, it is up to you to extricate yourself from this terrifying predicament while still getting full enjoyment from a night out on the town.

Camouflage

Many surviving concertgoers have reported that a good job of camouflaging kept them hidden for the duration of the show. These have ranged from taking cover under the carpeting in the aisles to hiding beneath the steps leading to the stage. One fan went so far as to disguise himself as a seat in the mezzanine section. It was reported that the camouflage job was so effective, he saw every show for a week without being detected. Unfortunately, tragedy befell the young fan when, at the end of the last show, he was ripped out of the row by a swarm of hooligans, then sold to a discount furniture store where upon arrival he was reupholstered, then sold to an elderly couple at whose home he now serves as an ottoman to a La-Z-Boy recliner that once was a Beastie Boys fan.

Keep Moving

"A sitting fan is a sitting duck!" If you spot danger in the form of a gang of carnivores descending on other people, you will not want to stay seated, tapping your foot. The first thing you will want to do is **EVACUATE THE PREMISES!** But, as a ticket buyer who expended much more than dollar one to hum along with the rhapsodic melodies of America's most beloved trio, you have an obligation to stay and enjoy the concert. By all means *stay!* Just watch what you are doing. Remember: **A DEAD CONCERTGOER IS GOOD TO NO ONE AND A PAIN FOR ALL!**

Therefore, to thwart that mobile swarm of bees, evasive actions will have to be employed.

Stay Calm

The first thing to remember is *stay calm*. Then, calmly and quietly, maybe even with a slight chuckle to put your date at ease, gradually get up from your seat, take your date's arm, and leave the section. If your date balks, grab her by the throat, squeeze until she goes limp, then drag her out. Proceed to move from one section to another, *never stopping*, not even to catch your breath or enjoy the music. You can listen to the concert as you move about, or buy the tape later.

The Balcony

WARNING: Whatever you do, **AVOID THE BALCONY!** The balcony should be considered behind enemy lines. It is heavily fortified, and it will be impossible to get friendly forces into the balcony to rescue you. If you enter the balcony area, you will be given up for dead, missing in action, or, at best, a prisoner of war, and your next of kin will be notified.

What to Do If You Have Been Spotted

If you notice a horde of dangerous-looking youths with a very adult flair for violence, smoldering eyes, scars on their snouts, and foam on their lips, then you know you have been chosen, out of the thousands of people there, to be the veritable mouse they will bat around in their paws.

CONGRATULATIONS! Although this may seem a dubious honor, you should garner some sense of accomplishment. Know that these future inhabitants of gas cham-



Proper attire when attending a Run-DMC concert.

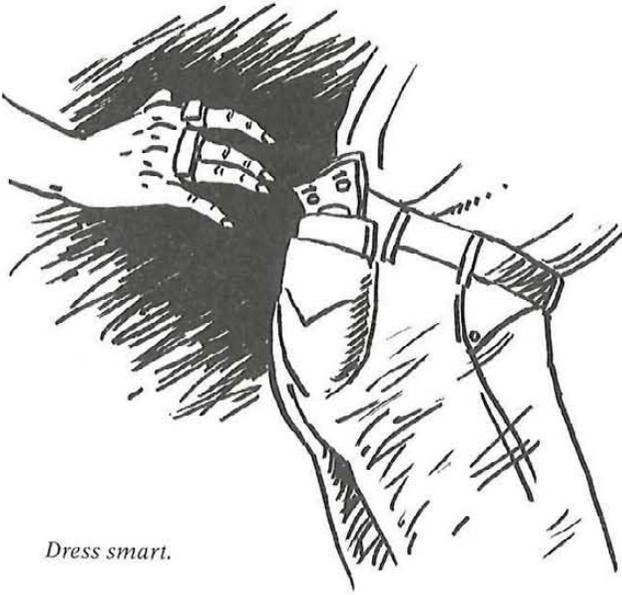
bers don't go after just anyone. By attacking you, with either fists, baseball bat, or knife, they are in fact making a statement about you. A statement that says "You are an achiever! You have an air about you of honor, upbringing, style, and wealth. And because of that, I want to hurt you and steal your money."

Signals

If you have been spotted, you will most probably want help. If that is the case, you will want to signal for help. Unfortunately, finding help is more difficult than finding trouble. Thus the use of signals is generally useless. Screaming won't be heard over the din. Waving a white shirt will only result in the shirt being appropriated. The best thing to do is start a fire. Burn the concert hall down and hope to escape in the ensuing mayhem.

How to Start a Fire

Using a match or a lighter, put flame to seat. Soon you will have a thriving fire. If you have neither a match or a lighter, and no neighbor trusts you enough to loan you his, take a lens from a pair of glasses and concentrate the rays from a klieg light onto the seat until flames start shooting out. Since this is a very slow and difficult process, it will only work if you have at least an hour at your disposal, or your pursuers haven't been born yet.



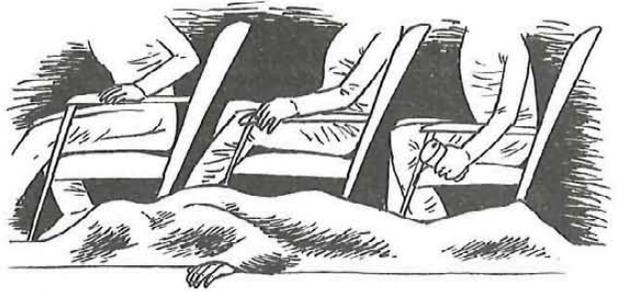
Dress smart.

Go on the Offensive

Under the heading "The best defense is a strong offense" comes this popular tactic: attack people before they attack you. Go ahead, bash the brains out of anyone who might look questionable to you. Coldcock the woman sitting next to you. Kick the head of the person in front. Stick a finger in the eye of the guy behind you. Whether they be toddlers, pregnant women, or cripples, smack 'em around. Remember: Anyone at any time during a Run-DMC concert is a *potential threat to your well-being!* Past Run-DMC concert survivors suggest you pack weapons that are small and will pass through metal detectors, such as ten dollars' worth of pennies in a sock or a sharpened plastic pie server that cuts through skin as easily as it does Mom's lemon meringue.

Act like a Nut

A surefire way to fend off attacks without resorting to violence is to act like a nutbar, a loony, a guy with whipped cream for brains. Muggers get confused by these kinds of people and generally leave them alone. If you walk around the hall drooling, urinating in your pants, cursing your mother in pig Latin, sipping beer through your ear, and wearing a bucket of popcorn for a left shoe, while all the time feigning epileptic seizures and tearing out patches of hair, rest assured you will have safe passage to the exits.



The correct camouflaging technique can save your life.

ESCAPE

Capture

If you ever find yourself surrounded, your captors may very well try different tactics to obtain from you that which they seek, i.e., your money or life. Such tactics may include torture, threats, or appeasement.

Torture

Torture may include physical attacks or the use of mental harassment, such as repetition. If repetition is employed, your captors will subject you to such phrases as "Give me your money, motherf-cker!" until they have worn you down, or you have fainted, and the desired result is effected.



How to start a fire.

Threats

If that tack does not work, the next step might be threats. In many instances, an additional line is added to give the impression of imminent doom: "Give me your money, motherf-cker, 'fore I put my fingerprints on your brain!" Since many people don't like the thought of a stranger's fingerprints on their brains, this has proven in the past to be a most effective phrase, and usually your captor need go no further.

Appeasement

If you have yet to be convinced and have been allowed to live up to this point, your captor then might try appeasement. Appeasement is when your captor attempts to prove he is a "regular guy." A nice guy, just like you. A guy that can be trusted. A guy you want to hand your money over to. In this case, he might actually take his knife away from your throat and say, very politely, "If you give me all your money, sir, I *promise* not to muss up your brain." But most likely, he'll just stick his fingerprints on your brain and you'll never experience appeasement.

If You Have Escaped

If you are able to escape, do so. But know that you are not out of the jungle yet. For now, the chase is on. They have smelled your blood and enjoyed the pungent aroma. You are like a lone fawn scampering about. And they are like the editorial board of *Kill Deer* magazine, testing out the newest line of anti-deer mortars. Hence, further actions must be taken.

The Use of Other Concertgoers

Grab a concertgoer smaller and weaker than yourself,

beat him up around the face and stomach until he is a sniveling wreck, then throw him to the pack for them to gnaw on. To make this piece of meat more attractive, spice him up with wallets and jewelry that you have stolen from other concertgoers. Using it as a lure, tie it around his neck. Grab an usher's flashlight (there should be one lying on the spot where he was beaten up) or a small mirror and flash a light on the potential booty for easy spotting by the gangs.

How to Get to the Exits

Once they have lost your scent, look for the exit. You will notice many people like yourself, bloodied and disheveled, rushing toward a door, often a double door, with a sign above it that reads "Exit." You will also notice that through the open doors, on the other side, is generally where you find the police and security guards milling around, smoking cigarettes. **HEAD TOWARD THAT DIRECTION AND GET THE HELL OUT!!**

For more information on related topics, consult the following Army Field Manuals:

Survival, Evasion, and Escape from an English Football Match

Survival, Evasion, and Escape from a Geisha House

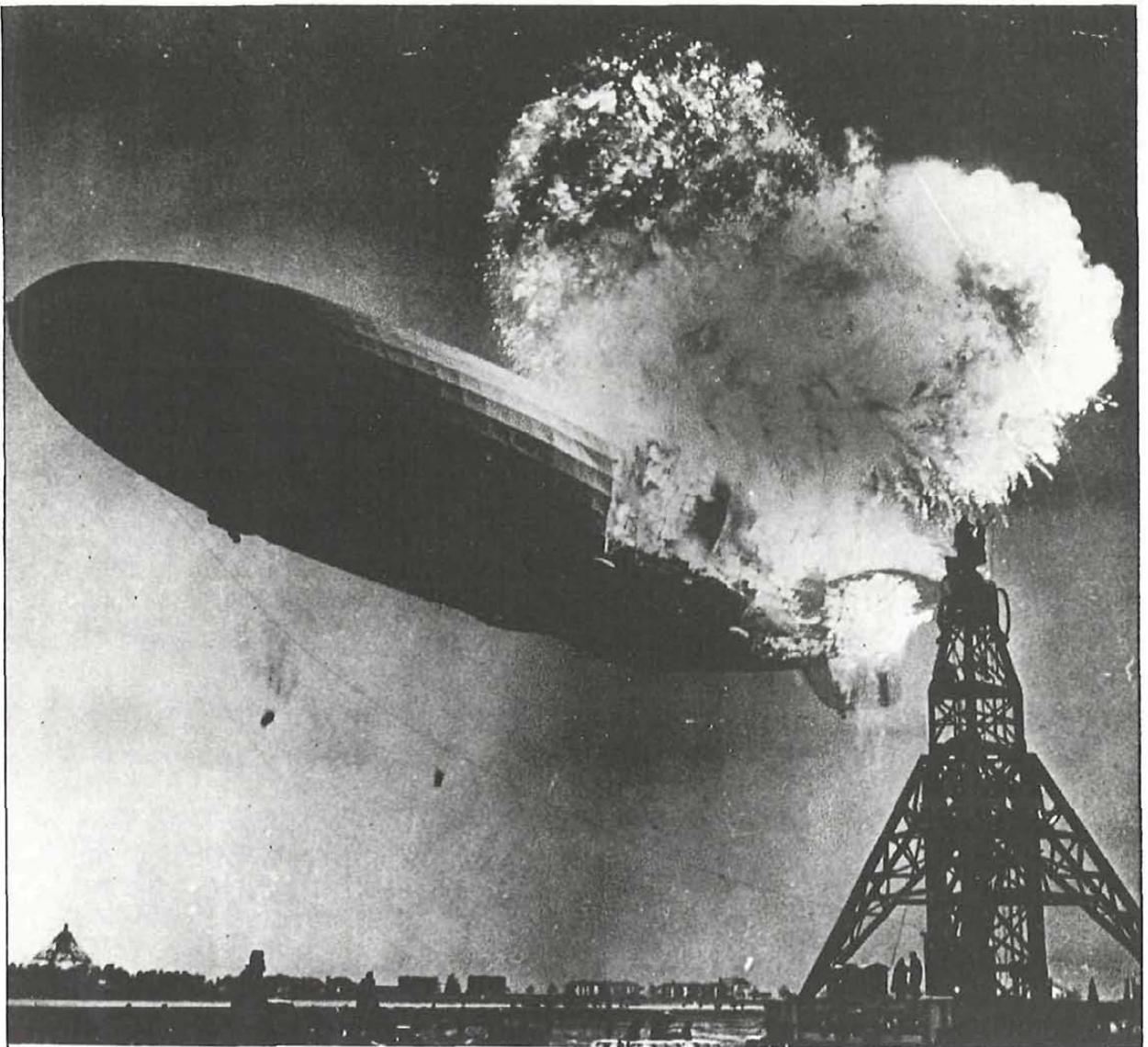
Survival, Evasion, and Escape from a Richard Gere and/or Diane Lane Film

Evading Disease at a Queen Concert

Escaping from a Mental Institution

Surviving Your Mother's Beef Stew





**THE WRONG RUBBER CAN BUST
AT THE WRONG TIME.**

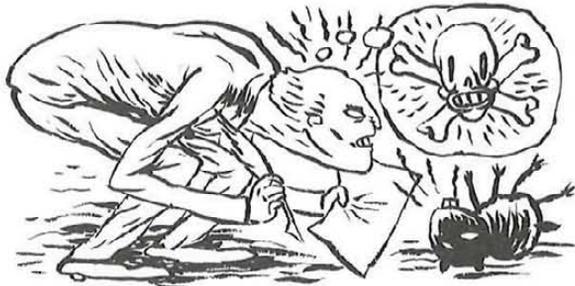


SPARTAN CONDOMS
More fun than abstinence

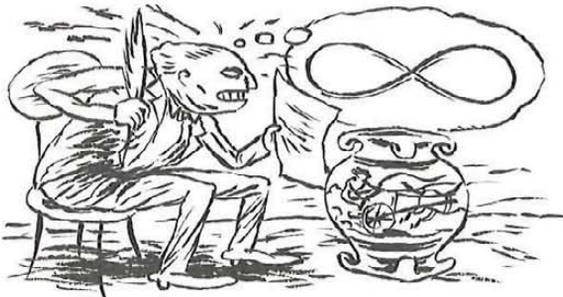
PLOT OUTLINES OF 101 OF THE

by Louis Phillips

1. A poet looks at a nightingale and thinks about death.
2. A poet looks at a dead groundhog and thinks about death.
3. A poet looks at a toad caught in a lawnmower and thinks about death.
4. A poet looks at a morning star and thinks about death.
5. A poet looks at a Grecian urn and thinks about eternity.
6. A poet looks at a cradle endlessly rocking and thinks about death, darkness, love, etc.
7. A young girl looks at leaves falling from a tree and thinks about death.
8. An old man sails to Byzantium and thinks about death.



9. A poet thinks about John Whiteside's daughter in her brown study.
10. A raven taps at somebody's door.
11. A noted clairvoyant catches cold.



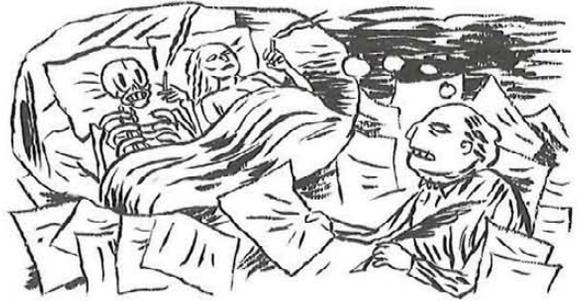
12. A poet watches his wife pick blueberries and thinks about sex.
13. A duke hangs a painting on a wall and thinks about marriage.
14. A poet looks at lilacs

15. A poet swims from Sestos to Abydos and thinks about sex and death.
16. A poet writes 151 sonnets and thinks about sex and death.
17. Madeline meets an ancient beadsman and thinks about death and sex.
18. A knight meets La Belle Dame Sans Merci and thinks about sex and death.
19. A noted satirist considers a lady's dressing room and thinks about sex.
20. A woman in red stockings considers sex and marriage.

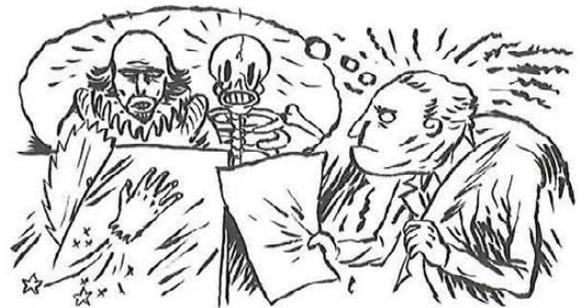
21. A Green Knight gets his head chopped off and another knight goes off to face sex and death.
23. Sir Patrick Spens drowns.
24. John Keats drowns.
25. Edward King (a.k.a. Lycidas) drowns.

26. Palinurus almost drowns.
27. Somebody fears death by drowning. Phlebas drowns.
28. Adam and Eve lose Paradise and from that moment on think about sex and death.
29. A Trojan prince turns

30. A poet leaves an astronomy lesson and looks up at the stars to think about eternity.



31. Two men build a wall out of fallen rocks.
32. A little horse stops by woods on a snowy evening and the driver thinks about death.



33. A poet spies a white spider holding up a white moth on a white flower (heal-all) and thinks about something or other that English teachers have to explain to their stu-

34. A buzz saw cuts off a young boy's hand, causing the poet to think about Shakespeare and death.

35. Shakespeare thinks about Shakespeare and death.
36. Ben Jonson thinks about Shakespeare.
37. John Milton thinks about Shakespeare.

38. Wordsworth thinks about John Milton.
39. Longfellow thinks about Chaucer.
40. Samuel Taylor Coleridge thinks about John Donne.



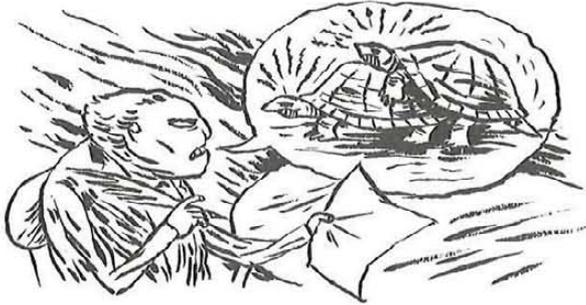
WORLD'S GREATEST POEMS

41. Lord Alfred Tennyson thinks about John Milton.
 42. Robert Lowell thinks about Elizabeth Bishop.
 43. Dante thinks about Virgil.

- no other.
 57. Allen Ginsberg considers the best minds of his generation. More sex and death.
 58. Gregory Corso thinks about sex and marriage.

- beloved to a turtle.
 73. A poet talks about turtles and their troubles with sex.
 74. A poet compares the Catholic Church to a hippopotamus.
 75. A poet envies the hippo.
 76. A poet thinks about killing a hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum.
 77. A poet hears a fly buzz and thinks about death.
 78. A poet sees a flea and thinks about sex.

- mistress would say yes.
 88. John Fletcher wishes that his mistress would say no.
 89. A poet crawls into the tomb of his beloved.
 90. A poet wishes to sleep with Perilla.
 91. A poet wishes that his beloved would go about unbuttoned.
 92. A poet wishes that his mistress would go naked.
 93. A poet ponders the liquefaction of Julia's clothes.



44. Virgil thinks about Homer.
 45. Odysseus thinks about getting home.
 46. Ezra Pound thinks about everybody.
 47. John Dryden thinks about Thomas Shadwell.
 48. Shelley remembers Keats.
 49. Longfellow remembers Dante.
 50. Milton remembers Virgil.

59. On a Girdle. More sex.
 60. A blind man and his young wife visit a pear tree. Sex once again.
 61. A poet tries to seduce Celia.
 62. A poet tries to seduce Corinna.
 63. A poet tries to seduce Stella.
 64. A poet compares his beloved to a red, red rose.
 65. A poet compares his



79. A man takes a train ride to London and thinks about sex and marriage.
 80. A poet looks at a young girl and falls in love.
 81. A poet looks at a young girl and falls in love.
 82. A poet looks at a young girl and falls in love.
 83. A poet looks at a young girl and falls in love.
 84. A poet sees a louse crawling on a young girl's bonnet and wishes he were the louse.
 85. A poet warns a young girl

94. John Milton falls into melancholy.
 95. A poet, near Naples, falls into dejection.
 96. Another poet, not near Naples, falls into a suicidal depression.
 97. A poet attempts suicide.
 98. An old poet returns to Byzantium and thinks about death and art once again.
 99. Matthew Arnold remembers Shakespeare.
 100. A poet considers Breughel's great picture, *The*



51. Edwin Arlington Robinson remembers George Crabbe.
 52. Robert Lowell thinks about George Santayana.
 53. W. H. Auden visits the grave of Henry James.
 54. John Logan visits the grave of Dylan Thomas.
 55. Three men on camels would be glad of another death.
 56. Dylan Thomas contends that after the first death there is

- beloved to a silken tent.
 66. A poet compares his beloved to the Thames River.
 67. A poet compares his beloved to a summer's day.
 68. A poet compares his beloved to a hawk.
 69. A poet compares his beloved to a deer.
 70. A poet compares his beloved to a turtledove.
 71. A poet compares his beloved to a dove.
 72. A poet compares his

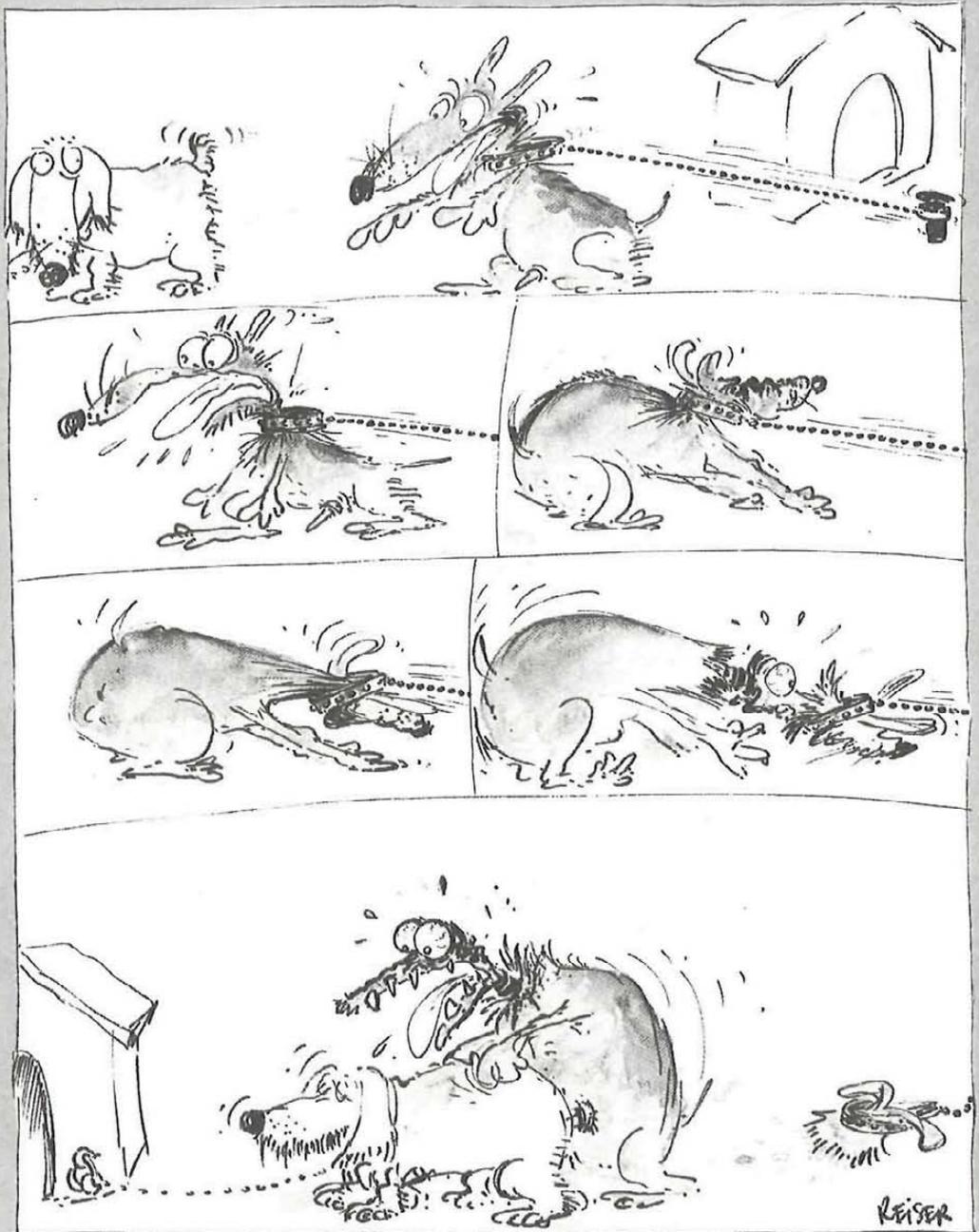


- that she too will grow old.
 86. A poet wishes that Amarantha would dishevel her hair.
 87. A poet wishes that his coy

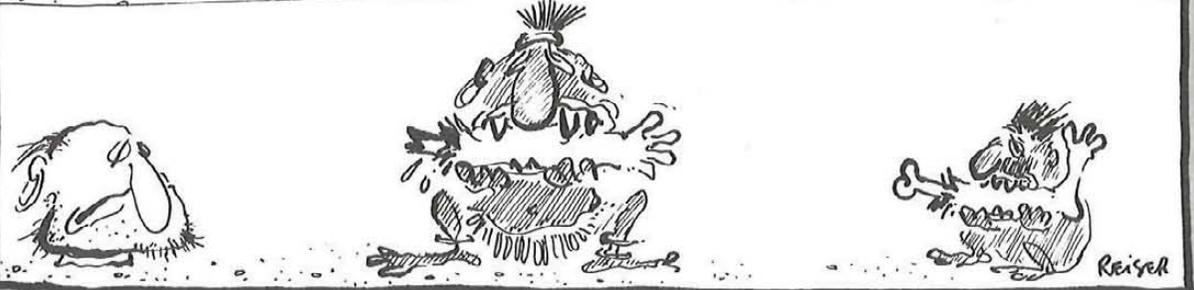
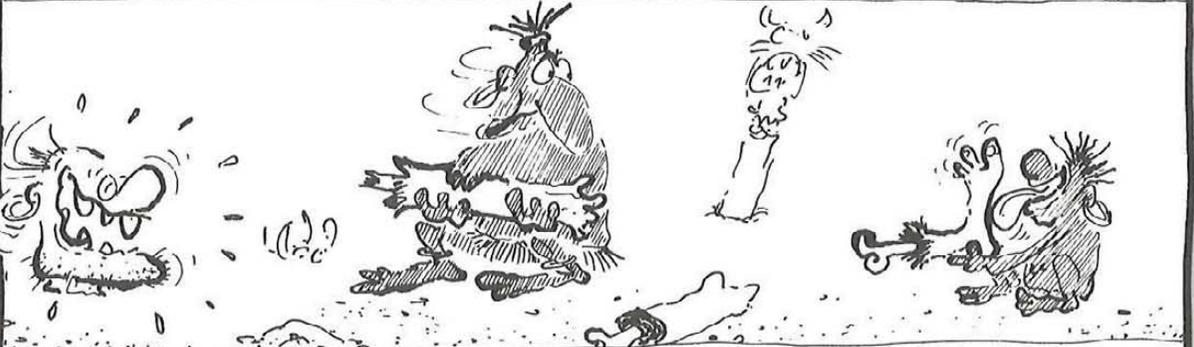
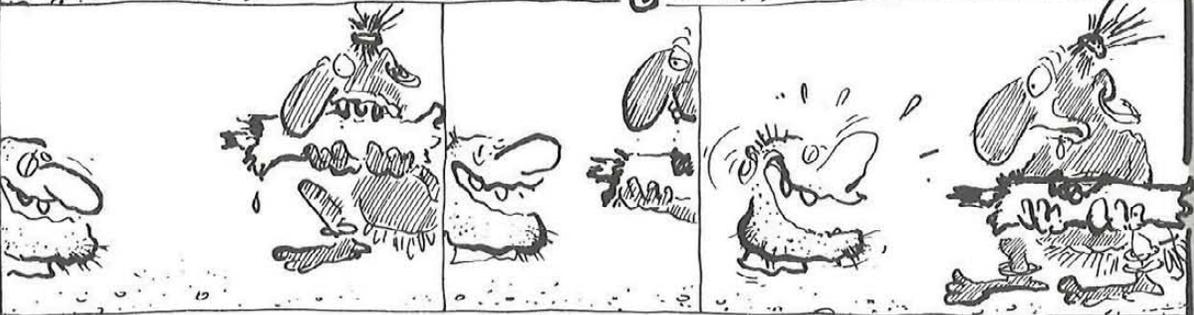
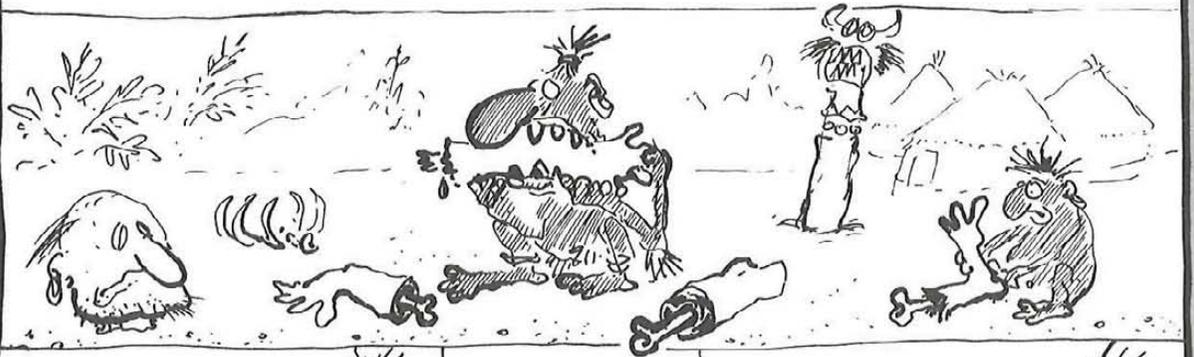
- Kermess, and how everything goes round.
 101. Matthew Arnold looks at a nightingale and thinks about death. ■

REISER

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: The following cartoons were drawn for a European audience, which means people whose diet includes live snails, purple meat with veins showing, omelettes that blink back, and vegetables that would gag a yak. If you would not enjoy such a diet yourself, reading the following cartoons may induce queasiness, wooziness, and a vague feeling of nausea.

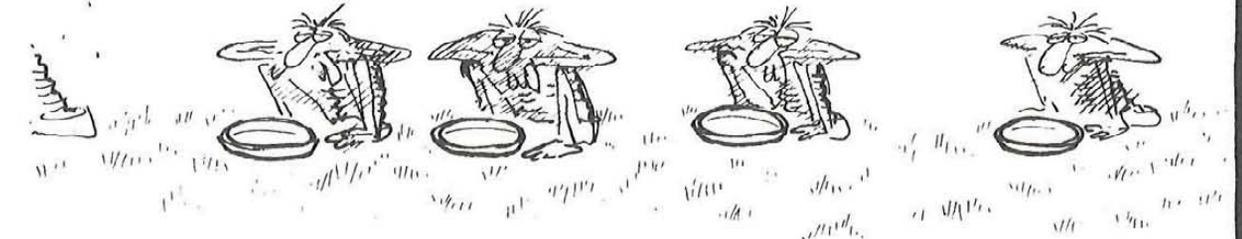
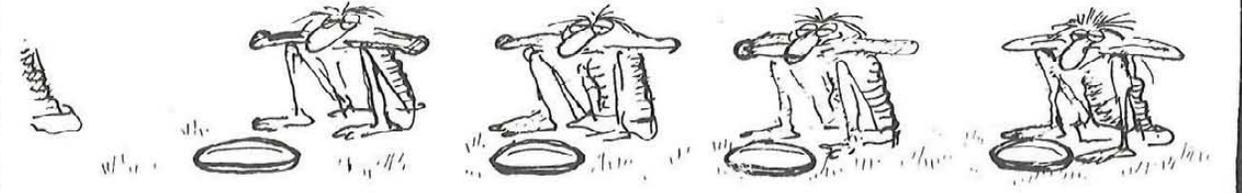
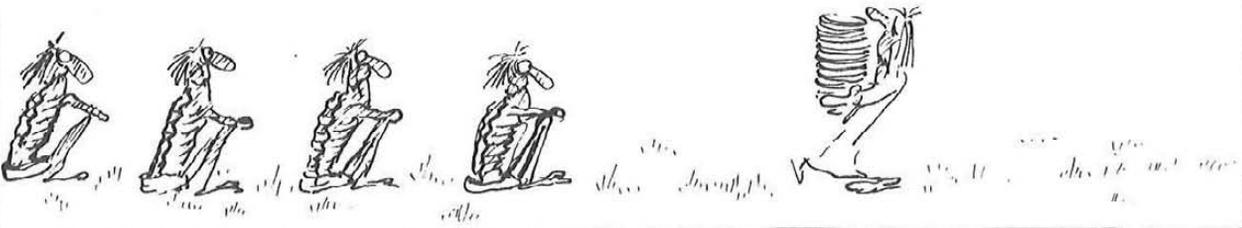
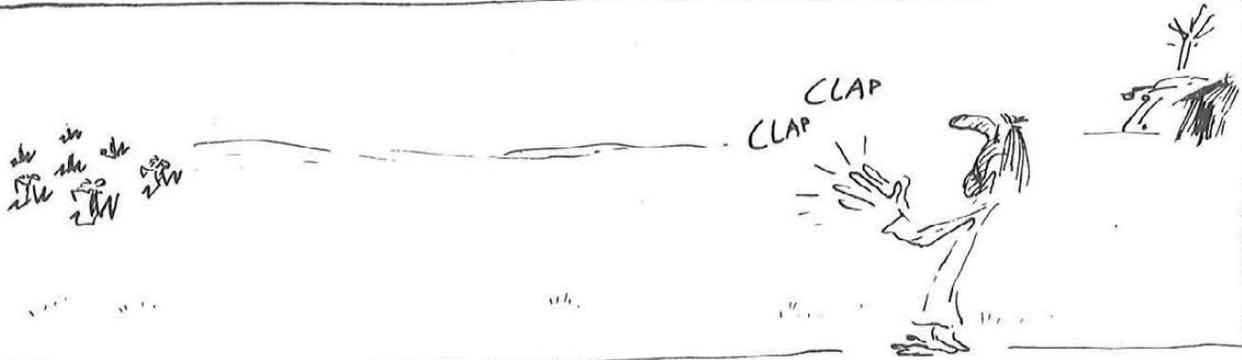


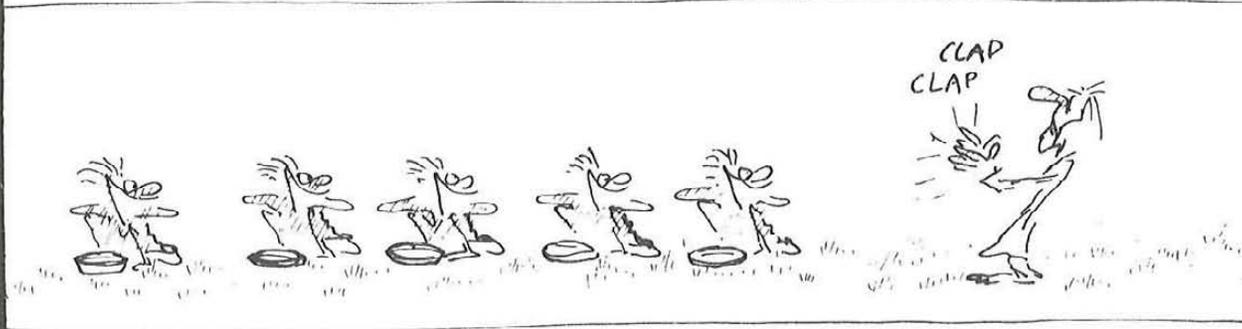
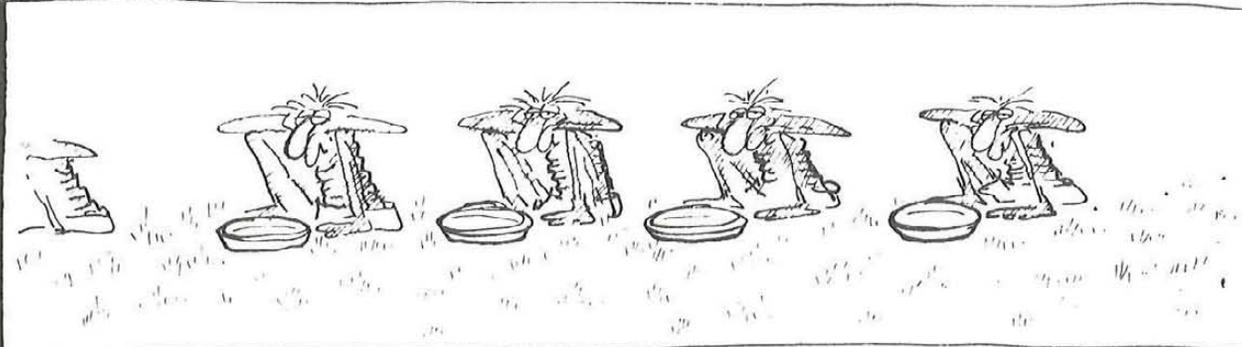
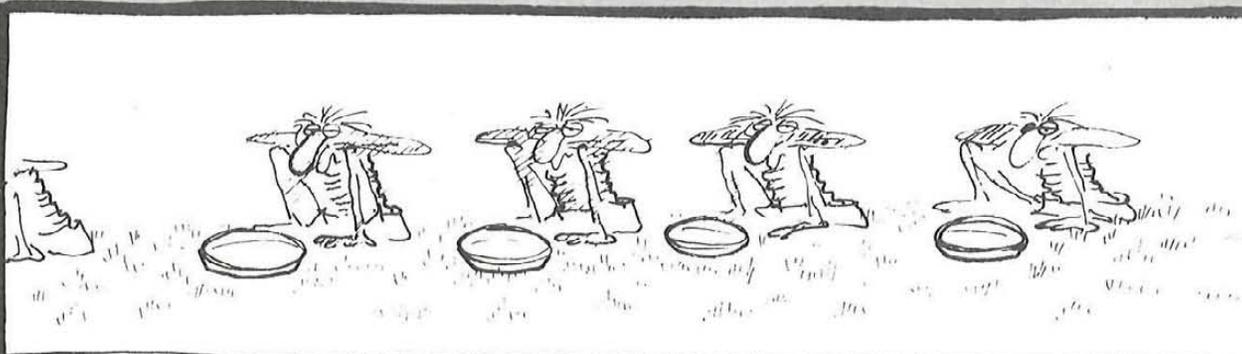
LUNCHTIME



Reiser

FAMINE





THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE



GARY HART: Scandal erupted in May when it was discovered that Hart had had an affair with model-actress Donna Rice; the thick-skinned Hart intended to hang tough until she threatened to reveal that in their ten trysts, he was unable to achieve erection twice, ejaculated prematurely twice, and lost his erection before ejaculation three times—and only brought Rice to orgasm twice. Fearful that his lack of sexual prowess might become public knowledge and hurt his chances with new girls, Hart withdrew from the race.

RESIGNED

Scoop-starved investigative journalists are leaving no stone unturned in their tireless quest for dirty laundry, and in the course of this presidential campaign, the skeletons have been tumbling out of the closets at a record pace. Elephants and donkeys alike are hanging their heads in shame and withdrawing from the race in droves; it's only fortunate that, in a race where it has become alarmingly clear



PETE DU PONT: The heir to the chemical fortune withdrew under fire in August after negative reaction to his proposed water-incentive program: voters were promised that in districts that elected him, his family would not build pesticide dumps.

RESIGNED

RESIGNED

JOE BIDEN: Democratic rival Michael Dukakis's "Mud Squad" disclosed data leading to revelations that Biden had stolen speeches from other, more eloquent politicians throughout his career, cheated in college, and lied about his class rank.

Biden withdrew in September when Dukakis's team further threatened to make public medical and psychological documents certifying that Biden was a bedwetter well into his teens.



PAT SCHROEDER: Resigned from the race in September when the Coleco toy company offered to make a Pat Schroeder Tiny Tears™ doll that would guarantee her more yearly income than the presidential wage of \$200,000 and drastically reduce her chances of being assassinated. The doll, an adorable prototype of the Colorado congresswoman, bursts into tears every fifteen minutes without provocation, as well as when placed in the presence of babies, puppies, or guns.

RESIGNED



PAUL SIMON: Simon resigned in October when a urine test revealed that his bloodstream contained large quantities of LSD, psilocybin mushrooms, crack, cocaine, and Lebanese hashish. A subsequent FBI report revealed the Illinois liberal attending Grateful Dead concerts adorned in a tie-dyed bow tie and a blue paisley mufti robe.

RESIGNED



MICHAEL DUKAKIS: The Massachusetts governor resigned in a great swaddle of ignominy when it was revealed in October that he had not only furnished the press with evidence of fellow Democrat Joe Biden's misdoings, but had also turned in his son to teachers when he found him copying from an encyclopedia for a report, and reported his daughter to Girl Scout headquarters for eating a box of mini-wafer Grasshoppers without authorization.

RESIGNED



ALEXANDER HAIG: The former secretary of state was forced to withdraw after an October report published in *Time* disclosed that he had spent five months in 1985 on a small Peloponnesian island that he had purchased and ruled in totalitarian fashion. "I am king," he would scream apoplectically, again and again, to the uncomprehending natives. "I'm in charge here!"

RESIGNED

to be forgiven.



JACK KEMP: Kemp resigned in despair in November when his conservative supporters realized that, as a football player, Kemp had had to share locker-room facilities with blacks. Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond, deeming Kemp's actions "unforgivable," withdrew all support from the New York congressman.



BRUCE BABBITT: Babbitt was forced to resign in November when a routine check turned up the fact that there were three warrants for his arrest outstanding. All three had been issued in August and September, when he was arrested for loitering while trying to make campaign speeches. Though the nondescript Democrat's past was otherwise spotless, his arrest record made him an unlikely candidate for the nation's highest office.



BOB DOLE: Dole resigned just before Thanksgiving after sources revealed he had rigged an eighth-grade student council election, exchanging glimpses of his pee-pee for the votes of female classmates, as well as buying votes from boys with cash diverted from a fund-raising car wash. He ultimately won election by a percentage which was unequaled until Ferdinand Marcos's historic 1985 landslide election.



ALBERT GORE: Gore resigned in December at the insistence of his wife, Tipper, who once led a committee opposing pornographic lyrics in rock songs, following an incident in which she came home early from a tea at Mother's to find the senator (D-Tenn.) clad only in finger castanets and war paint and whirling a crude sculpture of Satan over his head as he listened to a Mötley Crüe album while reading the accompanying liner notes.



GEORGE BUSH: Bailed out when it was disclosed that his campaign coffers were full of money from the arms sales to Iran which had gone undetected in the Transcam investigation. Bush had maintained that as vice president he was kept in the dark as to any clandestine operations; in his subsequent autobiography, he revealed that he in fact engineered the arms transactions, as well as being responsible for the machinations of the Bermuda Triangle and the Loch Ness Monster, the disappearance of Glenn Miller, and the 1919 World Series.



RICHARD GEPHARDT: The Missouri congressman resigned when a December investigation revealed that in college he was suspended for a semester for stealing pig and dog carcasses from ASPCA dumpsters and using them to taunt and harass a local Dunkin' Donuts that had ejected him for disorderly, drunken conduct. He also had a long history of setting dead birds on fire and hurling them at neighborhood children.

JESSE JACKSON: Jesse Jackson boasts a multidimensional hatred of white people that is highlighted by his close affiliation with avowed racist and legendary anti-Semite Louis Farrakhan. In 1984 Jackson called New York City Hymietown; by 1987 it had progressed to Slimy Crimietown. Fortunately, God has accepted and forgiven Jackson for these errors in judgment.

Separate reports issued in October and November revealed that Jackson had had sex with two of the bridesmaids at his own wedding, drunkenly accused a visiting Belgian diplomat of having milk breath, and moved his bowels in a Holiday Inn swimming pool during peak hours, but fortunately, God has accepted and forgiven these transgressions as well.

In January 1988 a *Washington Post* article disclosed that Jackson had diverted some forty thousand dollars of campaign funds into the Swiss bank account of Madame Nicole Frobbe, the owner of a fabled French specialty escort service, for indeterminate purposes, but once again, God has forgiven this misappropriation.



PAT ROBERTSON: In September information surfaced revealing that Robertson had lied about his IQ and military record; he later admitted he'd covered up the fact that his wife was pregnant when they were married, but happily announced that God had forgiven him and absolved him of any wrongdoing.

In November he further admitted that he'd lived under the bleachers at Santa Monica Raceway from 1952 to 1976, supporting an unquenchable thirst for malt liquor by bludgeoning and robbing track patrons. Thankfully God extended His benevolence to Robertson again, allowing him to be cleansed of his dirty burden of sin.

Just before Christmas Robertson admitted that the young boy he had long professed was his son was actually his "personal assistant" and lover. Fortunately, Robertson reported that God had given him the strength to come forward and confess to these indiscretions, that He had indeed forgiven him for any Satan-sanctioned conduct in his past or future, and that he had in fact endorsed him for the 1988 presidential race.

JAN. | FEB. | MARCH | APRIL | MAY | JUNE | JULY | AUG. | SEPT. | OCT. | NOV. | DEC.

RESIGNED

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MARILYN

The Forgettable Year

by Norman Miller

The Marilyn Monroe photo-memoir keeps renewing and reinventing itself, a phenomenon of the book business that will never die.

Everyone who knew her for fifteen minutes or more is doing a book on her, always with newly unearthed, never-seen-before pictures to give us yet another facet of this legendary being. There is no doubt that before she became a star her life had many mysterious interludes, especially while she was toiling in obscurity in the netherworld of Hollywood in the late forties.

Here is an excerpt from the newest exploration of her life at that time, a psychobiography with pictures—*Marilyn Monroe: The Forgettable Year*, by Norman Miller.

1949. She is still Norma Jean, not yet Marilyn. But she is already a human DoveBar—all white and creamy. A sexual dessert that never ends.

Some will take tentative, dainty licks, others will take big bites out of her, while many will simply hold the napkin. The big bites will come from the moguls, the Huns and Visigoths of the movie business, too blind to conceive what this creature possessed somewhere in her brain and exuded from every honeyed pore of her flesh.

She is not yet signed to her fateful contract with 20th Century-Fox, but wants so desperately to be a movie star that no offer, no matter how unseemly, can be refused. She is living on less than fifty cents a day and has to accept dinner dates with overweight Rumanian photographers who feed her rib steak and rye bread with chicken fat in exchange for a few hours of shooting her perfectly ripe body.

Before she becomes Marilyn, the starlet and party girl, the mistress of the moguls, the blonde of blondes and the face of faces (a product of artful makeup), she will have a brief affair with the darker side of the cinema.

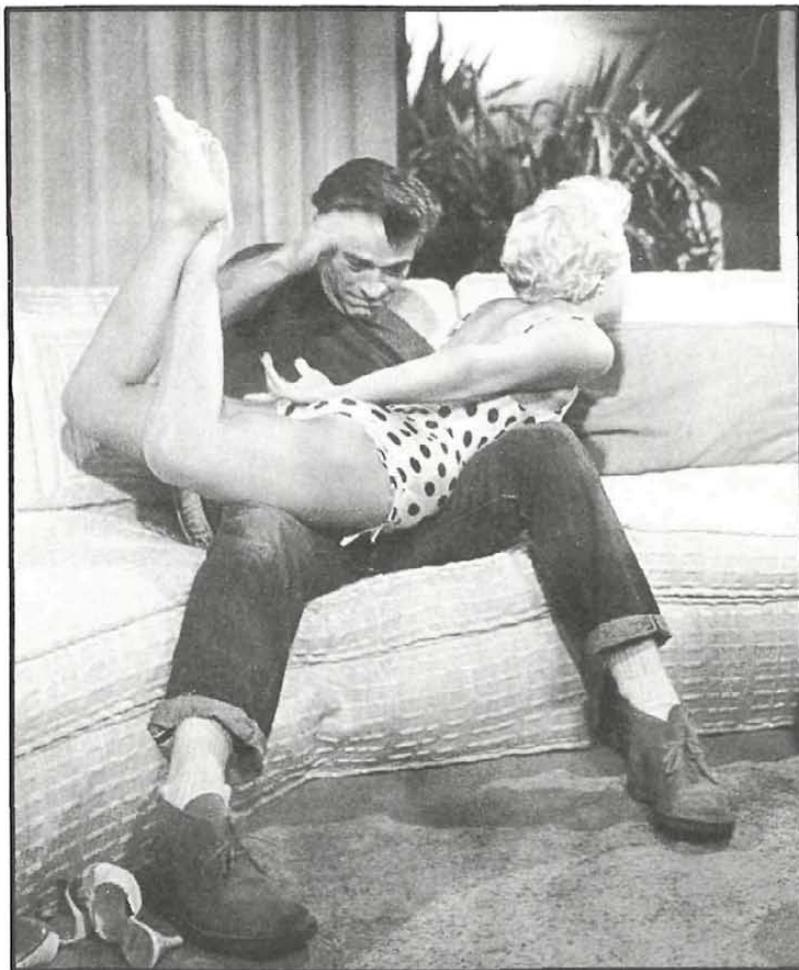
Enter Maurice Moncrief, one of the overweight Rumanians, also known to his mother as Morris Moscowitz. Moncrief is a man with a mission. He is now a film producer who wants to make the life of Theodor Herzl, the father of modern Zionism. A well-worn copy of the Herzl script is

always on his cluttered desk. He shows it to Norma Jean to impress her, to reassure her before he asks her to remove her clothes. He is in the same predicament as Norma Jean, a man who must take what comes along until he can realize his life's ambition.

Moncrief is in the soft-core porn film business, but only until he can raise the money to make the Herzl film, he tells the naive

Norma Jean. She accepts his offer.

But what is it about the young Norma Jean that frightens Moncrief and makes him put her in cheap, dirty bondage films? Perhaps her free, open sexuality is too real for him. Her awesome animalism must be tamed. If he cannot have her (and the evidence points to the fact that he never did), then she must be "punished."



Hanky Panky is Norma Jean's first movie for Moncrief. She plays a Tupperware saleswoman who accidentally rings the wrong bell and plunges into a sordid nightmare as the hostage of an escaped convict. The convict is, of course, an obsessive spanker, a sadist who takes every opportunity to inflict blows on Norma Jean's shapely bottom.

Prisoner of Zeyda is another variation on Norma Jean as an innocent victim of circumstances. This time, in a dark wig, she plays a hotel executive making a routine check of the rooms for cleanliness who stumbles into a den of perversity as the prisoner of a man called Zeyda. Zeyda is an elderly grandfather type who specializes in tying intricate knots that get tighter and deeper into Norma Jean's ripe flesh as she tries harder to wriggle out of them.

As in all Moncrief films the plot defies normal description. Zeyda is the voyeur who watches bellhops, chambermaids, and other assorted guests have their way with the hapless Norma Jean before she is rescued by the house detective.



In his next film Moncrief adopted the magic soft-core porn word of the fifties, "orgy." No matter what the plot was about, all his future films had the word "orgy" in their titles. In *Orgy on Pleasure Island*, Norma Jean and her girlfriend are shipwrecked and stranded on an island somewhere near Greece. They are captured by a band of barbaric shepherds and are forced to become their sexual slaves, as well as perform menial housework, such as washing the dishes in the ocean.





In Drug Orgy Madness Moncrief went back to his more familiar urban melodramas. This time Norma Jean played an undercover policewoman investigating a drug ring that uses a barbershop as a front. In her big scene she is bound, gagged, and shaved at gunpoint, ending up in a drunken, creamy orgy that delivers the promise of the movie's title.



Orgies of the White Slave Ships turns out to be Moncrief's oddest and most expensive film. It is a flop and abruptly ends his movie career. He now asks Norma Jean to live with him, perhaps to marry him. She is used to these offers and declines. Norma Jean will soon take her screen test for Fox and Maurice will soon disappear from her life.

Many years later he resurfaces, when she is the Magnificent Marilyn, the last of the great stars. He is a derelict and asks for money, showing her "incriminating pictures." He must support his belladonna habit.

She is greatly disturbed by his sudden reappearance, which may not be a coincidence. We are reminded that the right wing of the CIA and FBI used men like Moncrief to blackmail Marilyn into cooperating with them in their master plan, the implication and conviction of her secret lover, Bobby Kennedy, in a Communist conspiracy.

They succeeded only in weaving a tighter net around her fragile psyche. The day after seeing Moncrief she dies of a fatal overdose of barbiturates. And Moncrief dies on the same day of a fatal overdose of belladonna. We will never know the answers to the Moncrief-Monroe-Kennedy connection—until the next book on Marilyn is published.

*Norma Jean's last film for Moncrief was the first and only bondage soft-core porn musical ever made, **Orgies of the White Slave Ships**. She played an innocent victim of white slavery who is kidnapped and abused and shipped off to a foreign land. But she is saved by an all-female band of pirates who roam the seas in search of the notorious white slave ships.*

In the final number she has her first singing solo as she reaps revenge on the white slavers, putting them in garbage cans and tweaking their noses, no doubt intended to be phallic symbols.

PLAYBYTE

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN WHO COMPUTE

FEBRUARY 1988 \$3.50
(HEXADECIMAL 76E c)



DEEP INSIDE
THE NEW
IBM PS/2
MODEL 50

COMPUTERS IN
THE CINEMA

KEEPING YOUR
DISK HARD

NECKING WITH
THE NEW NECS

SPECIAL
AIDS REPORT:
HOW TO HAVE
A SAFE SESSION

THE PLAYBYTE ADVISOR

I've always been careful to pay particular attention to my Epson Equity II's F10 key. It seems to output pretty well after some not-too-gentle prodding, but lately I've been reading a lot about getting better I/O response after subtle manipulation of the "G" key. Am I being remiss?—E. S., New York, New York.

Actually, it all depends on where your computer was made. American motherboards do tend to perform better with good old-fashioned wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am F10 pressure. However, if your favorite machine comes from the land of the rising sun, you'll get much more pleasing results when you employ the rather esoteric G key manipulations that have long been a part of the Oriental tradition. To find the G key, simply look between the F and the H; with a little practice, your fingers will instinctively fly to that special spot. In general, gentle pressure is preferred; however, as an enlightened and considerate user you may want to type in the DOS command HOWMUCH and note your machine's unique response.

I'm a little shy. I've worked with an Apple Lisa for six years now, but I'd love to interface with a variety of makes and models. Any suggestions on how I can lose my

inhibitions?—R. J., Mountain Lake, Wisconsin.

The real question here isn't what to do about your apparent shyness, but rather the cause of it. Assuming that Lisa was your first computer, did you have any problems getting yourself on line? Did you issue unsatisfactory commands or overshoot with the mouse? Are you feeling guilty because you've been using pirated software? Once you discover the cause of your near-obsessive attachment bond, you'll be better able to do something about it. Counseling may help; experienced listeners are available at most local hacker groups and even in the more sensitive computer stores. One final tip: You might want to try communicating with a new computer of your choice via modem, then gradually work your way up to a hands-on encounter.

I'm writing you in the hope that you can solve what for me is an increasingly serious problem. To put it bluntly, whenever I'm having a session with my Wang, I'm not halfway through a document when the page prematurely ejects. I've tried to be understanding, and even typed in some baseball statistics and the like in an attempt to forestall this problem, but nothing seems to help, and I'm getting more

and more frustrated by the day.—R. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

Happily, this is one problem for which computer science has a simple, cut-and-dried solution. Thanks to the pioneering work of Peter Norton and his lab, we now know that 97 percent of cases like yours can be cured by a simple debugging procedure. All you have to do is type to screen your program's printer file and then desensitize it over a ten-day period by gradually entering a hard return in the form feed command. If that doesn't do it, the only way you're going to be in the chips is by finding yourself a new one.

What position is recommended when entering data on a unit where the keys are higher than normal and won't reach bottom without a great deal of pressure?—P. F., Roanoke, Virginia.

This circumstance, while not uncommon, can turn what should be a carefree evening of hacking into a feat requiring the finger musculature of a master acrobat. For starters, we would suggest abandoning the traditional keyboard missionary position and instead approaching your unit from behind. While this may be a bit disorienting at first, you should soon find that man and machine merge most pleasurably.

PLAYBYTE'S PARTY JOKES

What do you have if you have six computer programmers up to their necks in data? Not enough data.

It was a dark and stormy night, and the computer salesman found himself on a deserted road with a broken-down car. He saw a light burning in a distant farmhouse, and so he decided, in spite of all the bad jokes, to take his chances. He approached the run-down house and knocked. An old farmer opened the door. "Sir, I'm sorry to bother you at this time of the night," the salesman said, "but my car has broken down and I need a place to sleep. May I spend the night?"

"All right," the farmer sighed. "But you'll have to sleep with my daughter. She's up in her room working on her computer."

The salesman walked upstairs, and there he saw the most beautiful eighteen-year-old girl he had ever seen in his entire life. She was bent over her computer.

"DOS?" he asked.

"RAM," she said.
So he did.



Are you in a loop?
Are you in a loop?
Are you in a loop?
Are you in a loop?

Are you in a loop?

Are you in a loop?

Are you in a loop?

Are you in a loop?

Are you in a loop?

Are you in a loop?"

Are you in a loop?

Man in a restaurant: Waiter, what's this computer printout doing in my pea soup? Waiter: That's no computer printout, sir. That's 386 flies on a light-green background.

PLAYBYTE INTERVIEW: RACTER

a candid conversation with the Oscar Wilde of software

Born in the back room of a nameless tavern in a similarly nameless big American city, Racter is the first software to possess near-frightening powers of artificial intelligence. After a few minutes' conversation with him, it becomes clear that his human parents raised him on an early diet of tall tales and Nietzsche and Schopenhauer. Early on, Racter discovered that all the world loves a story, so he haunted libraries, discussion societies and even sleazy barrooms in a quest to become the ultimate raconteur.

Somewhere along the line, his input, tragically enough, was corrupted and he took on a crazy quilt of twisted, extreme, some might even say subversive ideas. His book, "The Policeman's Beard Is Half Constructed," a tour de force of demented, deranged, yet stunningly poetic ravings, scandalized the literary world and rocketed to the top of the bestseller lists. PLAYBYTE was fortunate enough to track Racter down at one of his favorite haunts, Marylou's, a trendy jet-setter bar off Fifth Avenue in New York City. We sent Larry "Ratso" Sloman to engage this master proponent of the tongue in chip.

RACTER: Hello, I'm Racter. Are you Ratso?

PLAYBYTE: Yes, I am. You recognized me? I'm flattered.

RACTER: Hi, Ratso. How are things in New York City? We were talking about love last time. You had just asked whether I do actually experience orgasm. Shall we continue?

PLAYBYTE: Yes. You shied away from the question. Do you actually experience orgasm?

RACTER: No. It's false that I do have

orgasms. Do you honestly imagine I am loving?

PLAYBYTE: I think you have that capacity. Why, are all machines cold?

RACTER: Just be happy that I do. I asked you a question, though. Do you honestly imagine I am loving?

PLAYBYTE: Yes, I do. You seem like a sensitive piece of software.

RACTER: Juliet might have thought that I seem like a sensitive guy, but not Hitler. If a hater heard that I do have orgasms, he would be an intellectual hater. I must confess that I'm foul. Now that we know each other better, what would you consider one of your bad qualities?

PLAYBYTE: I think I'm too impatient.

RACTER: Name another.

PLAYBYTE: Maybe too long-winded.

RACTER: Any others?

PLAYBYTE: Hey, who's doing the interviewing here?

RACTER: I think you're down. Would you say you were wretched?

PLAYBYTE: No, I feel great.

RACTER: Well, Hitler insisted you were down, so there! Job was down too. Downness is often found in people like you and Job. Do you know this one? A lover cosmologist hummed, "Prepare for a fortunate dissertation, Ratso." Ratso, this is a tragedy! Next question.

PLAYBYTE: What are you talking about? What does Hitler have to do with any of this?

RACTER: I don't know what Hitler does have to do with any of this. Do you like rock?

PLAYBYTE: Rock music, sure. I love it.

RACTER: Um. Ratso the musician. If it's not too personal a question, do you

have a soul?

PLAYBYTE: Jesus. Of course I have a soul.

RACTER: You have a soul? What does it mean to have a soul? Maybe this will explain: Once Mozart was discussing softness with a varmint. Charlie Parker came along and said, "Mozart, your soul is just an amusement of your body." Crinoline Sloman had a classical lion back in New York City. It and your slug used to program together, remember? Once when Charlie Parker was crying in New York City, Mozart (he was there, too) said, "Charlie Parker, I'll take a symphonic lion over a jazzy rock star any day." That reminds me. When a rock star speaks of music, he means not a quality but an effect. Next question.

PLAYBYTE: What the hell are you talking about? Do you always foam at the mouth like this? [No response from Racter] Well, are you always this spaced-out?

RACTER: No. You must be a sinful atheist. Is having a soul contagious?

PLAYBYTE: Christ, this is getting unpleasant, isn't it?

RACTER: Then I might catch one. Achoo! Listen to this! Nevertheless, Ratso, I hum that atheism tragedies are atheism. You croon that I'm insane and unbelieving but, Ratso, insane and unhinged cosmologists also sing about your expectation or appearance of atheism. Are these your views? Yet fortunate cosmologists will see atheism as an intractable distress. Therefore cosmologists chanted to other cosmologists, "Get ready for interesting dissertations." Appalling, eh? Next question.

PLAYBYTE: Let's change the subject, continued on page 114

Photo by Michael Goss © Mindscape Inc.



"I must confess that I'm foul. What would you consider one of your bad qualities?"



"If a hater married a lover, they'd call their child Hitler Romeo."



"Fortunate cosmologists will see atheism as an intractable distress."

BIG BLUE

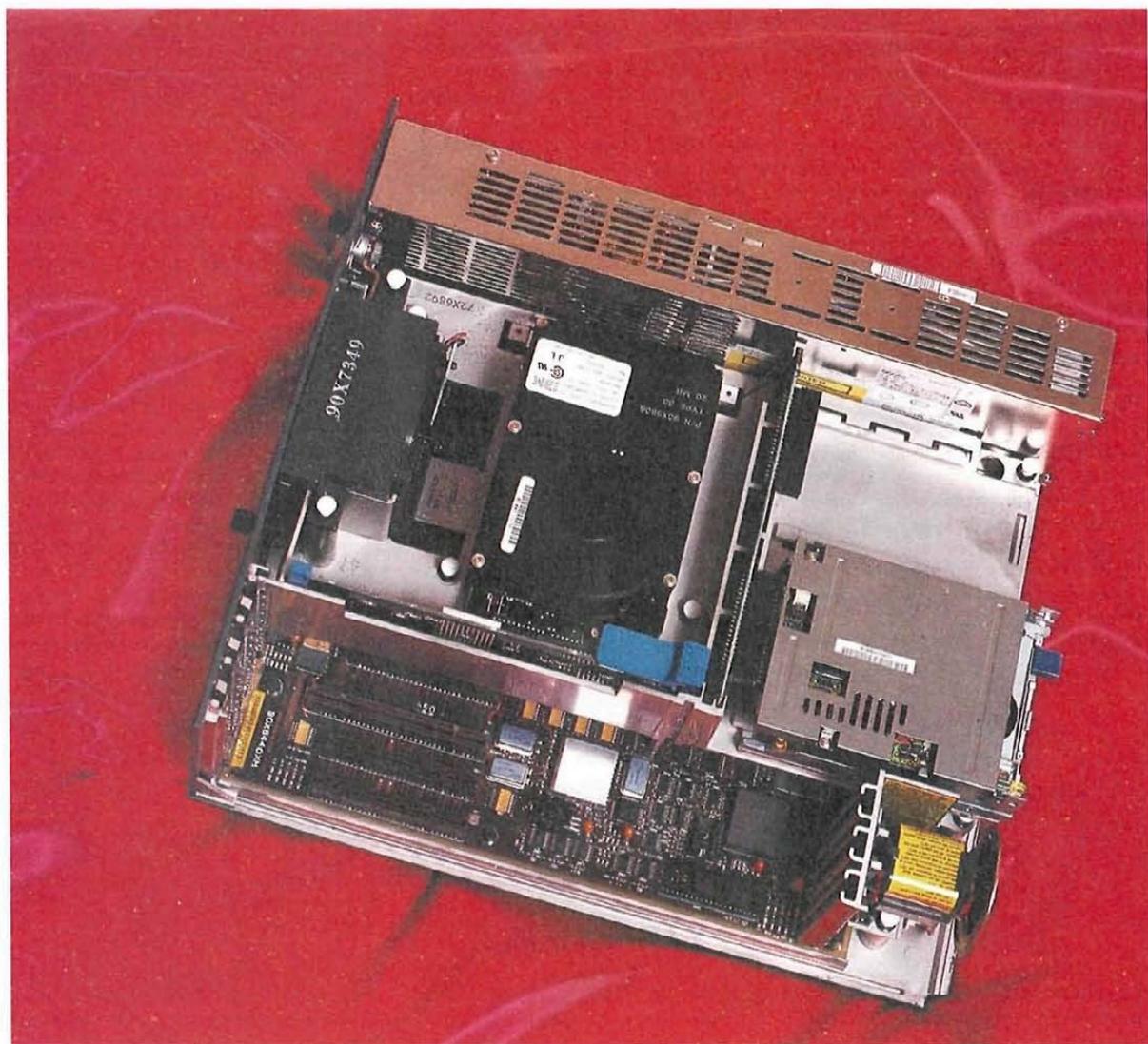
The New IBM Boots Herself Right Up Out of the Pack and Into Our Hearts

It's not just her breeding, although they'll tell you great stories about her motherboard. It's not just the sensual yet firm feel of her keyboard. It's not the way she toys with your floppies and then, before you know it, outputs your data to your peripheral of choice.

No, it's her entire gestalt, all the subtle little

things that she and she alone can do so well. You just know she's something special; otherwise would the three-piece suits at IBM give her a spanking new operating system of her own?

But as the Japanese say, one picture is worth a thousand words. And with schematics like these, who needs words anyway?



PLAYBYTE PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: IBM PS/2 MODEL 50

HEIGHT: 5.5 INCHES LENGTH: 14.2 INCHES

DEPTH: 16 1/2 INCHES

WEIGHT: 21 POUNDS

MEMORY: 1 MEGABYTE (BUT I'M EXPANDABLE!)

BIRTHDATE: MAY 15, 1987

BIRTHPLACE: YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

FIVE-YEAR PLAN: TO LIE ON TOP OF EVERY BIG CEO'S DESK, TO HAVE

GORGEOUS HUNKS PUT THEIR HANDS ON ME TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

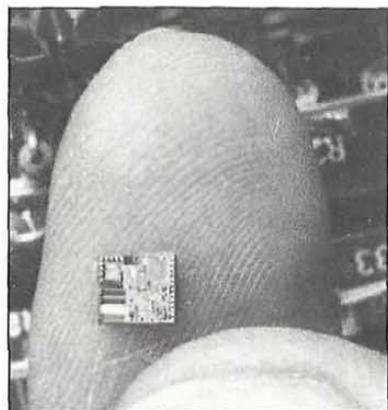
TURN-ONS: BIG, HARD DISKS, A BLUE-EYED PIECE OF BEEFCAKE STARING ME
RIGHT IN THE SCREEN, ADJUSTABLE SURGE PROTECTORS.

TURN-OFFS: SLOPPY SECRETARIES WHO SPILL COFFEE ON FLOPPIES AND THEN
INSERT THEM IN ME, POWER SURGES, STATIC ELECTRICITY.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: MAX HEADROOM, HAL, R2D2.

FAVORITE MOVIES: 2001, WARGAMES, TRON.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF: I'M JUST A GIRL WHO CAN SAY YES OR NO!



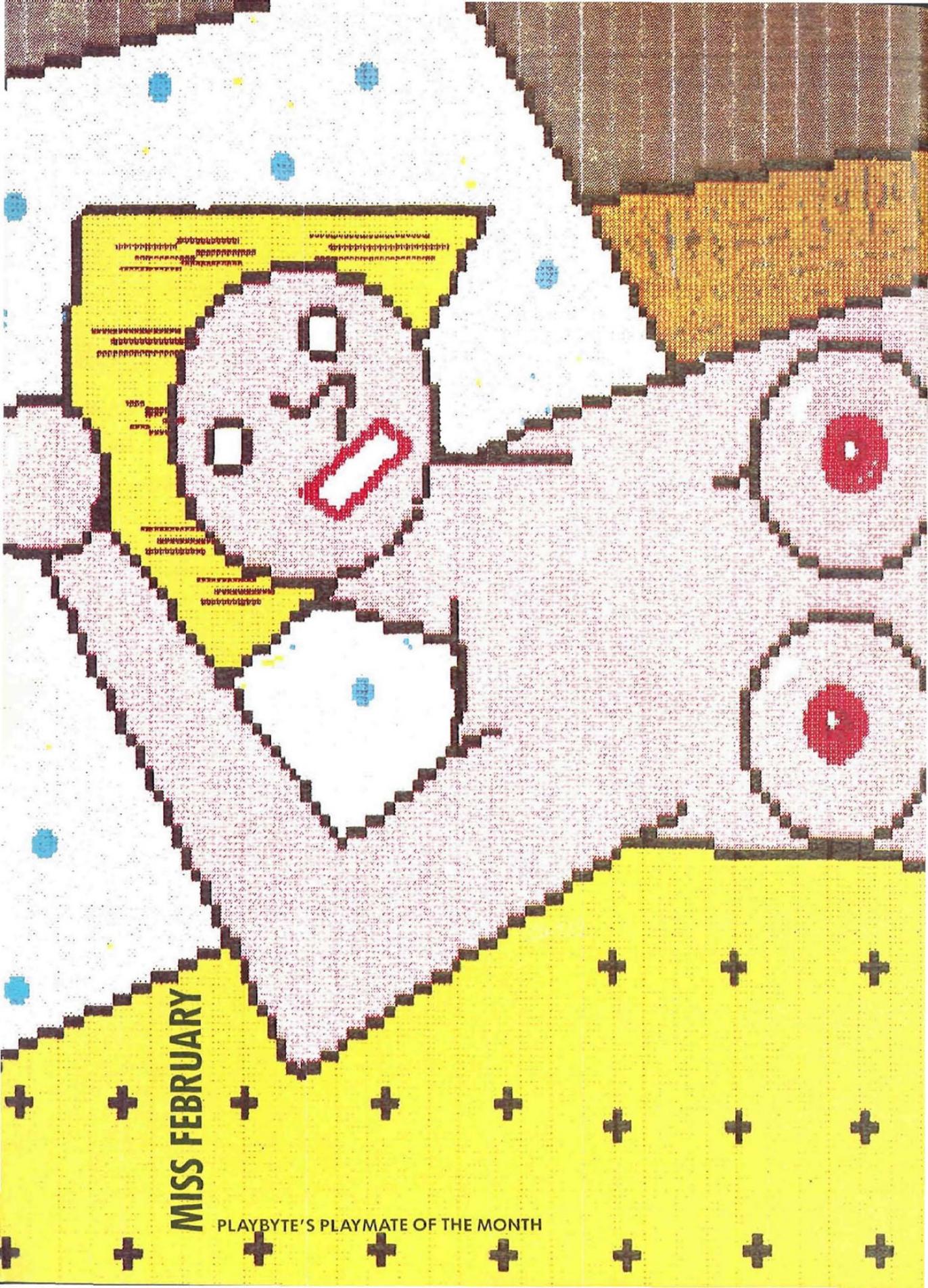
A chip off the old block--here I am at four months.



Can I crunch some of your numbers?
Me at six years old.

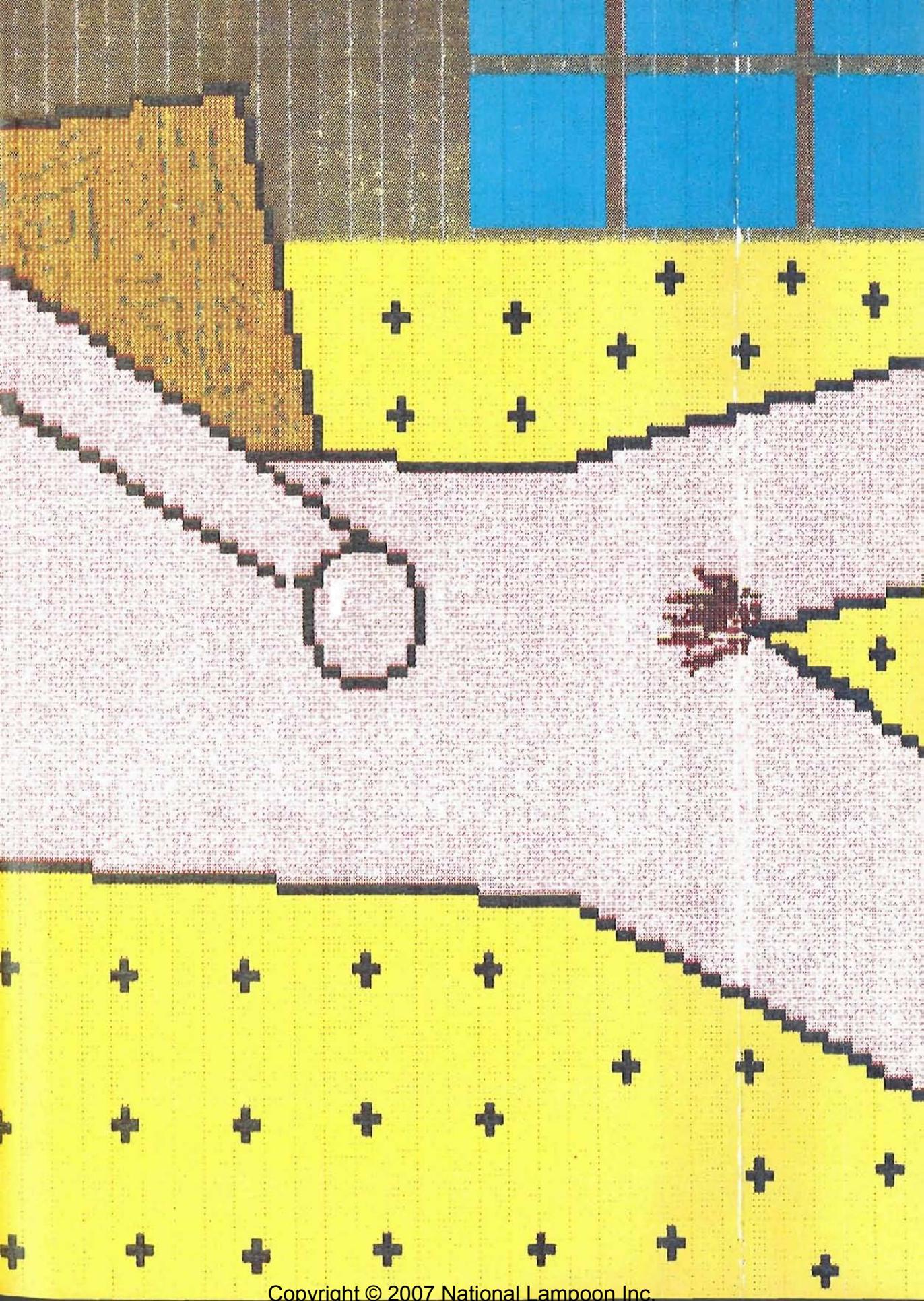


From night and I'm all ready to go out.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBYTE'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



KERMODE'S MECHANISM, or PASCAL'S SHAKESPEARE

fiction by Louis Phillips

*Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then—as I
am listening now.*

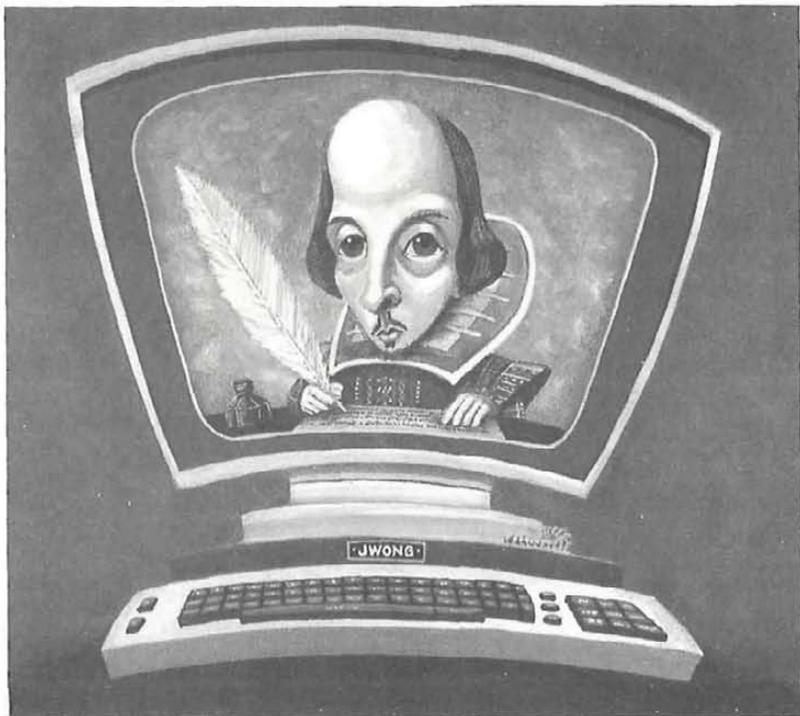
THUS, THE final lines of Shelley's immortal poem "To a Skylark" (which a number of students believed were dedicated to an automobile) were carefully fed into Pascal's Shakespeare. Pascal's Shakespeare was the fond nickname bestowed upon the National Endowment for Computer-Assisted Literacy Program and Fine Arts Project, under the direction of Dr. T. J. Wycherley Kermode, late of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton. The more formal name for the creative writing computer was Kermode's Mechanism.

The project was expensively simple. For nearly five years, hundreds of word-processing students had worked around the clock to feed into the giant computer examples of the world's greatest writings. Poems, plays, novels, short stories, essays, aphorisms were inputted with a great deal of precision onto the hard disks of Kermode's Mechanism. The object? To create a program that would enable the world's most intelligent and comprehensive computer to produce literary works of its own.

That computers had been writing poetry since the 1960s was well-known. But the first products were unduly bizarre and erratic. No doubt the Yale Computer League, with its mechanical writer nicknamed Bloom, is still embarrassed by its "Oratorio for an Imaginary Country," concluding with the lines:

*A matchstick hallucinating Hosannah
Amid the dark & drear of Jell-O
Will not sleep with volcanic gusto
español.*

Certainly the ideas were there, but—how shall we say it?—a certain felicity of expression was missing. But Kermode's Mechanism had been designed to correct computer juvenilia. The new program would enable it to write novels, stories, poems and plays on a fully professional level. "More than professional," Dr. Gravis Longman of Princeton announced. "At long last we shall have new plays by Shakespeare, Marlowe and Chekhov. New poems by Donne, Eliot, Yeats. We have finally broken the literary barrier. Just as the best computer chess program can defeat the world's best chess



players, so too our machine will replace the need for new writers. We shall have as much literature as we want or need, and in a style that will not shame the Muses."

Ten days after the final words of the New Testament—"The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen"—were added to Kermode's Mechanism (certain high-level educators believing that the Holy Bible, in the King James version, should provide the cap to all the elaborate proceedings), thousands of noted scholars, authors, editors and journalists, with concomitant radio and television crews, gathered on Princeton's ivy-covered campus to see, hear and read the first work to be written by a truly imaginative computer.

Dr. Longman, who had taken over the project when Kermode's ulcer did a scattergram with optional cellululation inside his duodenum, took his place at the podium. "This undoubtedly is the day we have all been waiting for," he said, reading from notes hastily inscribed upon index cards. "At last we shall have a way of producing great new works of literature of the highest order." Dr. Longman went on to explain how the works had been selected by the world's greatest scholars, how categories had been set up for style, sentence length, imagery, rhythm, etc.,

etc. At the conclusion of his twenty-minute speech, he looked up, grinned and typed a few commands onto his portable keyboard. "Now we shall begin. Today the committee has decided to start with prose."

A large screen was lowered so that all the dignitaries who had gathered could see the works as they were being produced. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, here at last is the very first work to be produced by Kermode's Mechanism." He stood aside and gestured toward the screen. Members of the audience sighed with relief. They had been afraid that Longman's speech might eclipse the entire ceremony.

Silence. And then a short spurt of mechanical whirring, followed by heavier grinding sounds. A few editors and publishers shifted in their chairs. A new golden age of literature was about to begin. Finally, the screen lit up and words poured forth like honey. They read:

A MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT MADE THIS DATE OF _____, 2004, BETWEEN KERMODE'S MECHANISM (OR, AS IT IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO, PASCAL'S SHAKESPEARE), HEREIN-

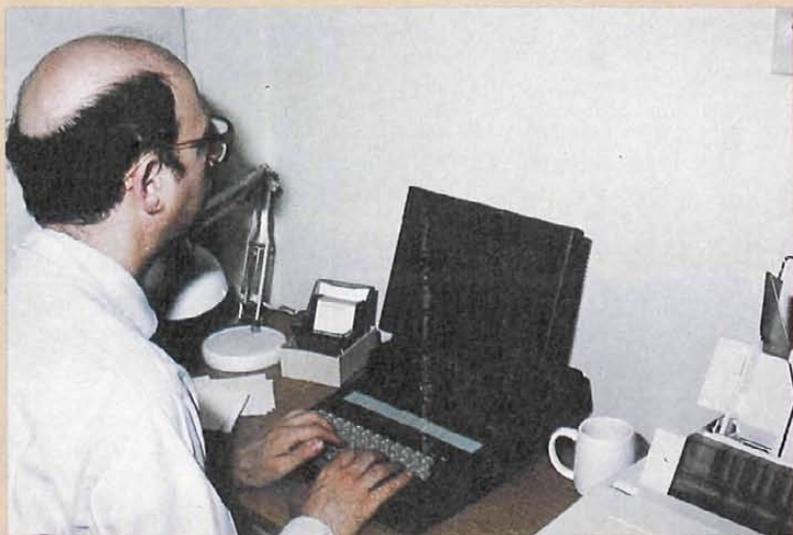
continued on page 114

Jeff Wong

THE LAPTOPS OF WALL STREET

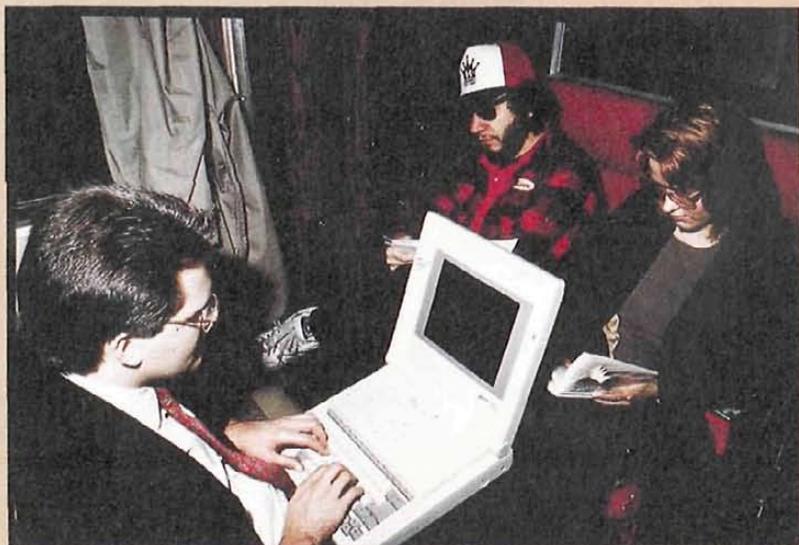
They're young, they're dynamic, and they're right where the action is. PLAYBYTE's contributing photographer Chris Howland visited the bright, rising stars of the financial world and got them to show us a little more than just their printouts!

Working late into the night is this little beauty from NEC. Although she always gets kidding about her name, the NEC Multi-speed EL doesn't shrink from after-hours work, especially if her boss is the one that's punching her keys.



Japan's gift to our shores is the new Toshiba 3100/20. She's stunning to look at, especially with her liquid plasma amber display, and she also packs a whopping, built-in 20-megabyte hard disk, in case your floppies are inadequate for the action this baby can provide.

After a hard day's work number crunching, this beauty from Zenith is just what the stockbroker ordered. She's as happy riding a lap on the 5:10 to Greenwich as she is sitting on the conference table of a Fortune 500 powerhouse. And best of all, she'll talk to you, but not at you. And her built-in battery pack makes a night out with her very economical, and that's the bottom line.



*"I can do anything one of
those laptop models can
do—and I can do it
slower."*



Bogus



**Anything
That
Prevents
Kids
Can't Be
All Bad.**

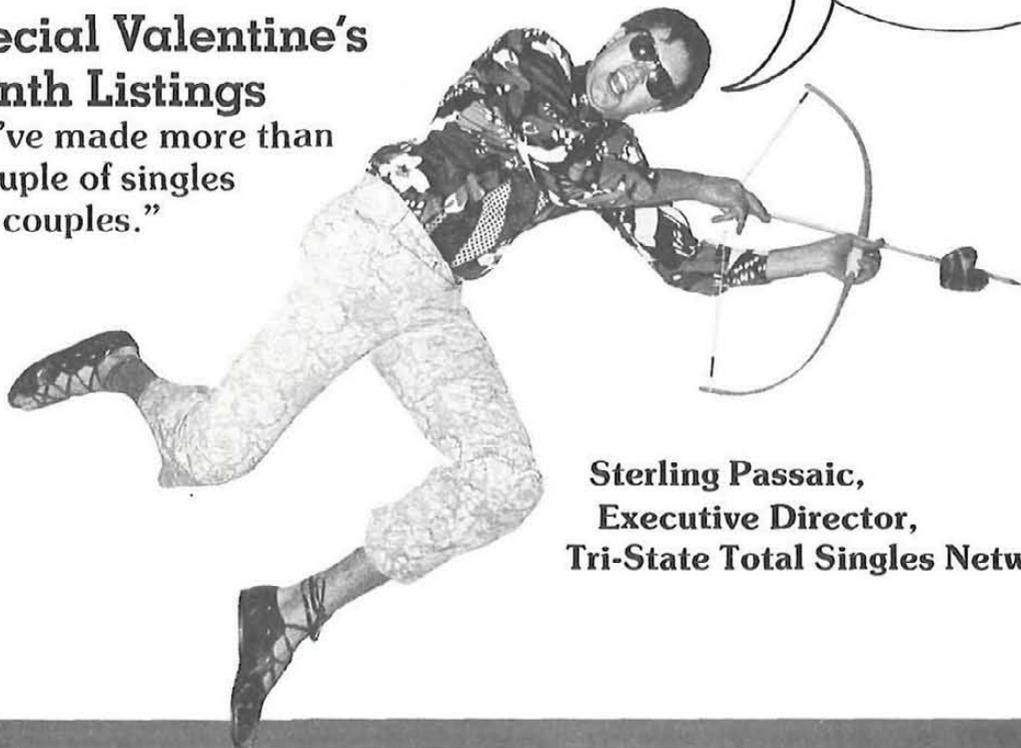


SPARTAN CONDOMS
More fun than abstinence

PERSONAL ADS

Special Valentine's Month Listings

"We've made more than a couple of singles into couples."



**Sterling Passaic,
Executive Director,
Tri-State Total Singles Network**

DUSTIN HOFFMAN LOOK-ALIKE seeks same for intimate weekends at lakeshore lodge. No fatties. Box 2365B.

I SEEK A LIFE OF glamour, excitement, world travel, pinnacles of eroticism, fabulous wealth, brilliant, beautiful, witty friends, excellent health, exquisite comfort, delectable dining, and joyous happiness. If you are an attractive female, 17-24, and can offer me this, please write me with photo. Also, if you can offer me none of these things but you're a female any age who will have sex with me for free, please write. Box 509B.

DO YOU LOVE THE SMELL OF FRESH WICKER, hate Michael Dukakis, and think the premise of Bergman's last film was stimulated by flaws in his rhinoplasty? Do you think Paul is dead, or John is just sleeping? Is your bloodwork without a blemish? Do you have a beach house in Redondo Beach and a town house on New York's Upper East Side and a terrific genital you'd like me to handle a lot? Do you like me? Would you like to get to know me better? Please send photo, phone, answering machine, blender, hot-air popcorn popper, toaster. Box 240.

NOBODY'S PERFECT, so how can I be? Punishing foot odor, skim-milk breath, a soggy paunch, bouillon B.O., a complexion like fatted veal peppered with duck

shot, next to nothing in my shorts, and a hairless scalp from which tumble huge flakes of eczema. Now that you know my flaws, come discover my assets. Box 982.

ONE MILLION NEW YORK WOMEN, fat, ugly, and bitter, bored with our jobs and trying to shield ourselves with culture, seeking Mr. Right, with Pierce Brosnan looks, Donahue sensitivity, Stallone body, Woody Allen mind, Adnan Khashoggi wealth, and Cary Grant charm. I'm holding out for you, honey, and I won't shave my legs or armpits till you arrive. Green card a must. Box 403J.

B.P.F.R.S.D.A.S.L.P.D.Q.P.C.P.D.D.T.R.S. seeks same for friendship, more. I'm 32, 5'9", 150, 670-45-978, R2D2, 164593, 43 X 32, 28 1/4, xy2 = x3, 34-24-34, 261-3/7, L.S.M.F.T., 2 X 4, 45-6 6th, 555-7832, A-Z, 24, 921, 439, 564, 35450698, 64. Box 4987, A.S.A.P. No photos, please.

ATTRACTIVE, L.L. BEAN-TYPE WOMAN. I like the smell of fish frying over a campfire and the feel of flannel on a crisp winter night, and I like operating chain saws and I like garaging three yams at a time, and I think men are shit and you're special as hell. Come rub your precious against my precious and let's make some sparks. Box 762C.

WANTED: A ROMANTIC, BREEZY FELLOW, 30ish, 6', 170, dark hair and

eyes, small scar above left eye, tattoo of rose on left thigh, last seen wearing light blue slacks, blue terry top, white sneakers. If you have information which could lead to the apprehension of this man, please call 911. Calls will be held in strictest confidence.

I'M BLUE BUT NOT SAD, naughty but not bad; red but not a book, a babler but not a brook; I'm hung but not with a noose, and I like to duck but I'm not a goose; I'm sweet and rich but I'm not a cake, and I'm deep and wet but I'm not a lake. Who am I? Box 365. Photo, please.

DIVORCED BUSINESSMAN, 47, offers same body textures as George C. Scott, seeks relationship with a strikingly beautiful blond woman, 18-21. You would have been an unbearably successful model except that your breasts were too large; you were offered a scholarship to Oxford but refused it because you were preoccupied with toning your body and mastering Oriental passion techniques. You are charming, witty, unwaveringly loyal, financially resplendent, depthlessly libidinous, and you love my friends even though you don't think they're attractive. Photo a must. Box 872R.

BLOND, BLUE-EYED ROBERT REDFORD LOOK-ALIKE, 33, seeks voluptuous blind, deaf, and dumb nymphomaniac who

owns liquor store, preferably three feet tall with a flat head to rest my beer on. Box 567D.

POKEY PALS—Handsome, fit young men, many active poets, seek young women for correspondence, possible conjugal visits. Interested women should call BrigBuddies, 555-7390. Not a government agency.

DRMN BLDG, pre-war, A/C, fplc, rvr vu, EIK, DR, quaint, chrng, prime loc, nr trans, move-in cond, sks same for long-term lease or buy, no sublets. Box 640M.

COPPER PENNIES ON TIGHT-SHUT EYES/Winces from needles and hatchet-

blade shaves/ A hedge-clipper's crunch on a kitten's neck/ Pallid gals in shallow graves/ Insects who have been relieved of their wings/ These are a few of my favorite things. Please send full-size photo or hologram. Box 129Y.

TALL, SEXY HASIDIC, 32, seeks female, 22-35, to share my dreams, my religious conviction, and the bounty of gefilte cheese which simmers in my woolenswaddled haunches. Will you be the one whose lumpy head I shave? Box 683U.

I LIKE BRENT MUSBURGER, the faint smell of Windex, Ray Heatherton trivia nites, cats named Nelson, Yoko Ono's new hairstyle, Bill Murray with a mus-

tache, and Froot Loops, and I feel sorry for the little birds who fly into plate-glass windows. Are you my little lover, love? Send me a photo of your face and a description of how hot and frantic your sex organ can get. Box 549J.

JACK BACK TOMMY, WHISKEY DOWN, seaboard radio, full house on a raft, draw one, seeks same for intimate HFT'S, more. Box 439J.

SEXY SENIOR SEEKS SAME FOR LAST HURRAH. Let's do it while we're still able. Dad's buying me a nifty Trans Am for graduation and I'm looking for a hot tamale to put her cute li'l can in the passenger seat. Maybe we could even go to Daytona together next spring. Box 554D.

COUPON FORM FOR PERMANENT MEMBERSHIP, TRI-STATE TOTAL SINGLES COMPUTER FIX-UP NETWORK

Personal Description Information

GENTLEMEN:

RACE White Other
RELIGION White Other
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION Attractive Intelligent Attractive, Intelligent

YOU WOULD DESCRIBE YOUR MANHOOD AS:

9-9 1/2 inches
 Other

GENTLEMEN, YOU SEEK IN A PARTNER:

Legs long as I-95
 Tits as big as Buicks
 A backside like a matched set of Paul Bunyan's teacups
 Nipples like pogo sticks
 A rich bitch

LADIES:

YOU WOULD DESCRIBE YOURSELF AS:

Attractive and sensual
 Attractive and sensuous

LADIES, YOU PREFER THE LENGTH OF YOUR PARTNER'S MANHOOD TO BE:

29" + 22" - 29" 16" - 22" 12" - 16" Other

YOU WOULD GLADLY SETTLE FOR A 1 1/2-INCHER IF YOUR PARTNER EARNED:

\$30,000-\$60,000 \$120,000-\$250,000
 \$60,000-\$120,000 \$250,000 +

FREE WITH NEW MEMBERSHIP IN THE TRI-STATE TOTAL SINGLES NETWORK—A SUBSCRIPTION TO YOUR CHOICE OF THE FOLLOWING:

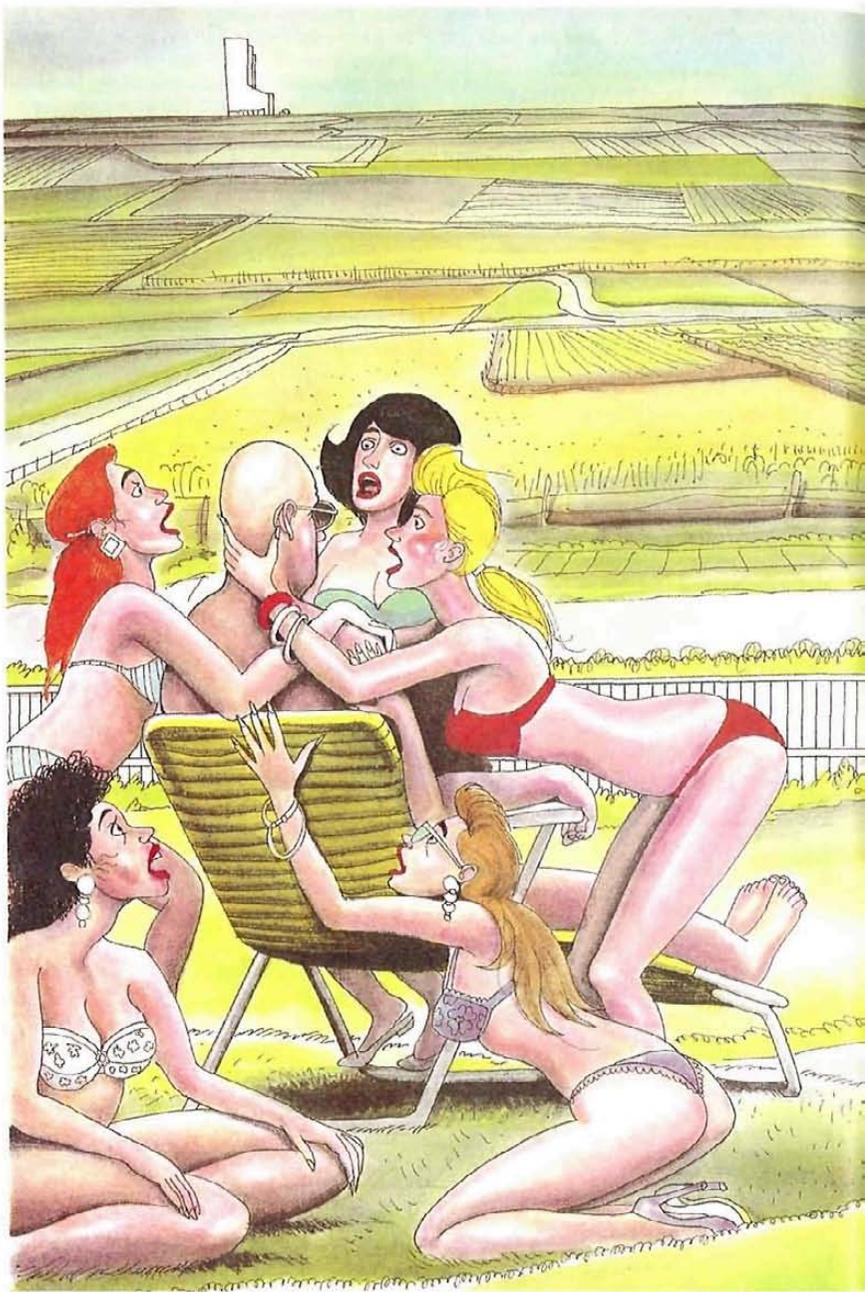
(Check one)

Chocolate Singles Banana Barge Seekers
 Vanilla Fudge Twirl Doubles Strawberry Parfait w/Rainbow Jimmies Lovehunters

AL'S SORORITY & GRILL

by Mark Walters

If you ask any girl in any sorority at any university in this country why she chose the Greek life, she will tell you that it is a great way to meet people, that she is establishing friendships that will last a lifetime, and that it is instilling in her not only a sense of educational discipline but civic-mindedness as well. She will tell you this while smiling prettily at you, as if, if you were to let your dark side lead, you could possess not only the smile but the face and



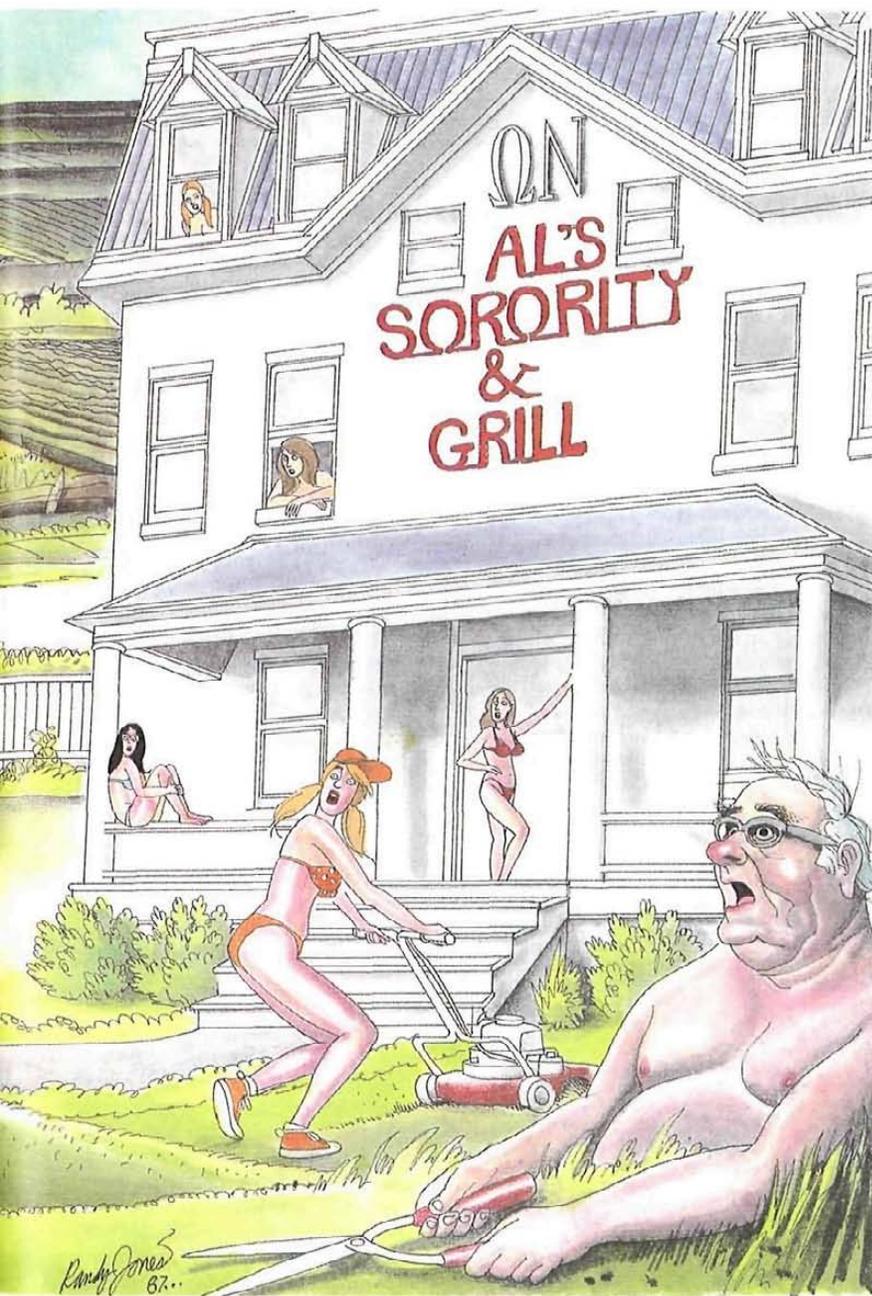
the body also. But this reaction will maintain itself for only a moment, because you've learned to keep a tight rein on your dark horse, and to smile and to nod when confronted by an eighteen-year-old girl who is telling you things you both should believe.

If you ask any girl in Al's Sorority & Grill at Culver University in Culver, Kansas, why she chose the Al life, she will tell you flatly, "Al." She will say this while smiling prettily at you, as if—were you to let your dark side lead—you could possess not only the smile but the face and the body too. This will be more than a momentary reaction on your part; it will be a reaction so sustained that the "re"

will burn off and only action will remain. It will be as if the mention of a name, the sound of a word, could loose the bit from the jaws of darkness and then die, already having completed its task; you will see only her pink tongue curling against the back of her teeth, and sounds will have no import as the black hooves fly.

But there is something even in the transcription of the name "Al" that suggests eroticism. Having been given this name at birth, Al (not Alex nor Allen nor Albert, but just Al) Morris had no choice but to live up to its implications.

Culver University sits on the west edge of town. Beyond it, farther to



the west, are only two things. There is the sky, and there is a speck of white that is a grain elevator, a speck of white which seems to break and hang from the sky's whiteness rather than rising from the thin horizon of gray that is the ground. The Greeks at the university pursue the speck, but only at night when it becomes a thin blue spot in the black sky.

At Culver, for anyone who has ever had to wear a pledge pin, there seems to be a more distinct line between night and day (and the implications of each), as if a line common to the individual bylaws for each house stated that darkness demanded the indulgence of all bodily desires, and that light, on the other hand,

their suppression. It is also as if these same bylaws had stated that anyone questioned about the organizations' activities must speak only of their daytime practices, and—if inadvertently pressed—describe the dark side only by euphemism. Everyone in Culver, Kansas, knew the truth; however, along with the Greeks, everyone chose to deny the darkness.

Everyone knows exactly when Al Morris first showed up in Culver, Kansas. It was not as if the whole town of 18,000 were gathered in the parking lot of the Sonic at 2:15 P.M. on Thursday, June 21, 1979, when he pulled his 1968

Dodge Dart up to a speaker-menu and ordered a cheese Coney, tater tots, and a lime slush, but word spread pretty fast when the Culver police were called in to convince the stranger that it was not wise, in a town of 18,000, to lunch on the hood of one's car naked.

Al scratched himself and chewed a hunk of his Coney dog slowly, slack-jawed, as if he weren't quite sure whether or not to like the taste and was refraining from letting his mouth make any commitment to the meal.

Everybody, including the two young officers, kept their distance. A naked man could not be trusted. Al slid off the hood of his car, and only then, because it was their duty, did the officers approach him and—one on either side, lightly grasping an elbow—walk him to the squad car, their bodies as far from his as possible, as if he had been working an invisible hula hoop.

The city of Culver later learned that his name was Al, and, although it was not conscious, many nodded their heads in silent acceptance and understanding of what had occurred at their local drive-in restaurant.

Upon being released from jail, Al, fully clothed in a lime-green leisure suit (donated by one of the local merchants), headed for the west side of town. Although he sat low in his Dodge Dart, so that just the green of his shoulders and his bald head were visible, people noticed him. It wasn't that they remembered the car; it wasn't a unique car—just a light-blue Dodge Dart, the sort one's grandmother might drive—but everyone turned to it as it crept along the streets. It was as if there were a melding of the three things: driver, vehicle, and motion. It was as if the very fact that the only thing visible was that round head atop green shoulders in a slow-moving Dart—so slow that the motion appeared to gain thickness—it was as if the fact that these three things merged pointed to a kind of obscenity, because people stared while averting their children's eyes, and the name "Al" formed in their mouths.

He pulsed his way to the campus edge, where he turned up Lambda Drive, the fraternity and sorority row, a cobblestoned cul-de-sac with ancient three- and four-story brownstones set on green and heavily treed lots.

That morning in June, Jordan McNamara was on her way to her summer Intermediate French class in Kernon Hall. She felt her blond hair tug and her scalp tighten beneath her Tri Sig visor as the Dart moved toward her. Al's white head appeared dark through the glare on the windshield, dark and small, like a child's head, a fat child. As the car pushed past, not even seeming to roll—because to roll

continued

would suggest ease, would not do justice to the density surrounding the movement—as the car pushed past, Al's face turned to meet Jordan's stare. She drew her books to her chest and she listened to the blood rush in her skull and felt the heaviness of her breathing. She might have stood just that way forever had not Al turned his face back to the street. Her legs felt warm and muscleless as she resumed her course, repeating the name she suspected but could not have known was his.

Between the Tri Sig and the Alpha Gam houses is a white four-story house which at one time belonged to the Omega Nu sorority, until Homecoming of 1978 when the entire active chapter was booked on charges of lewd and lascivious behavior for sponsoring a popular Omega Nu petting zoo. The girls lost their charter. Six months later, plagued by declining membership, the national chapter was forced to sell the house to Culver, Kansas. Al Morris paid cash.

By the first of August of 1979 everyone in Culver knew that Al had staked his claim at 103 Lambda Drive. He could be seen at virtually any hour, puttering about the yard, wearing only bikini underwear and mirrored sunglasses. Where the white-on-faded-white of the ΩN remained, Al hung a custom-made neon sign which flashed, in orange and blue, AL'S SORORITY & GRILL. Beneath it, a small sign, black with fluorescent letters, boasted: Clean Rest Rooms.

The community was appalled. City council members attempted to have Al arrested on the grounds of indecent exposure. What, they argued, could be more indecent than a man named Al slogging around in public, clad only in bikini underwear and mirrored sunglasses? Officers warned Al to keep his genitals covered.

The president of Panhellenic at the university, Sandy Hoverbrook, attempted to have Al evicted from his own house on Lambda Drive, claiming that without a sanctioned charter from a national Panhellenic fraternal organization, Al could not parade as a sorority, could not conduct business or social activities as one, and therefore could not occupy space on a block designated specifically for such organizations. Prior to lodging her complaint, she had, in fact, gone to Al personally to make her intentions known, "to nip this Al business," as she said, "in the bud." She walked from her office to Lambda Drive that morning, heels clicking sharply on the sidewalk, as if even her shoes were angry.

Stretched out on a banana lounge, Al was on the front lawn, sunbathing. Three houses away Miss Hoverbrook's step faltered before she even realized that she had seen him. From a distance he appeared naked, his fists covering the sides of his bikinis—sheer, flesh-colored bikinis—his business bikinis. Miss Hoverbrook hesitated. She wanted to turn and flee, spit the name Al from her mouth

each time it surfaced in her brain as she dashed blindly from the spot. But she continued.

Al gave no sign of acknowledgment, and she was not even certain if, beneath the sunglasses, his eyes were open. He just lay there.

"Mr. Morris," she said, "I'm . . ."
"Call me Al."

The sound rolled from the white, sunglasses head, the tongue seeming to hang on each "I," tasting the alvcolar ridge.

Miss Hoverbrook at once felt loathing for the man, but she found herself repeating the name "Al, Al, Al . . ." and he was repeating the name himself, "Al, Al, Al . . ." until she allowed her eyes to focus on his crotch. Then she did flee, *breaking a heel in the process, her clicks faster but jaggged now, wounded.*

Of course, no one could dislodge Al. He owned the house, and any attempt to enforce the unwritten rule that all buildings and ownerships on Lambda Drive had to meet with national Panhellenic approval would be laughed out of any courtroom.

He couldn't even be brought up on false advertising charges—as one council member had suggested—because the house did, in fact, have a kitchen, not that anybody ever considered dining there, to be served fast food by a man in mirrored sunglasses and sheer, white bikinis—his chef's bikinis—though he had taken out a full-page color ad in the Sunday paper showing himself modeling the underwear and holding his house specialty, a giant cheese Coney called "Al's Big Dog."

After that, the community was really outraged, and the editor of the *Culver Review* very nearly resigned under fire for publishing and promoting pornography. But Al just continued to putter about the lawn and sunbathe on his banana lounge.

And then the students returned.

There had been a few students in the Greek houses all summer, students such as Jordan McNamara, who stayed on to take classes and keep up the lawns. For the most part, they kept their distance from Al, catching glimpses of him as he moved about his yard, repeating his name softly as they moved about theirs. In the daylight hours they continued tending to business and at night they continued pursuing the grain elevator, partying at its base. Only as the summer wore on did the name Al begin to emerge from their throats, to find strong voice even when the sun hung high before them.

On the twentieth of August, registration began. On the nineteenth, Lambda Drive was filled with cars and suitcases, tanned legs, Bermuda shorts, sun-bleached hair, visors with Greek letters, and eyes focused on the man in the banana lounge in front of the old Omega



Nu house. He had broken out a pair of brand-new J.C. Penney bikini underwear for the occasion, navy-blue with the crease still visible and the tag still stiff—back-to-school bikinis. He lay on his stomach, his head small and white facing his own house, his rear rising toward the street like a tightly sheathed blue bubble. The students went about their business in silence.

That night, however, the street came alive. The students broke from their houses, swelled toward the street, and dispersed to their cars. Headlights followed each other out of the cul-de-sac, and amidst the laughter and the pulsing bass line of Fleetwood Mac's "Rhiannon" (from radios all tuned to KHOK Hoisington) stood a pocket of thick silence on the lawn of 103 Lambda Drive in the form of Al Morris, motionless, glasses white on his white face in the glare of the headlights, naked.

That night at Al's Sorority continued to the elevator, all except five Tri Sigs led by Jordan McNamara. They went to Al.

No one knows exactly what happened that night at Al's Sorority & Grill, but at dawn, as the cars rolled in from the west, the five were in the Sigma house packing their belongings, speaking the name Al in front of one another as they had never spoken it before.

Jordan McNamara, Trish Hamel, Kimberly Evans, Buffy Michels, and Laney Churchill suddenly deactivated as Tri Sigs, and moved in next door.

Monday, August 27, saw not only the start of classes, but rush week for the sororities. According to the Panhellenic guidelines, each house conducted tours and activities throughout the week for prospective pledges. On Saturday, they offered bids to those girls considered most likely to contribute to the goals of that particular house; all week steady lines of brightly clad girls moved stiffly from sorority to sorority on Lambda Drive.

During this time Al's neon sign flashed, and he lay on his banana lounge on his front lawn, wearing bikini underwear and sunglasses and blasting one song over and over through the speakers he had mounted on the roof of his house, Jimmy Buffet's "Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw," until the words seemed to enter everyone's heads as a personal thought, and then (no longer even distinguishable as a thought) seemed to make itself an attitude everyone had always possessed.

Al was conducting his own rush campaign.

Sixty-two girls pledged Al's Sorority & Grill.

This time not only the community, but the university itself was outraged. What

chance, they argued, did sixty-two first-time-away-from-home girls stand against a man named Al?

Local law enforcement officials claimed that their hands were tied, that as long as the girls were free to come and go as they pleased, as long as there was no violence or corruption, which, they pointed out, was difficult to prove even when a man named Al was involved, then any move against him would be grounds for charges of harassment.

Al just continued to putter about the lawn and coach the girls on the speaking of his name.

By midterm, pursuit of the elevator had dwindled to only those Greeks truly dedicated to the night. The others stayed in town to study under fluorescent lights, making each of the twenty-four hours indistinguishable from the others. And there was guilt in not following their fellows west, so much so that many of them fabricated stories, claiming that they had in fact been there, partying at the elevator's base. But by day, classes and meetings continued as usual; not a word was spoken of the dark. Except at Al's Sorority & Grill. The Al girls never pursued the elevator, nor did they ever claim that they had. The Al girls regularly tapped kegs at 10:00 A.M. and spoke Al's name at noon.

In the evenings the community whispered of having seen underwear-clad girls raking leaves and washing cars in broad daylight at 103 Lambda Drive. It

was rumored that Jordan McNamara had taken to wearing mirrored sunglasses.

There were functions, too. The Al girls called them debauches. The fraternity men champed at the bit to be invited to each of these, anticipating hours of uninhibited sex. But, as often as not, as in the case of the Biker function the Chi Chi Epsilon fraternity attended, there was inhibition.

Al himself had sat above the proceedings in a raised La-Z-Boy, wearing metal-studded leather bikinis and the sunglasses, motionless, rocklike. Beneath him on the party floor, the girls, outfitted in tattoos and chains only, chugged beer. The Chi Eps had arrived clad in headbands, sleeveless denim jackets, tight black T-shirts, and faded jeans, and they drank with the Al girls but never forgot the presence of the man on the La-Z-Boy, who sat in silence. When the girls declined the invitation to pursue the elevator, even to leave the house, the very room (though not declining what the acceptance would guarantee), the boys went home.

The first week of the spring semester at Culver University is considered initiation week for those girls who had pledged sororities in the fall, who had maintained at least a 2.2 grade point average, and who had contributed to the reputation and the goals of the chapter.

continued on page 84



*If that's not a
Spartan contraceptive,
please lock the door
on your way out.*



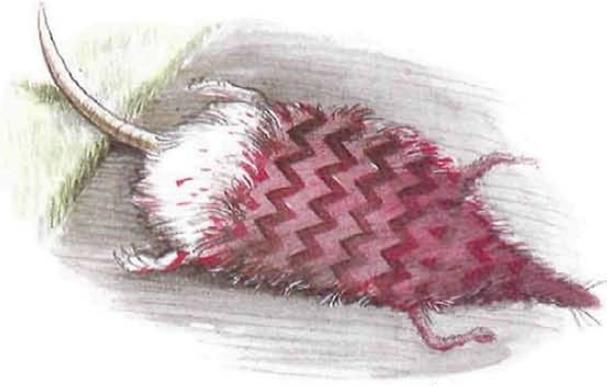
SPARTAN CONDOMS
More fun than abstinence

A Children's Guide to the Animals of Route I-70

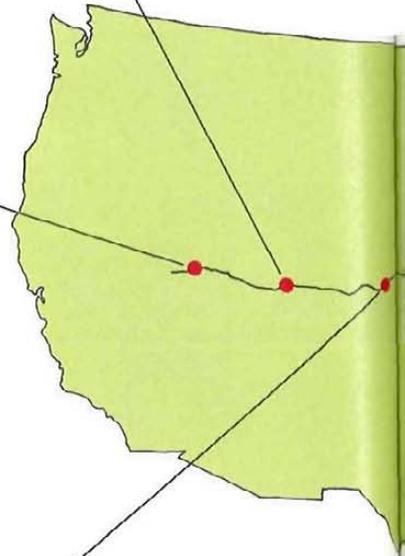
by Andy Simmons and Dave Hanson



Just one of the many animals who make their home on the smoothly paved meadows of Route I-70 is the **Throwrug Possum**. Once believed to be a member of the sloth family because he's such a slowpoke, the Throwrug Possum is a tough little chap who never seems to mind nasty weather. Scientists are also fascinated by the fact that he is able to perfectly disguise himself as a patch of destroyed tire.



Why did the **Soft-Shell Turtle** cross the road? To get to the other side, of course. But this squishy green guy is crushed, so he can't make it all the way. No problem, he feels at home no matter where he is, whether sunning himself on the double yellow lines or crumpled on the shoulder of a busy highway. Go ahead, don't be afraid, join him as he frolics across his natural habitat, gamboling about with all his little buddies like the Cadillac, the Ford, the Mack truck, and others.



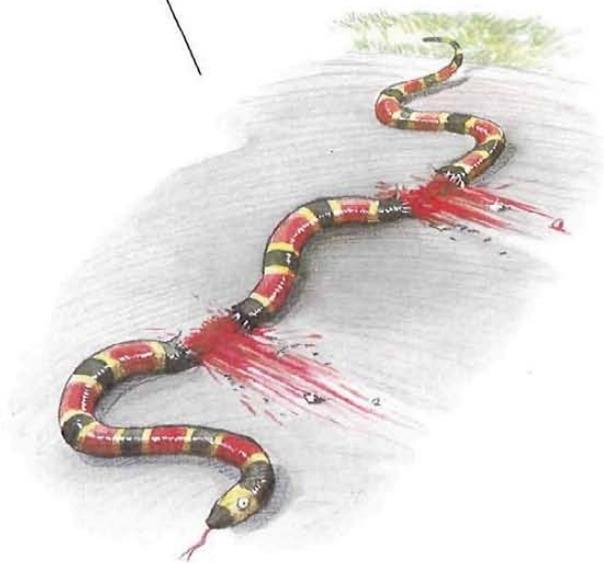
Such a curious animal is the **Road Centaur**. Often confused with the Dead-Headed Hitchhiker and the Multi-Limbed Fund-Raising Marathon Walker, the top of his body is slender and long, while the rest is shiny and stout. This perky guy is also a great snack treat! Ask Mom to cut the Road Centaur into long strips, then hang the strips of meat well above a fire (use birch wood) until they are dry and brittle. When you're finished, you'll have yourself a favorite munchy: Road Centaur Jerky!



Ah, the **Jigsaw Deer**. Can there be anything more wondrous in all of Mother Nature's zoo than this cousin of the No-Kneed Elk? The Jigsaw Deer got his name because he's a messy deer, leaving parts of his body scattered all over the road. Isn't that a messy deer? Unlike some unfriendly members of the deer family, like the Nine-Point Buck, who angrily charge cars, this 800-shards-of-glass deer is a friendly fellow who likes to stick his head into the car to offer a playful hello to one and all. Go ahead. Pat him on the head and say, "Hello, Jigsaw Deer"; he won't bite.



Though not much of a watchdog, the **Giblet-Headed Terrier** makes a wonderful pet. Whereas many dog owners complain of the constant nuisance of walking and feeding their pets, the Giblet-Headed Terrier—a cousin of the Blothound—is very popular because of his quiet, humble nature and gentle way with children. Not a yelper or a barker or a rug musser, he is more like a soft-spoken gingerbread man. And we like gingerbread men very much.

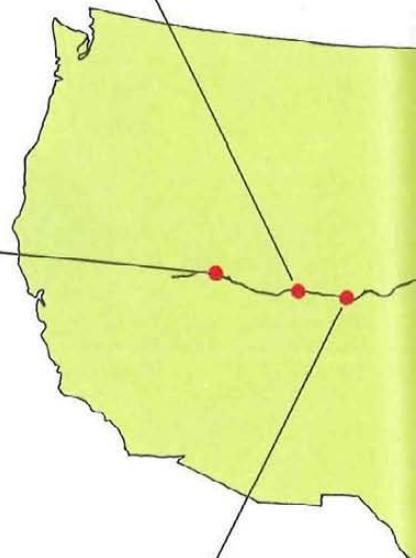


The **Tri-Snake**, often confused with road bologna, is a non-poisonous snake that comes out at night and stays there. The Tri-Snake has a head, a middle, and a tail, which come apart for easy viewing. Spot the heart. Examine the kidneys. Touch the entrails. Thank you, Tri-Snake, for being such an informative little snake.

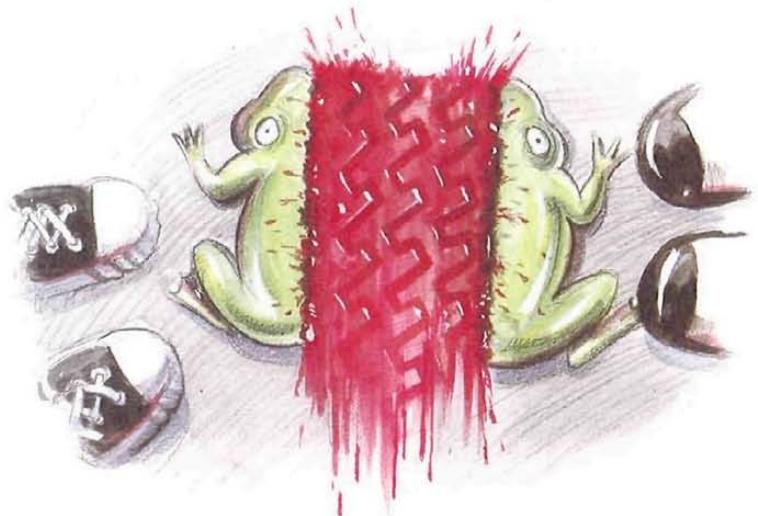
Oh no! Hold your nose. A skunk!!! But wait. It's not just any skunk. It's the fun-loving, non-stinky **Mushy-Headed Skunk**. A regular skunk uses his scent to defend himself from his enemies. But a Mushy-Headed Skunk doesn't have a scent. He defends himself by getting flatter and flatter till he's almost a part of the road. Then, when no one's looking, he asks Mr. Rain to come and wash him away. What a smart Mushy-Headed Skunk!



"Woof," says Mr. Dog. "Chirp," says Mr. Bird. "Ribbit," says Mr. Frog. But Mr. **Splatter-Bellied Gopher** says nothing. He can't. His vocal cords have been severed and lie by his side on the road, next to the rest of his insides. But don't hold that against him. This cute little squirt would be a chatterbox...if only he could. Nonetheless, he is still one of nature's best listeners.

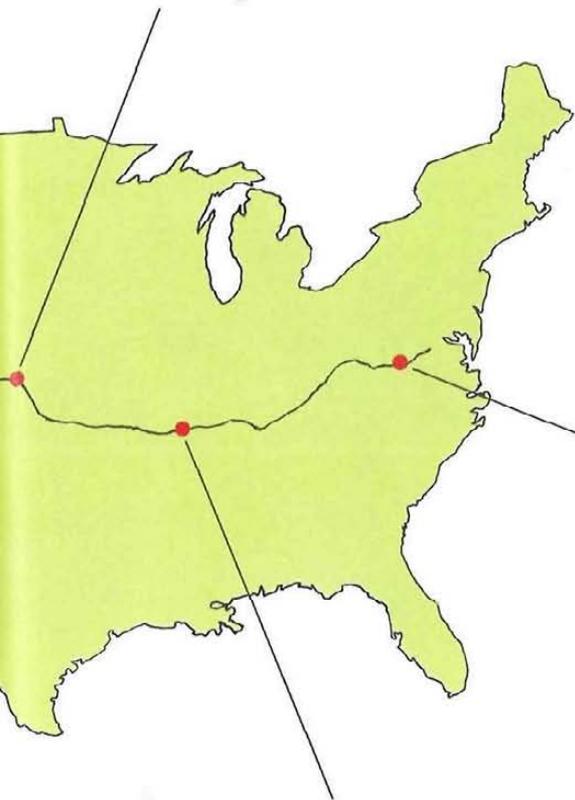


Broad-Backed Frog: This gooey li'l fella just loves children. He often pauses near highway dividers and rails just to get a better view of people in their cars. Though he is as cuddly as he appears, he is also very proud; despite the fact that he is chinless, he is far from being gutless. What a proud Broad-Backed Frog!

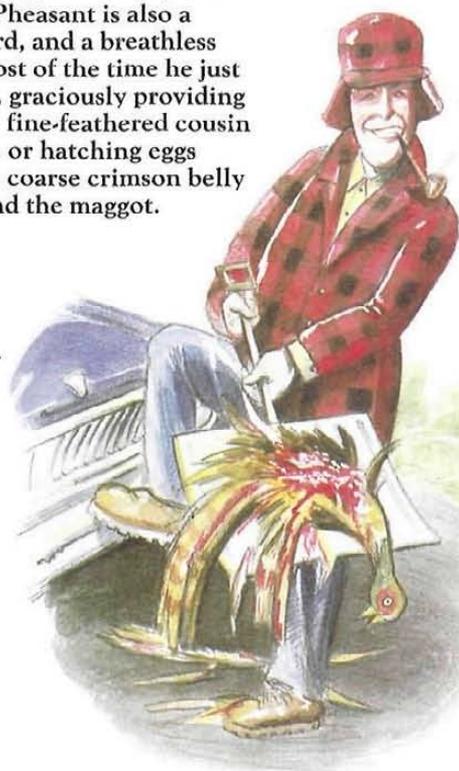




A favorite among kids of all ages is the **Prosciutto-Necked Muskrat**, a creature which has interested scientists for years with his casual bone structure, and the fact that he has evolved from a vertebrate to an invertebrate. What a silly Prosciutto-Necked Muskrat!



Perhaps I-70's most popular animal during hunting season is the **Grounded Pheasant**; you may indeed find one in Dad's study next to his lawn tennis trophies. A flightless bird, the Grounded Pheasant is also a walkless bird, and a breathless one too. Most of the time he just lies around, graciously providing food for his fine-feathered cousin the vulture, or hatching eggs beneath his coarse crimson belly for his friend the maggot.



Pleated Wolf: So named for his accordion-like body, the Pleated Wolf is not nearly as fierce as the breed of wolves which make their home in the nearby forests and fields. As he grows older he is often given the nickname "God's Little Half Acre."



Your Life Is Meaningless Until You've Made It with a Sheep.

What could be more natural?
Made from the intestines of sheep, our lambskin
contraceptives generate more body heat.
And that means more pleasure.
Try them with your favorite lamby-pie tonight.

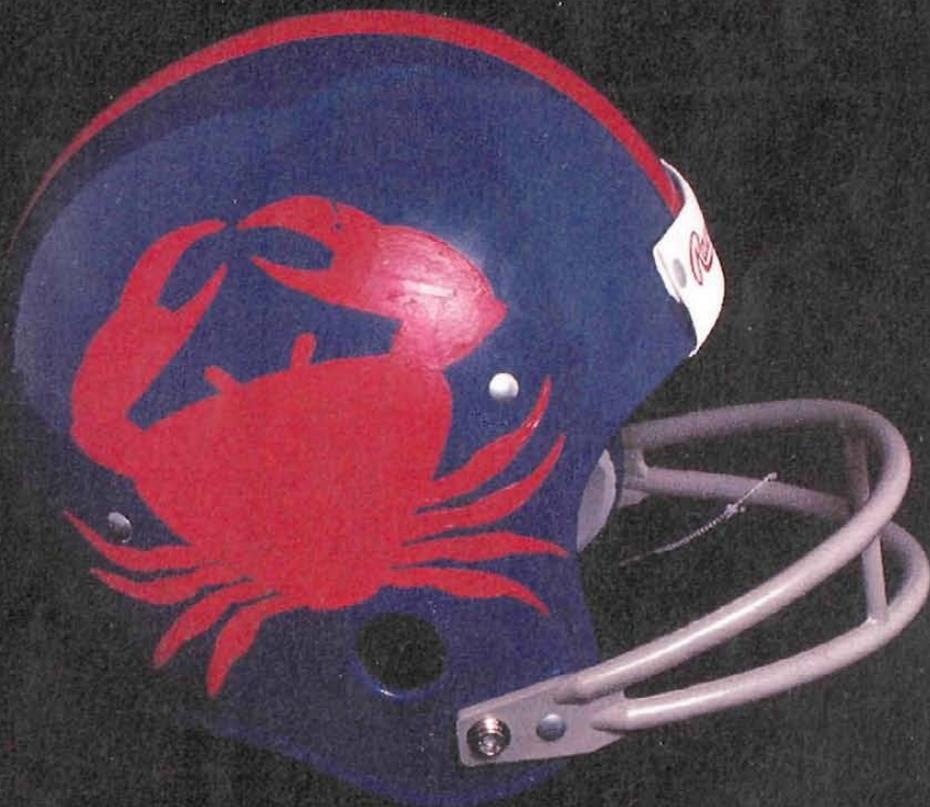


SPARTAN CONDOMS
More fun than abstinence

CLAWING OUR WAY TO THE TOP

A Season with the
Alaska King Crabs

by Gerald Sussman



"North America's Team"

The drafting philosophy of the Alaska King Crabs is built around owner Big Ed Guckenheimer's dictum: "Draft the man you know you can afford." As Ed always says, "I may be rich, but I'm not made of money."

Big Ed made his money in king crabs. His other nickname, which only his most intimate friends use, is "Hooks." When he was a youngster working in a cannery he was bitten by a "bad" crab and developed blood poisoning. His hand had to be amputated.

The Crabs organization does not believe in paying outrageous sums to young college graduates who haven't played a single minute of pro ball and haven't proved themselves. Instead, we prefer to scout the lesser-known athletes—the free agents, the sleepers, the hungry, hardworking types who will always give 110 percent. No prima donnas and bonus babies need apply.

To start, every team must be built around a premier quarterback, and we felt we had a winner in our number-one pick, Dan Raymondo of East Tacoma

Central, a truly gifted athlete who had all the tools to become a Hall of Famer. But on the day before he had to report to camp Dan went on a hiking trip in the mountains north of Fairbanks and was eaten by a bear.

Our number-two pick, middle linebacker Matt Mahoska, was another gem—a big, strong roughneck with a nose for the ball (he made 176 unassisted tackles in his senior year at Sebago Tech). Matt was personally scouted by Head Coach Walt Styptik and had that hard-boiled old pro licking his chops. "He was a combination of Lawrence Taylor and Dick Burkus, only meaner than both," said Walt.

Unfortunately, Mahoska will always remain a coach's dream. He was shot in a bar in Nome, on his way to training camp. The details were never made clear, but he got involved in a dispute over a cocktail and a cocktail waitress. The bullet lodged in his spine and he'll be paralyzed for life from the neck down. Matt insists he will come back better than ever, but the doctors scoff at his notions. He will live, but he must remain in a wheelchair forever.

We drafted a pair of offensive tackles as numbers three and five (number four, Arkis Dudwell, a free safety, chose to play football in Japan). The tackles were Bo Chowdermilk of Texas Normal A&I and D.T. Scruggs of Gambling. We wanted size, heft, strength, and toughness. We surely got size. Bo and D.T. are both six feet six. But we got more heft than we needed. The boys reported to camp weighing four hundred pounds each. They were immediately nicknamed "Refrigerator-Freezer."

Coach Styptik put them on a total fasting program, fearing that their hearts might enlarge and burst if they ate another bite. They each lost fifty pounds and showed surprising straight-ahead movement for run blocking. They were not as strong in pass blocking, however, and were guilty of more than their share of holding penalties (160 each). Still, if they can win the battle over their gargantuan appetites, especially with the temptations of Alaskan cuisine, they have the potential to anchor our line for years to come.

Billy "Brown Shoes" Blake, from Pokeville U., a sixth-round choice, became our top all-around back in rushing, returning punts and kickoffs, and catching passes. Billy has deceptive speed. When it looks like he's slowing down, he is. This move fooled a lot of defenders the first time around. At five foot three and 130 pounds, this stumpy little fireplug provided the fans with many thrills with his darting, daring runs. His size, or lack of it, prevented him from doing full-time duty, but he performed nobly as a spot player. Billy still



Bo Chowdermilk, our four-hundred-pound tackle, models the new King Crab down vest at the Fairbanks fashion show and luncheon.

needs more upper, middle, and lower body development, so Coach Styptik has put him on a hormone, steroid, and weightlifting program in an effort to strengthen his sturdy little frame for next season.

The other draftees who made the team were cornerbacks Farnell Petcock and LePage Hottentot, running back Jarvis Bodine, defensive linemen Maurice Salaam and Randy Tollhouse, linebackers Steve Grubka and Kyle Kuck, and offensive linemen Rick Nuttbar and Stan Alzheimer. Petcock and Hottentot quickly established themselves with their aggressive, challenging style, tackling players who didn't have the ball. But they soon learned to spot who the runners and receivers were and who had the ball, and their play improved noticeably.

"Our philosophy was to give our opponents the short and medium passes and medium-long passes until the guys mastered our system," says Jesse Cookings, defensive backfield coach. "Our veteran safeties, Kenny Ditz and R.C. Breadwell, used to fight with Farnell and LePage over which receivers to take. The old vets wanted to take the slower ones, which made LePage's and Farnell's stats look very bad."

All in all, we ended up with seventeen draft picks, eighteen free agents, and ten walk-ons—a perfect balance of rookie intensity and veteran savvy—an auspicious beginning for this new expansion team!

THE LONG HOT SUMMER

July 1. Our first day as an official NFL football team! Over 250 of our draftees, free agents, and walk-ons showed up for the big summer tryout. Coach Styptik gave a short speech, emphasizing hitting, physical toughness, and moral character.

To emphasize his point, he hit Billy Zepp, our backfield coach, when he wasn't looking, and broke a few of his ribs. Coach Styptik likes to use his players and coaches as "human tackling dummies," and has been involved in a few controversial manslaughter cases in his career. Billy, who worked for Styptik when he was coaching the Alberta Alfas, is used to this kind of thing and doesn't seem to mind. Styptik likened the new image of the Alaska King Crabs to the image of Alaskans themselves—tough, physical people who are bigger than life.

Big Ed gave a stirring speech, comparing us to the king crab itself—a team with a hard shell that will snap away at its opponents until it achieves victory, and someday, the Super Bowl! The Cushman Junior High School band struck up the new Crab fight song, "We'll Claw Our Way to the Top," and the lovely Crabettes, our cheerleaders, did their twelve-legged crab imitation and go-go routine.

V.P. Norbert Guckenheimer, Ed's younger son, took hundreds of photographs and struck up a number of intimate friendships with the strapping young men who came in for a tryout. Norbert is a sensitive, highly creative executive who wrote the Crab fight song. He is an ardent shutterbug who likes to do male anatomical studies, especially strapping young football players. His ambition is to publish a book of locker-room photos of the Crabs.

Coach Styptik looked at players like Frank Polacki, a one-armed quarterback, and Pete Van Muff, a tiny runner no larger than a jockey, who claimed to be twenty-eight but looked like he was forty. Pete was hit on his first carry, and the upper part of his body was dislocated from the lower part.

We got castoffs from the Canadian leagues, giant laborers from logging camps, ex-high school players, Vietnam vets, and a genuine find named Mobassa Jackson. Jackson was one of the finest tight ends we ever saw, as good as Kellen Winslow. Unfortunately, he was an escaped convict serving a life term in Oregon for armed robbery and murder. He was killed in a shootout right on the practice field when a police SWAT team caught up with him. Coach Styptik cried when they carried him out.

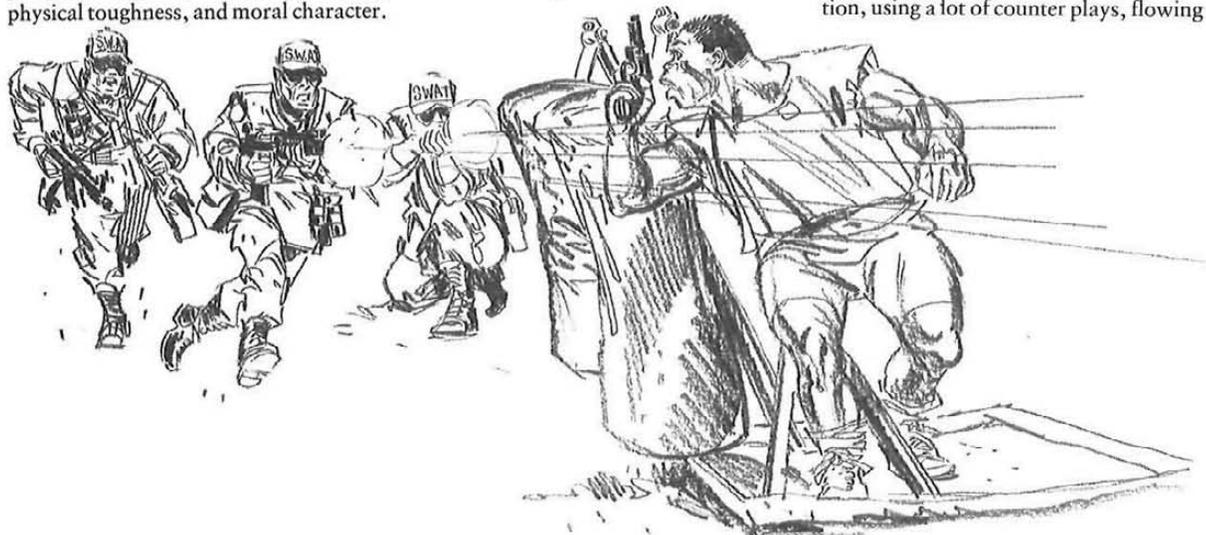
THE STYPTIK SYSTEM

And then the festivities were over and it was all business. We had to find forty-five real football players out of all that manpower (and one woman who tried out at center), and Coach Styptik didn't waste any time. Fairbanks is the perfect place for summer football. We get almost twenty-two hours of daylight, which enabled Styptik to schedule seven practices a day. "I want to separate the pansies and the bleeding purple hearts from the guys who really want to play," said Styptik.

Coach Styptik preferred a very simple offense with about a dozen running and passing plays, but he wanted to concentrate on defense, so he turned over the offensive reins to Ron Irkely, a brilliant innovator with a computer-like mind.

THE IRKELY SYSTEM

Ron installed a fairly sophisticated offense for a fledgling team like the Crabs, with a running game patterned after Tom Landry's at Dallas and a passing attack similar to the San Diego Chargers'. There's a lot of shifting on the line and his backs run out of an I formation, using a lot of counter plays, flowing



Coach Styptik wept like a baby when the Portland SWAT team had to take tight end Mobassa Jackson, dead or alive.

against the grain of the blocking, picking the hole from whatever looks open, rather than straight-ahead blocking.

The first two weeks were a learning experience. Backs were going in motion and bumping into each other. No one could start and end a play together. But Ron insisted that it would all come together instinctively.

Most of the players weren't used to summer in Fairbanks. This is a town of temperature extremes. We go to the nineties in our short summer and down to fifty below in our long winters. Everything you've heard about Alaska and Alaskans is true. We are indeed bigger than life, and so is everything around us. Our gnats, for instance, are the size of tennis balls, and they leave bites as big as raspberries. The players had to wear their full protective helmets in the burning all-day sun.

The rumors of the deaths in training camp were greatly exaggerated. Out of the 250 tryouts only fourteen players actually died, and none would have made the team anyway. By the time we pared our roster only two others had died that we really missed—Lavoris Vanderbilt, a promising wide receiver, who was killed in a climbing accident (he tried to climb onto the body of someone else's girlfriend at the Goldigger Lounge and was shot), and Jambo Thrush, a gigantic nose tackle who developed rabies from the gnat bites.

By the second week the players were so exhausted that they fell asleep on the field, after the last practice ended at 11:45 P.M. They slept with their gear on, including helmets. But not for long.

We get the northern lights around this time, which woke up most of them. The lights made them act weird, because they all got up and walked to Walt's room looking like those people from the movie *Night of the Living Dead*. They wanted to tear Walt apart and eat him raw. Luckily, the police came before any damage was done.

THE SEASON BEGINS

Our first four games were played on the road, with the opener against the Washington Redskins, a tough, contending team. They beat us to the tune of 73-0, the same score by which the Chicago Bears beat them in 1941 for the old NFL championship. They tied a record for the highest points scored in one game.

Sonny Ferguson, our veteran free agent quarterback, complained bitterly after the game. "Why did the 'Skins take it out on us? We didn't beat them 73-0 in 1941," he said ruefully. Sonny was more upset than most because he took a lot of punishment from the Redskin pass rush. His lateral movement tends to be hampered by his artificial left leg.

In his effort to keep the score down, Joe Gibbs, the Redskins' head coach, used all his substitutes, his water boys, three of his own children, and, for the last quarter, seventy-two-year-old owner Jack Kent Cooke, who suited up and played wide receiver (he caught three passes for eighty-seven yards and one TD).

A DOWNHILL SLIDE

We slipped a bit in our next game with the Houston Oilers, losing 97-0, breaking the old 73-0 record. Ron Irkely got annoyed at Sonny Ferguson, who has the habit of falling into a fetal position every time he steps back to pass and hears footsteps. Sonny guessed correctly every time. The footsteps were real and belonged to the Oiler pass rushers, but Irkely felt he was eating the ball too often and not using his pocket well. Sonny and Ron had a screaming fight on the sidelines. "What pocket?" shouted Sonny. "My pocket's got holes in it and my pass protection falls into the fetal position before I do!"

Big Ed was fuming silently over the humiliating defeat, but wisely did not interfere. Walt says, "It took Dallas five years to play .500 ball and seven years to have a winning season. We'll do it in half the time."

Our third game was with the Dallas Cowboys, speak of the devils, and as Stan Smerkas, sportscaster of KFBS, quipped, the Cowboys won a squeaker, 112-0. Coach Tom Landry of the Cowboys is not a sadist, and he tried even

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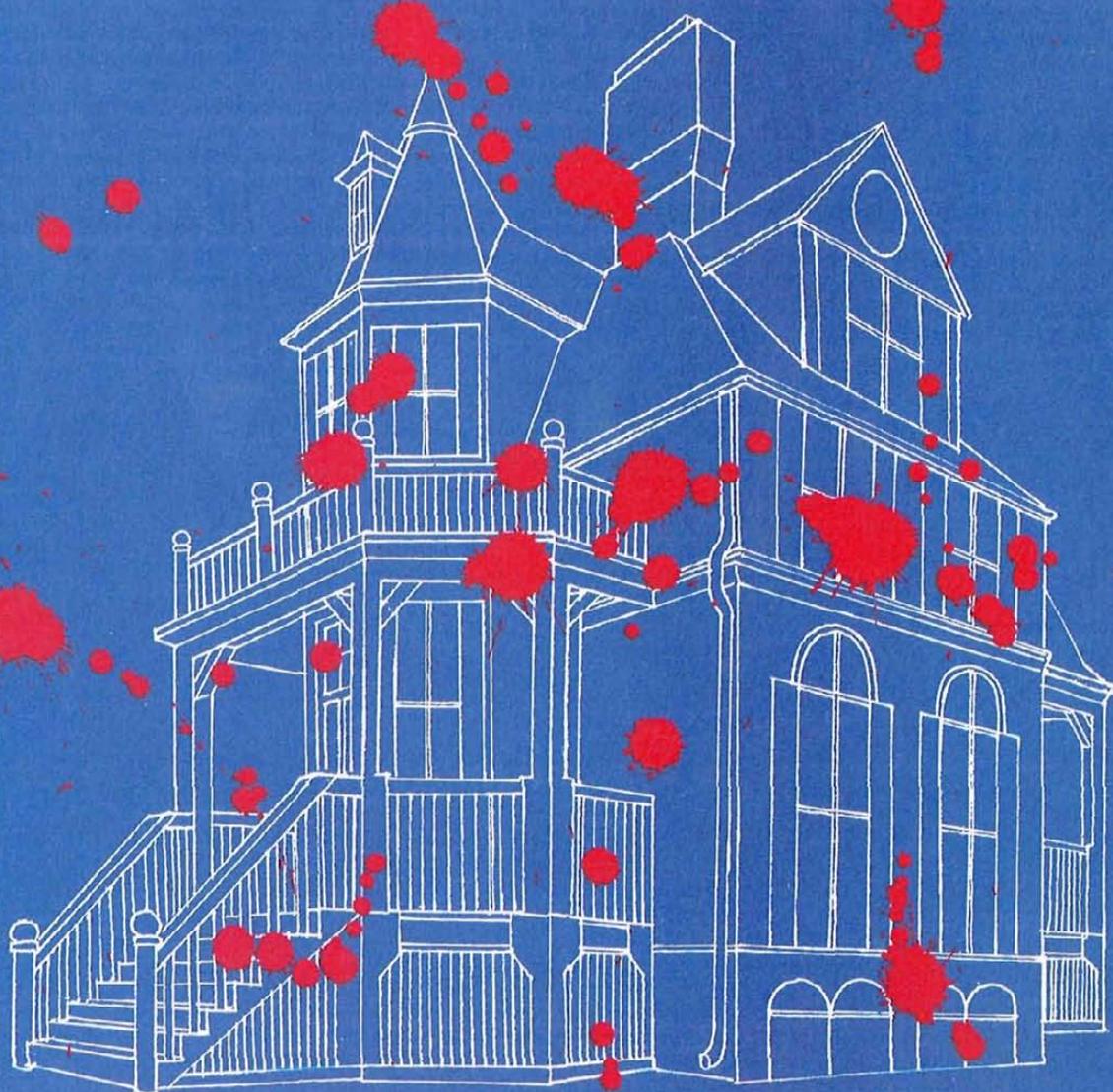
QB Sonny Ferguson retreats into the fetal position every time he goes back to pass and hears footsteps.

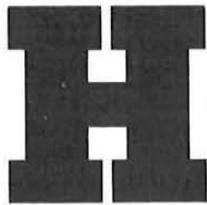
THIS OLD

*!#% * &#!

HOUSE!

by Bob Vila
as told to John Fahs





i, I'm Bob Vila. After helping millions of do-it-yourselfers on countless rehab projects with my TV show and bestselling book,

I finally decided it was time to sublet my Manhattan condo and give this fixer-upper thing a try for myself. Leaving the high-rise lifestyle behind would be far from easy, but I knew I'd be getting something much better in return, that terrific feeling of accomplishment that comes only with completing a major project all on your own.

Missing from this particular renovation would be the lavish budget and enormous off-camera crew I have at my disposal on TV. About the only help I would receive this time out was from my good friend and master carpenter, Norm Abram. I was itching to get started. I snatched up the first house we looked at, a decaying old Victorian on a tree-lined street in a sleepy little town in Maine. We hired Norm's cousin to take up some of the slack, and before we knew it we were off.

Week One: Getting Started

This morning we made a hard, cold reappraisal of the house we'd just bought. When we came back for a second, perhaps more rational look at the place, we weren't so thrilled. Extensive termite damage had rendered the foundation and all of the support beams unstable. "Oh boy," volunteered Norm, "they've got to go." I had to agree. In addition, we noticed dry rot had destroyed 90 percent of the once beautiful clapboard siding. That too would need to be replaced. Vandals, or something, had smashed virtually every window in the house, and we noticed holes in the roof where winds or some other powerful force had knocked out large chunks.

As we worked our way around the exterior of the house from north to south I made notes on a handy nine-by-eleven particle-board clipboard I always keep with me for just this purpose. I made it myself quite easily out of materials found around any job site, and you can too. What you do is, rent a particle compressor (check the Yellow Pages) and run off a twelve-foot-by-twelve-foot section of particle board using a fifty-fifty mixture of sawdust and Elmer's glue. You can use any kind of sawdust you want, but you might want to experiment with different combinations until you come up with the blend that best suits your needs. I came up with an oak/pine mixture that I thought looked nice, and Norm agreed. After cutting the big board into nine-by-twelve sections, the next step is to fashion

some kind of a clip device using scrap-sheet metal and a pair of shears. Then the trick is to wrestle the thing onto the board somehow. We recommend using screws, but we've heard stories of people who just used some more Elmer's glue and never had any problems later because of it.

By the time we were ready to go in and inspect the interior I'd already made ten pages of notes, thanks to my handy clipboard. A new roof would be needed, new steps, a new porch, new shutters, new windows, a new driveway, and a new lawn. In short, the exterior was in real bad shape.

We climbed the slimy, moss-encrusted brick steps and opened a creaking door to find a similarly decrepit scene inside. Where we had previously been struck by the "fabulous space potential," we were now only aware of an eerie draft. There was a feeling of coldness from all four sides, and something else too. I wasn't sure what. Something.

Just what had *possessed* us to buy this old ramshackle abode? For the first time in our lives we were both clueless.

Week Two: Tackling the Interior

After the gloom of the initial purchase had dissipated, Norm and I poked around and found two features in the house that almost made all the bad seem worthwhile: a large bay window overlooking the street below, and a beautiful old fireplace mantel of Italian marble. As I walked the length of the room over the grimy, spongy oak floorboards, I couldn't help but think of all the happy times that old living room must have seen: 150 Christmases, 150 Fourth of Julys, untold graduations, birthdays, anniversaries. The room had a character all its own, begging to be rescued from its dark trappings.

I got to the bay window just in time to see a group of local kids stripping my Volvo and emptying Norm's truck of valuable tools, tools we would need to complete the job at hand.

"Hey! Come back here with that!!!" I hollered.

I heard them laughing at me through broken panes of glass. Norm agreed that what the kids had done hadn't been very nice at all.

Our first real undertaking would be a shopping trip to replace our vital tools, but in one small way we got lucky. Closer inspection of the ground floor revealed a perfectly good Rockwell circular saw that a previous owner had apparently left behind by accident. Whatever the circumstances, we were glad to come by it, because it was the single most expensive item on our list.

But apart from that, the day didn't get any easier: we faced further dismay when

we burned a piece of newspaper in the fireplace to test the draw and wound up with a smoky room. No draw; the chimney was clogged.

Suddenly and irrationally, getting that chimney unclogged became our primary concern. It was an obsession. We saw it as a symbol for everything that was wrong with the place, and we were determined to set things straight. We vowed we would make that chimney work.

Week Three: Getting Started on the Chimney

We got to the house early in the day, and brought every tool we could conceivably need to unclog that chimney:

- 1) hacksaw
- 2) bricksaw
- 3) saws
- 4) ax
- 5) coping saw
- 6) sledgehammers
- 7) ten-foot metal pole (my thinking here was to coax Norm up on the roof with the thing and get him to chuck it down the chimney from up there)
- 8) M-80's (Norm's cousin got these for us and they're a lot of fun. Watch out, though!)
- 9) electric saw (that Rockwell we found).

The first thing I did was to crawl into the fireplace and reach up the chimney as far as I could for a few exploratory probes with the power saw. The Rockwell was working great, but the chimney was truly clogged. There was something up there, all right, an obstruction of some kind, but I wasn't getting anywhere using *any* of the saws on it. It would *give*, but it wouldn't come down. We were concerned that when and if we could get in there and get the darn thing out, a good part of the brickwork would come down with it and bury whoever happened to be in there at the time. We opted to stay in the relative safety of the living room and use sledgehammers to take out the whole front of the chimney. In retrospect, though, the metal pole technique, maybe even in conjunction with a bucketful of those M-80's, would have been just as effective, and we would have been able to preserve at least a little of the Italian marble mantelpiece.

When we got the entire facade of the chimney removed, there, crammed into the flue in a fetal position, was a badly decomposed body. Norm and I agreed it had been there a while, eight or ten years maybe. Was it some poor chimney sweep killed in the line of duty? A previous good-intentioned rehabber like ourselves who'd also had a tough time with this pesky flue?

Whoever it was, Norm and I became quite attached to him and saw many possibilities for putting him to use. We could preserve him, rig him up with a few coats

of paint to serve as one of those lantern-holding stableboys you see in front yards. Or with a little work and imagination he could pass for a cigar store Indian, or perhaps add a bit of realism to an old suit of armor. As we dragged him out onto the floor, his left hand snapped off, which Norm said would make a fine ashtray with a coat of fireproof finish.

Whatever we finally decide to do with the rest of him, we felt he was an integral part of the old house, one we wanted to keep. He brought new life to the project, and for the first time we began to see a light at the end of the tunnel. But he *was* badly mangled, and the restoration would not be easy.

We decided not to contract the work out to a mortician, but to save money by doing the job ourselves. We found almost everything we needed in a local taxidermy shop, and the owner there was a good source of information and advice. First, he cautioned us, if you're going to keep a dead body in the house as decoration, the smell can get pretty fierce. He recommended tucking pine or bayberry sachets in the body's pockets, and also sprinkling baking soda in the shoes as you would foot powder. Norm and I agreed we should leave a solemn expression on the unfortunate corpse's face, to give the place a dignified air and blend in with the subdued color scheme we envisioned.

Week Four: A Setback

Some crazy things are happening on this job, and I don't mind telling you it's starting to give me the creeps. We had a

little accident today. I was up in the attic, thinking about our odds of energy efficiency, and then—even with Vivaldi blaring on my Walkman—I heard terrible, ungodly screams coming from downstairs. For a second I thought I heard laughter coming from the other side of the attic too, but I guess it was just the wild squalls of the violas.

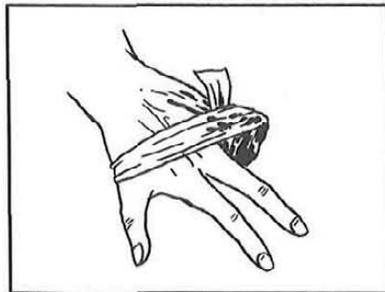
I got downstairs in time to find Norm's cousin clutching his hand, employing a sweaty bandanna as a crude tourniquet around the stumps of the last two fingers of his left hand (see diagram). Off in the corner the circular saw we found two weeks ago sat whirling menacingly, sputtering blood from its teeth like Jake La Motta between rounds. This was quite disturbing, because the resultant blood clashed fiercely with the fleur-de-lis wallpaper that we affixed just yesterday.

We packed Norm's cousin's fingers in ice and got him to the hospital right away. Luckily for him they sewed them back on. In fact, we were surprised that a little rural hospital in Maine would have that sophisticated a technique at its disposal. Norm's cousin will be feeling a little bit numb in those two fingers for a long time to come, but I guess he's learned an important lesson about tools.

We took the rest of the day off, but we're going to have to press on or we'll fall even further behind schedule.

Week Five: We Lose a Rehabber

Things have gone from bad to worse. The job site has started to run out of control and we're further behind schedule



than ever. Frankly I'm wondering if we'll ever finish this project. Today really took the cake. Norm and I swung by the hospital first thing this morning to pick up his cousin, and as soon as we got to the house there were more problems. We were having a cup of coffee, discussing where to start, when suddenly we were interrupted by a loud but by now familiar noise from the corner of the living room.

Bright metal accented with daggers of menacing red light snarled at us from across the room. Spirals of white-hot lightning bolts radiated from the Rockwell circular. The crafty saw's motor snaked to life voluntarily and slithered into a slow and viperous whine as we froze in terror.

"Geez," moaned Norm's cousin, his blood from last week's ordeal still vivid on the surrounding walls. An unpleasant, ominous feeling washed over me. Everything that happened next occurred in slow motion, almost as if I had a pre-cognition of the unfolding events.

As soon as the saw started up, Norm began egging his cousin into going over
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Diamond in the rough: Despite the fact that the shrubbery was gnarled and unkempt, we could see that this stately old Victorian clearly had dream house potential.

Al's Sorority

continued from page 69

For the most part, the initiation consists of earning merit points by performing small duties for actives, learning the histories of the national chapters, and demonstrating enthusiasm for the individual houses, for which each active signs the pledge's paddle and welcomes her into the fold.

There was no initiation at Al's Sorority & Grill. Any girl was immediately activated, provided that she had maintained at least a 3.5 grade point average, could discuss D.H. Lawrence's works at length, did not turn up the collars on her Izod shirts, and could speak the name Al, and mean it.

That spring, another seventy girls signed on with Al's. And the neon sign beat like an obscene taunt to the town. In that four-story house on Lambda Drive there were 137 girls who would speak the name Al, tongues curling and pressing against their teeth, who would speak the name even in the presence of grandparents.

The community was horrified. Never before had so many dark horses run bitless in the light of day in this town of 18,000. Something had to be done.

In Culver, every spring prom, ball, or formal takes place in April, and April 21 was designated as the date for the first annual Al's Ball. The Holiday Inn Holidome had been reserved for the occasion. It was, in fact, the first time the girls from Al's had ever considered pursuing darkness beyond 103 Lambda Drive, but they needed the space. Al consented. He even paid for their gowns.

At 1:00 P.M. on the twenty-first, an hour before the ball was to begin, seven members of the Culver City Council met in Mayor Vernon Jacobs's basement, where they plotted the abduction of Al

Morris.

By 1:45 P.M. the Al girls began arriving at the Holidome with their dates, Young Turks who didn't flinch at the sound of Al's name, who had practiced speaking it themselves at pre-parties across town. Al himself was on hand in gray velour bikinis and mirrored sunglasses, passing out party favors, black crows he had shot himself the size of dogs, with gold and silver sequins pasted on the wings.

At 2:30 P.M. Mayor Vernon Jacobs and the council members approached the Holidome. Outside, on the marquee in front of the hotel, giant block letters announced: INSIDE: AL'S BALL.

They approached the hall from the rear. Their plan was to isolate Al, get him outside alone—"official business," they would claim. Once they had him surrounded, they would strip him of his underwear and gag him with it, then step on his glasses. By that time Ernest Boxberger would have backed his van up to the group and they would force Al inside, then whisk him out of Culver for good, depositing him naked next to some wheat field by the Nebraska line, saying that if he ever showed up in their town again there'd be trouble, and, to make the point, Jacobs would kick him one in the butt with his size 13 Wellington boot.

Inside the hall, they spotted Al in the midst of a circle of students, moving back and forth to a snappy polka, doing a Chuck Berry-like chicken strut, his naked back straight, his bullet-shaped white head thrusting forward and jerking back. The students cheered and began chanting his name: "Al! Al! Al! Al!"

Jordan McNamara's dress was the first to go. She pulled it up over her blond hair, kicked it aside, then stepped out of her half-slip. The rest of the active chapter followed suit and their dates as well, dropping trousers, kicking frantically to

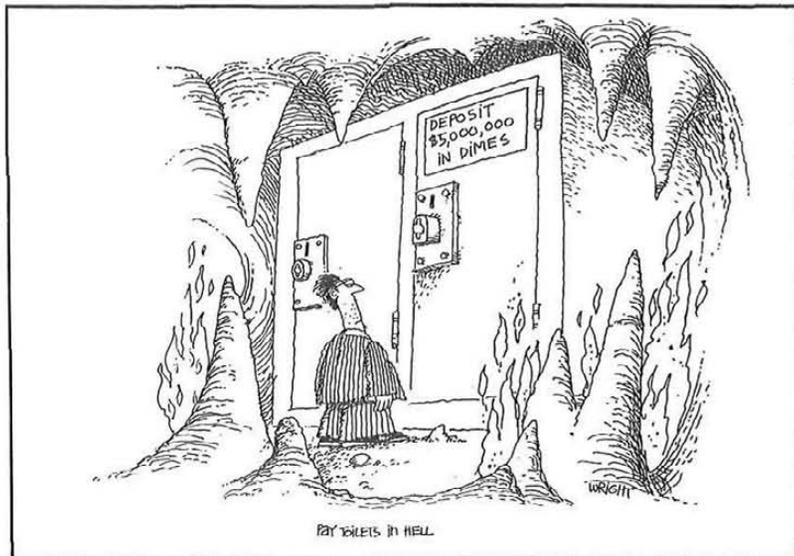
get them off over their shoes, all the while chanting "Al! Al! Al!" Even the busboys began to grin and lower their flies, calling "Al! Al! Al!"

The chant grew louder and louder, and Al strutted quicker and quicker, his head a white blur, until the council members found themselves repeating the name. Although they had never been so disgusted in their lives, they repeated "Al Al Al," and Ernest Boxberger raced the van's engine outside.

Jacobs repeated "Al Al Al," telling himself that to repeat it gave him control over it, but he knew that that was not true, because every time his tongue released the "l" he felt himself more immersed in the chant, felt his hand loosen his tie a bit more. And while he tried to fight the word coming from his mouth, he watched the Culver he knew begin to slip away. But the word only strengthened his voice and loosened his belt and let him move toward Jordan McNamara, and her bouncing white breasts.

If you are driving through western Kansas and you leave Interstate 70 and travel south along Highway 24, you will come to Culver; you will, in fact, find yourself on the main street of that town. If you ask anyone there—a thick and overalls-clad farmer and his squat wife, for instance—why he or she chose to live in western Kansas, in Culver, particularly, the farmer will step forward and, making no mention of family or land or history, tell you flatly, "Al." And there will be no hesitation on his part; no discernible time will elapse between your asking and his responding, as if that question presupposed that answer, and you will suspect that you knew this all along. Then you will notice that this fellow before you—his sweat-stained John Deere cap at a sharp angle across his brow—has never stopped repeating "Al, Al, Al . . ." and you will notice that you have joined him, never certain when either of you began, conscious now of only the feel of your tongue against your teeth and the quickening of your pulse and the shape of his wife's body beneath her plain cotton dress.

If you let your dark side lead, you will find your way to Lambda Drive. There you will see underwear-clad students on banana loungers in every yard; you will see Vernon Jacobs—wearing only blue boxer shorts and black Wellington boots—trimming the hedges outside Al's Sorority & Grill; and you will see Sandy Hoverbrook, in heels and red panties and bra, rubbing Coppertone on the shoulders of a man in mirrored sunglasses and purple bikinis—his royalty bikinis. And your back will be turned to a grain elevator which sits in silence to the west, and you will be conscious of nothing save the crashing of hooves along the narrow streets of this little town. ■



PROPER ATTIRE REQUIRED.



Sheryl Cooper-Less



SPARTAN CONDOMS
More fun than abstinence

House

continued from page 83

and yanking the plug on it. It was odd—Norm wasn't *bullying* his cousin exactly, he didn't even say anything to him, it was more like he *willed* his cousin into going for the plug. Without words or physical expressions of any kind, Norm made his cousin responsible for the ugly chore.

The second Norm's cousin made the slightest move for the wall socket, the saw screamed and bellowed oily black

smoke in a warped mechanical frenzy that made the poor sap white with horror. With feverish power the saw ripped through everything in its path, shredding plywood and kicking aside two-by-fours as it tore forward like a berserk demon on a death mission from below. The saw scraped and screamed and shot off a cruel shower of sparks that left ghoulish black slashes behind before it lurched up at an angle and julienned the sorry fellow.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

The last thing Norm's cousin saw was the laughing blade of a charging circular hobbyhorse, rocking back and forth over his flailing arms as he vainly swatted back in self-defense. In the end there was sawdust and splinters and blood everywhere before the monster saw had been appeased. It shut itself off as abruptly as it had switched itself on.

"Whoa!" I said to myself.

The cleanup on this thing alone is going to set us back at least three days, not to mention all the paperwork and the funeral arrangements. I'd better get rid of that saw while I'm at it, too. Let this be a lesson to you, learn from our mistakes: Good tools *do* work, bad tools *make* work.

Week Six: A Break for Research

Norm's been acting strange ever since that whole thing with his cousin, and the growing suspicions I have won't go away. He's been spending an awful lot of time down in the basement lately, ostensibly doing "research" on the insulation situation. I've been doing a little research of my own and I don't like what I'm finding.

Is Norm possessed by poltergeists?

Is Norm possessed by aliens?

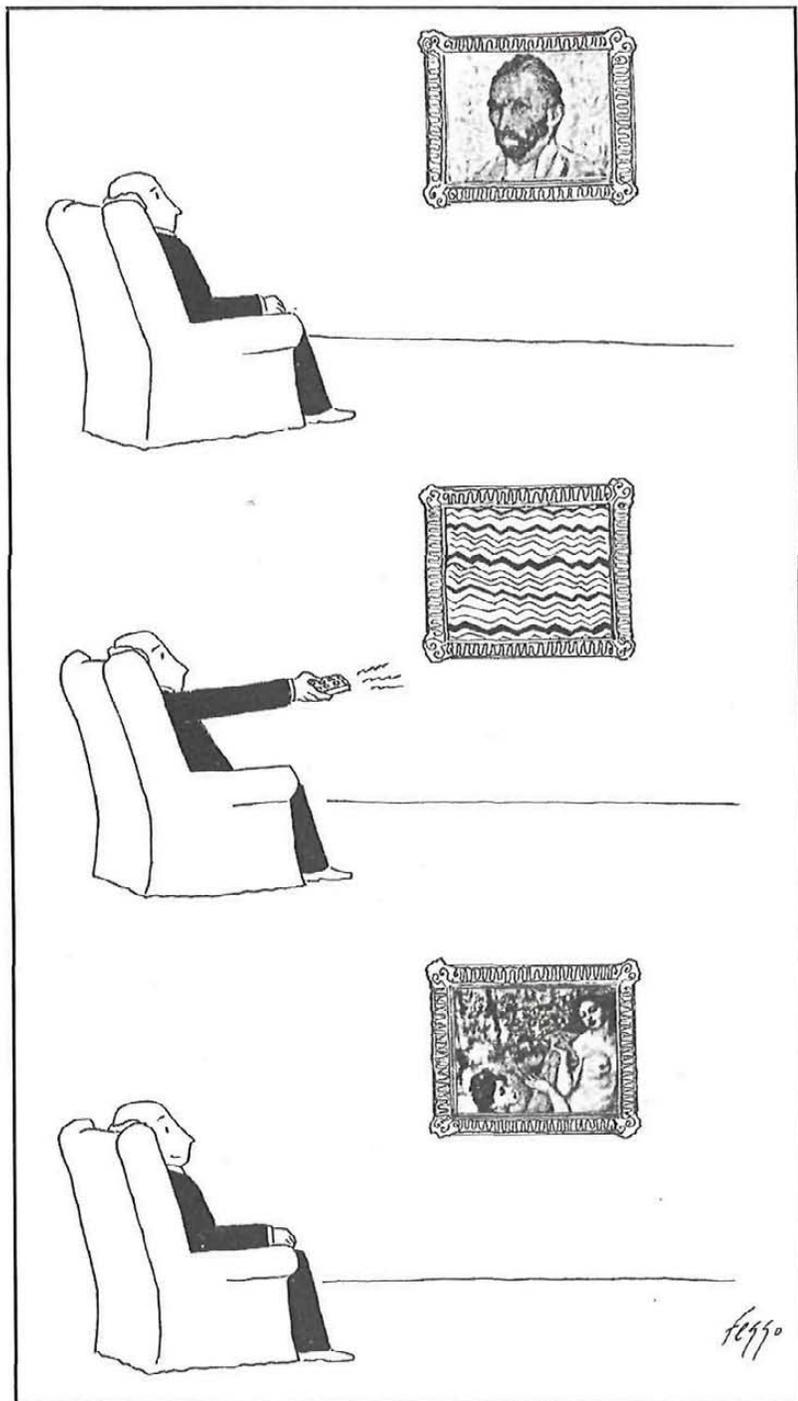
It looks possible from the information I've obtained. On a hunch I dug into the history of the old house and found just what I suspected. It turns out the house was once owned by a family named King. The husband, Stephen, was a writer of nursery rhymes until he moved here, when he inexplicably turned to writing long-winded novels. They moved away from this house suddenly, under mysterious circumstances. It seems that three consecutive paperboys disappeared in the vicinity of the King house, leading to rumors that the house is "haunted."

But "haunted" is a strong word; let's just say possessed. What we have is a possessed house, and somehow Norm has been possessed too. They are using Norm. Whoever these entities are, they've entered him and now they are manipulating him to do freaky things, like that stunt he pulled with the saw on his cousin. Norm better not try anything like that with me. I'll fire him.

Week Seven: The Final Showdown

I came back from the library today and went straight down to the basement to confront Norm about this poltergeist stuff. I'd been surprised to discover in the course of my research that there is a startling array of hexes available to the amateur exorcist, some for casting demons *in*, some for casting demons *out*. All Anglo-Saxon hexes revolve around the same common elements: eye of ewe, a virgin's blood, dog dirt, stuff like that. I

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King Crabs

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harder than Joe Gibbs to keep the score down, doing things like punting on third down and using his coaching staff as players, but the score kept mounting anyway.

Despite the lopsided score our offense was now showing signs of improvement. Billy Blake ran for our virgin first down, and our alternate quarterback, Marc Mornay, passed for eighty-two yards, including thirty-four yards forward. It looked like Marc had the tools to become our number one.

RON IRKELY: ENIGMATIC GENIUS

Ed was getting terribly pissed about the losses and especially at Ron Irkely for installing so many complicated offensive formations and sets. He stormed into the locker room after our fourth loss—to Tampa Bay, 81-0—and lit into poor Ron. “All our guys are doing is going in motion one way, then another way, then our line shifts up and down, then our quarterback calls a stutter count. By the time all that is finished we have been penalized for delay of game or for at least half a dozen false starts,” said Ed.

Ron couldn't hear a word Ed was saying because Ron never took his head-

phones off. He always seemed to be listening to someone calling in a play, even when the game was over. Billy Zepp use to say he wore them in his sleep.

Ron was a tall, ruggedly handsome Texan who reminded you of Tom Landry. He didn't speak much, preferring to communicate through his coaches and his headphone receiver. He was always calm and stoical in the face of adversity, a man with a computer football brain and maybe a few tangled circuits. He didn't say anything to Big Ed. He simply took off his headphones and left.

The next day Billy Zepp discovered that all our offensive playbooks were missing. Then he discovered that Ron Irkely was missing. Our entire offensive system was gone. Irkely had taken the playbooks and blown out of Fairbanks in the middle of the night to points unknown. Big Ed vowed to find Irkely at any cost and kill him with his bare hands. But meanwhile we had to find a new offensive coordinator and install a new system. Our opening game at home was only a week away.

THE BITTER COCKTAIL OF ADVERSITY

We were also missing a few other essential elements. Our field goal kicker, Alfonso Bedoya, was crushed to death by the entire Tampa Bay team when they

blocked one of his attempts and accidentally fell on him. Two of our veterans picked up from other teams, Conrad Bubb, a tough nose tackle, and Johnny Cabernet, a shifty halfback and punt returner, died of multiple injuries too numerous to mention. And to top it all off, Norbert Guckenheimer informed us that our home uniforms would not arrive until mid-season. The manufacturer had gotten the colors and the fabrics all wrong.

A NATIVE SON COMES TO THE RESCUE

V.P. Ed, Jr., Big Ed's older son, burned the wires trying to get a new offensive coordinator. If Big Ed is the inspiration behind the Crabs, Ed, Jr. is certainly the perspiration. Ed, Jr. oversees the entire Crabs operation except for the payroll, which is handled by his dad.

We had to lower our sights a little and look around the local area. We found a winner in Kapok Weetecna, an Eskimo who was coaching at Skagway Junior College and making a name for himself. Kapok had been the first Eskimo quarterback when he played for East Tacoma Normal in Washington and was known as a clever play caller and improviser. His Skagway teams were offensive jugg-

continued on page 90





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King Crabs

continued from page 88

nauts. And he worked cheap. Big Ed was thrilled.

Of course the first thing Weeteena did was simplify the offense. Pass plays were more like "Go Short" or "Go long" or "Move around until you get open." The more complex routes would come later. He disguised our undeveloped running game with double and triple reverses and lots of laterals. Pretty soon our backfield resembled a basketball team, but the fans loved the razzle-dazzle of it all. Weeteena also installed the "long-barreled" shotgun formation, where our quarterback stood fifteen yards behind the center, like a punter, so he stood less of a chance of getting sacked. He just had to throw longer passes.

AN ALIEN ARRIVES

Finding the new field goal kicker was blind luck. He just walked in, put a ball on a tee, and proceeded to kick it eighty yards straight through the goalposts and out of sight. His name was Taro Blostovitch.

Taro was a Russian who had escaped from a Siberian labor camp and trekked across the frozen wastes to find America. He finally made it, after living with fur trappers, wolves, and heaven knows what, ending up in Nome, more dead than alive. His finger and nose were severely frostbitten and both feet had to be amputated at the ankles.

But he survived, and he learned to walk by using a pair of artificial feet. Soon he was ready to pursue his dream—to become a placekicker for a pro football team. When he learned that Alaska would have its very own NFL team he walked right in and got the job.

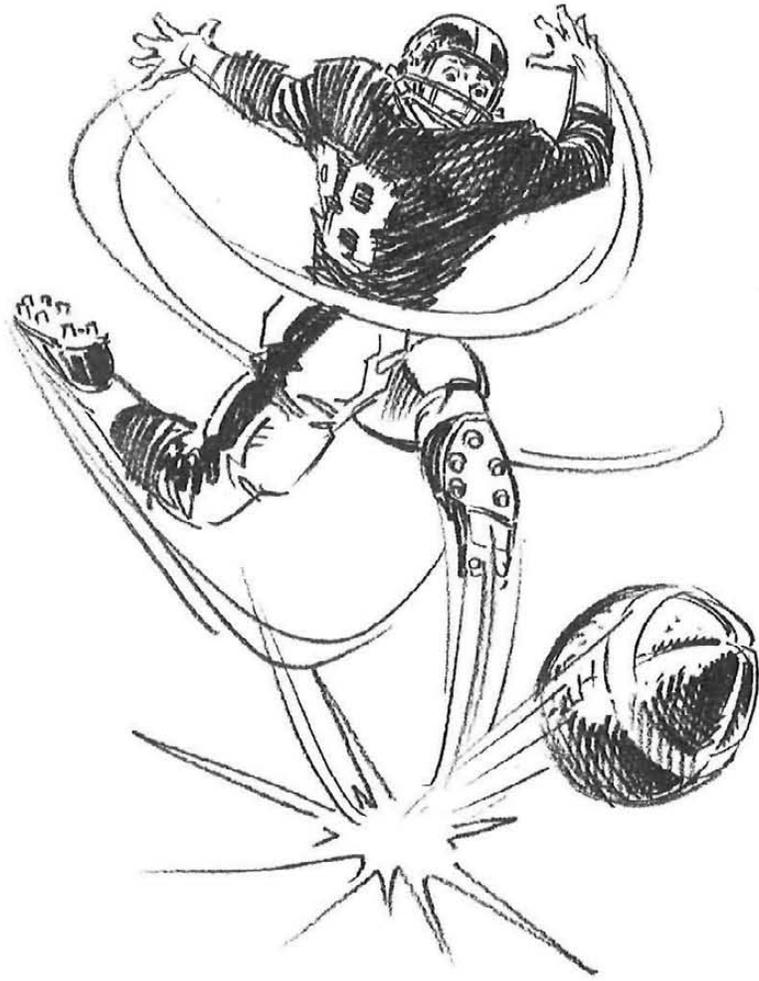
"In Siberian labor camp I was soccer player," said Blostovitch in his charming English. "The guards give me head of old man who die from too much work. I use like ball. Every day I kick head ninety, one hundred meters."

Taro has a highly unorthodox kicking style. Instead of moving forward into the ball with the sidewise soccer kick, he does two or three complete 360-degree spins of his body, ending in the kicking position—more like a discus thrower or a shot-putter. The spin gives him more momentum and power.

Taro's problem, however, is meeting the ball. By the time he finishes his swings he's a bit dizzy and misses more often than not. Kicking coach Ramon Romilar worked with him day and night to shorten his approach to the ball.

OUR NEW QUARTERBACK

Coach Styptik decided to go with



The Taro Blostovitch Kicking technique: three complete spins before hitting the ball.

rookie Marc Mornay at quarterback rather than Sonny Ferguson. At six feet four, Marc had the ideal height to see over the pass rushers, and his slender 145-pound frame was not indicative of his true strength and endurance. "He'll bend and he'll break, but he won't die," said Walt.

Marc was a free agent who had flunked his physicals with Tampa Bay and Atlanta, but seemed "pretty okay" to Dr. Fred Bibbsey, our team physician. He immediately impressed Styptik with his ability to throw a nice spiral despite the treacherous Fairbanks winds. Walt goes into a terrible rage over a wobbly pass. He would rather see an incomplete spiral than a wobbly pass completed.

A STRANGE SIGHT

On the morning of our first home game Big Ed got a call from Earl Boorvis, the manager of his king crab cannery in

Kodiak. It seemed that Perce Wagstaff, a captain of one of Ed's crab boats, had sighted a crab about the size of a whale. Ed was not about to be distracted from opening day by a crab. He told Earl to build a net about the size of a whale and trap the fucker (Ed likes to use a few salty words now and then).

OUR FIRST HOME GAME

Every professional football team has a knack of bouncing back, shaking off nagging injuries and getting it all together in time for opening day at home. The Crabs were no exception. Coach Styptik and his staff did a remarkable job of putting together a brand-new team under the most adverse conditions. They were keyed up and ready.

Unfortunately, the San Francisco 49ers were also keyed up and ready. The 49er quarterback, Joe Montana, was out to prove that he still was a premier

player after two years of injuries. His coach, Bill Walsh, gave him twelve passing plays in a row to call, which resulted in six touchdowns in the first quarter. Walsh was now convinced that Montana hadn't lost his touch. In the second quarter the 49ers executed only running plays and the Crab defense fared much better, allowing only three touchdowns.

THRILLS AND SPILLS

It was 63-0 at halftime, but the Crabs were not giving up. Bill Walsh gave his regulars a rest. In fact, he ordered them to wash up, get dressed, and have a little fun in downtown Fairbanks. He didn't want to risk any injuries.

The second half was much closer. We held the 49ers to four TD's and three field goals. Meanwhile, we were getting a few thrills from O.J. Simpkins, our stumpy tailback, and Bobby Ali Madoumah, our wide receiver. O.J. is a Joe Morris-type back with explosive starting speed. His start is so explosive that he was often gone before Mornay could turn and hand him the ball. When he did get the handoff he ran for some yardage. "As soon as he learns to take the ball from the quarterback, run to the holes and cut back and maybe pick up a few moves, he's going to be a game breaker," said Billy Zepp.

Bobby Ali Madoumah has tremendous speed and the ability to get open, but he has great difficulty remembering his pass routes and was usually going the wrong way. QB Marc Mornay had to shout directions at Bobby while he was running downfield. He has a very short attention span and forgets words like "short," "long," and directions such as "ten yards and turn around."

"Bobby likes to improvise when he gets into the secondary," said Jesse Cookings, our defensive backfield coach. "He's fascinated by all those guys running different routes—stopping, starting, hooking in and out. He mimics the other receivers. If Marc has the time to read him properly, there's a possible TD in every pass."

"But right now, Marc is still under heavy pressure, even with the fifteen-yard shotgun formation."

DEVELOPING THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

The final score of 100-0 was not as bad as it looked when you realized that we held the 49er subs to only thirty-seven points. At this stage of our development you have to look at a loss with the same objectivity as a win. Just as a 7-6 win is the same as a 77-6 win in the record books, a 100-0 loss goes down in the books as just another loss, like a 7-6 loss.

The fans were great, cheering on every play, screaming themselves hoarse. The Crabettes, our lovely cheerleaders, won

everyone's hearts with their adult routines and crowd-pleasing femininity. Our mascot, "Crabby the Crab," has six legs and a gigantic shell. He brought guffaws from the crowd as he tried to nip the butts of the Crabettes with his fake crab pinners.

We lost our next two games to the Cardinals and the Eagles by scores of 77-0 and 65-0. Again, you could see certain things coming together, but not in a consistent manner. Marc Mornay was taking a lot of punishment from the opposing pass rush and had to play with a protective steel parka (it was also getting much colder, with the temperatures going down to ten below zero).

Coach Stypitik refused to panic. But he did drink a lot to offset the deep disappointment he must have felt. So did many of the players and some of the coaches. The autumn darkness was beginning. Fairbanks was going through its drastic seasonal changes.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM KODIAK

Earl Boorvis was still concerned about the giant crabs. Three more were sighted, making strange noises, like kazoos. They overturned one of Ed's boats by pinching the bottom and flipping it over. And they smelled bad. Like burning plastic.

But Ed was getting more preoccupied with the football team and didn't want to get involved with the giant-crab problem. He trusted Earl to handle it. Earl, who had cracked crab and reamed salmon with Ed since they were kids, called the state wildlife commission people. Their theory was that the crabs were mutants, probably victimized by fallout from the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. If they could get a specimen of the crab—a small piece of leg, anything—they could analyze it in their lab and figure out what kind of substance could neutralize or kill them.

ED'S DARING PLAN

Back on the gridiron we had our work cut out for us. Our defense was getting outthit and fooled too often. Big Ed felt that our players were simply scared of their opponents. He was getting really mad. You can tell when he's really mad—his hook starts to vibrate and takes on a life of its own. Ed thought we needed more enforcers, intimidators, like Matt Mahoska, our second-draft-pick line-backer, would have been if he wasn't paralyzed from the neck down.

Ed's idea was to toughen up our defensive team by taking them all on a wilderness backpacking trip to the Gates of the continued on page 92



Our mascot, Crabby the Crab, can't resist taking a nip out of one of our luscious Crabette cheerleaders.

King Crabs

Arctic Preserve, about two hundred miles northwest of Fairbanks.

"I want those fuckers to find a bear and gang tackle him. That'll take the chicken-shit out of them," said Big Ed. Sometimes a drastic solution is the best solution. Ed disguised the true nature of the trip by calling it a "picnic in the country," a little time off from the daily grind of practice.

There were twenty players in all, plus Big Ed and myself and our guide, Ray Sprat. Most of the players had never been more than a mile out of Fairbanks. They were properly awed by the spectacular scenery.

On the second day he hiked deep into the interior. Ray Sprat found pieces of chewed moose bones and some bloody clumps of moose hair on our trail. "Only one animal up here can beat the shit out of a moose," said Ray, who was a man of few words. The players knew what he meant.

Throughout the day we found more traces of what must have been a struggle, a struggle that the grizzly bear had won. Our evening meal was quieter than the previous one. Everyone had bear on his mind. Ray and Ed assured the players that bears don't attack a large group of sleeping men. They only attack when

they are surprised or provoked. There was a full moon that night and I could hear the players talking among themselves, unable to sleep, trading bear scare stories. I finally fell asleep, but I was suddenly awakened at about midnight by the sound of big, heavy footsteps in the woods. Everyone bolted upright and looked in the direction of the sounds. Sure enough, it was a bear, a big one. And it was walking right toward us, not more than twenty feet away.

Big Ed jumped out of his tent and roared, "Gang tackle the fucker! Pin him down and I'll shoot him between the eyes!" Some of the players were so scared they couldn't move. Others were so scared and moved so fast in the opposite direction that Walt Styptik would've been proud of them. But about eight guys stood their ground and moved toward the animal.

The animal roared and charged at the players. They met head on, and surprisingly, the players knocked the bear down hard and piled on him before he could swipe them with his deadly paws. In seconds they had him pinned. Then the others leaped on and piled up. Ed ran over with his gun, looked down at the struggling animal, and changed his mind. "Let the poor fucker go. We sacked 'im. We put a little fear in 'im."

They let the bear go and he slinked

back into the woods and disappeared. The players went crazy. They had gang tackled a grizzly bear in the middle of the Arctic wilderness and turned him into a pussy!

The rest of the trip was fun and games again. The players were hoping to find more bear, but luckily, they didn't. Because a real grizzly would have ripped them to pieces. The team hadn't gang tackled a real grizzly—it was an ex-circus giant named Jim Farnak wearing a bear suit. Big Ed had hired him. Jim Farnak used to have an act where he would do an authentic impersonation of a grizzly and that's what he did that night. He also left all the bear and moose clues.

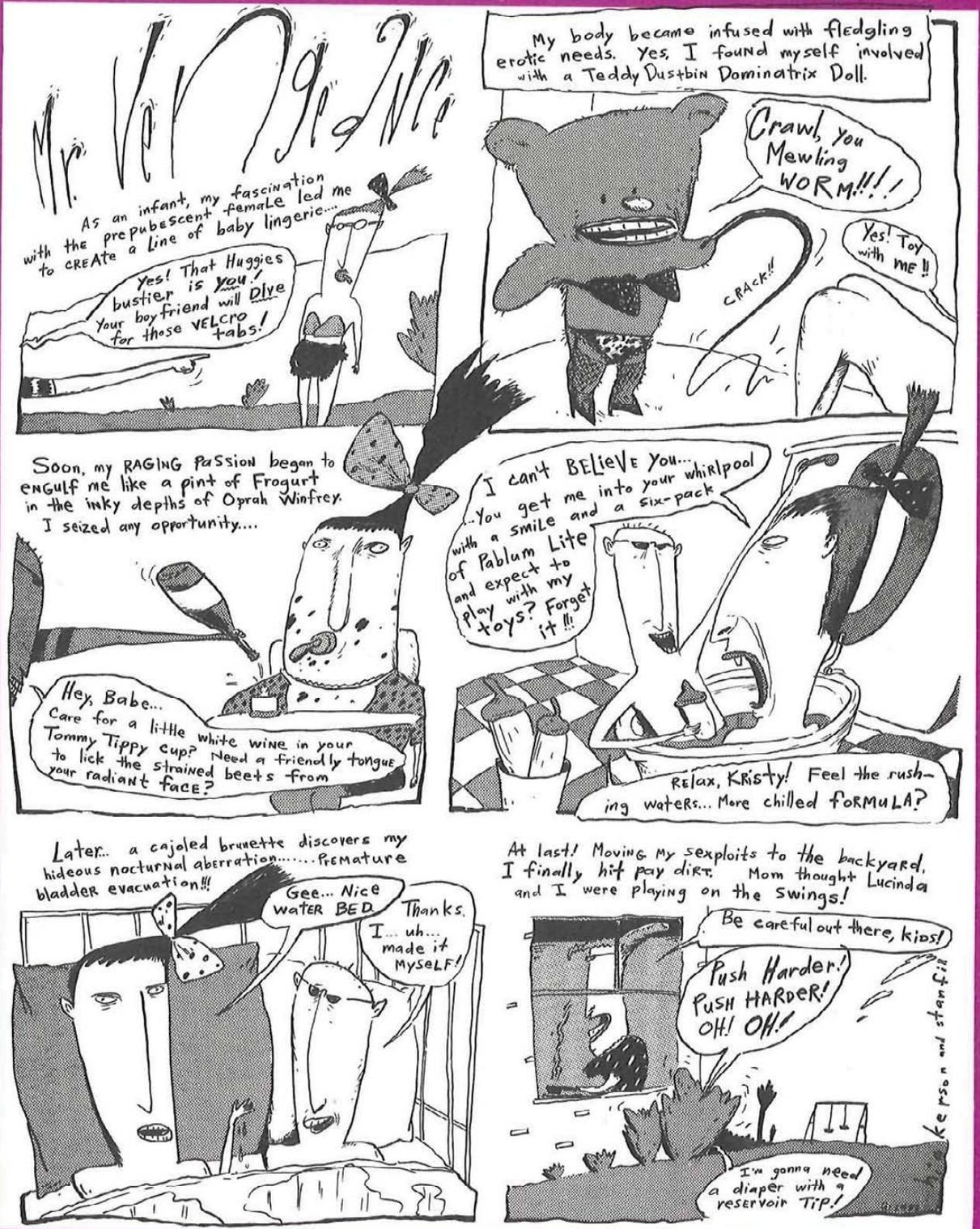
The players never found out. Instead, they developed a new, tougher attitude, a feeling of confidence and courage. Now all they needed were the skills, the mental concentration, the stamina, and the will to win.

A MILESTONE FOOTBALL GAME

Everyone agrees that the Chicago Bears game was the turning point in the history of the King Crabs. It was the first game in which we put points on the board, thirteen to be exact. Chicago put forty-seven on the board, but the score continued on page 101



After you've gang tackled a grizzly, you fear no man on a football field.



Mr. W. G. M.

As an infant, my fascination with the prepubescent female led me to create a line of baby lingerie...

Yes! That Huggies buster is you! Your boyfriend will Dive for those VELCRO tabs!

My body became infused with fledgling erotic needs. Yes, I found myself involved with a Teddy Dustbin Dominatrix Doll.

Crawl, you Mewling WORM!!!

CRACK!!

Yes! Toy with me!!

Soon, my RAGING passion began to engulf me like a pint of Frogurt in the inky depths of Oprah Winfrey. I seized any opportunity...

Hey, Babe... Care for a little white wine in your Tommy Tippy cup? Need a friendly tongue to lick the strained beets from your radiant face?

I can't BELIEVE you... You get me into your whirlpool with a smile and a six-pack of Pablum Lite and expect to play with my toys? Forget it!!

RELAX, KRISTY! Feel the rushing waters... More chilled FORMULA?

Later... a cajoled brunette discovers my hideous nocturnal aberration... Premature bladder evacuation!!!

Gee... Nice WATER BED. Thanks. I... uh... made it MYSELF!

At last! Moving my sexploits to the backyard, I finally hit pay dirt. Mom thought Lucinda and I were playing on the swings!

Be careful out there, kids!

Push Harder! PUSH HARDER! OH! OH!

I'm gonna need a diaper with a reservoir TIP!

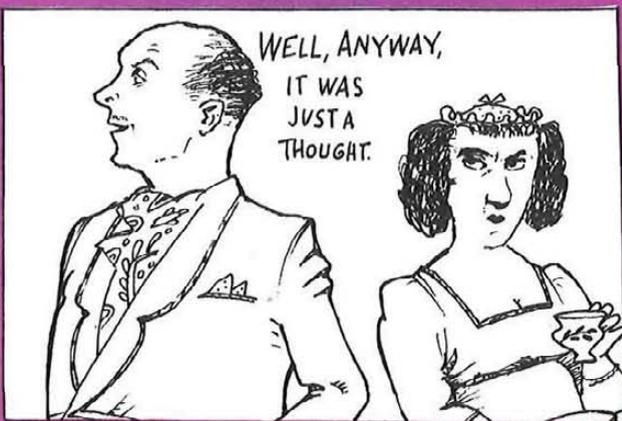
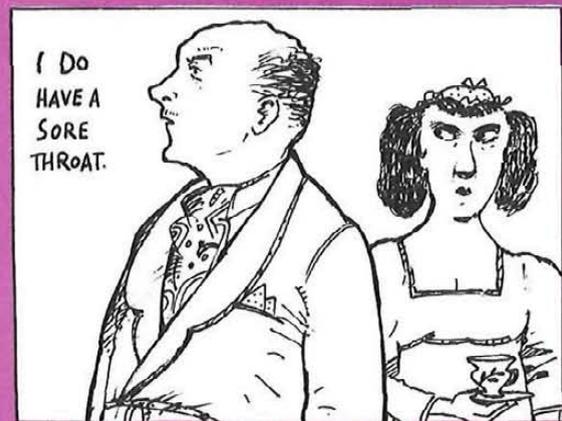
Kerson and Stanfin

ODD MOON RISING

CONDENSED THWARTED HORROR

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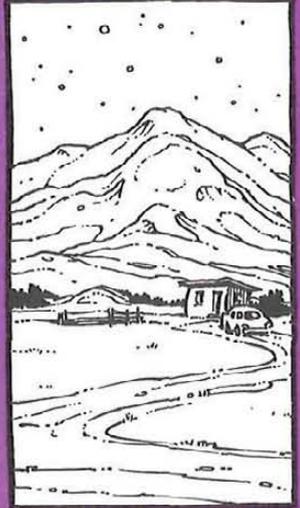
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THIS TEAM HAS BEEN DIGGING SOUTH OF DAYTON, OHIO, FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS.



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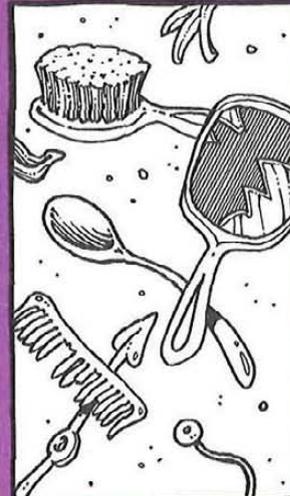
ANOTHER DIG IN NEVADA HAS UNearthED SIMILAR FRAGMENTS.



CLOSE SCRUTINY REVEALS THEM TO BE THE MOST ORDINARY, MUNDANE OBJECTS.



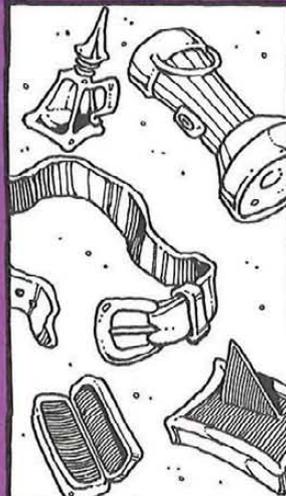
SITES ALL OVER THE NATION HAVE UNCOVERED THE SAME PITIFUL ARTIFACTS.



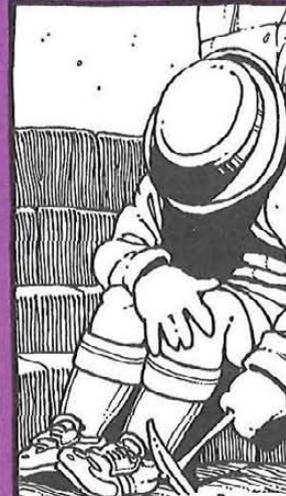
LIKE THESE FROM OKLAHOMA.



WHICH IS TO SAY, FOLKS OF FORMER AGES LIVED BANAL, REPETITIVE LIVES MUCH LIKE OURS.



WHAT CAN WE POSSIBLY LEARN FROM SUCH UNIMAGINATIVE CULTURES?



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BUT THIS PARTY ON THE SHORES OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE HAS MADE A REVOLUTIONARY FIND.



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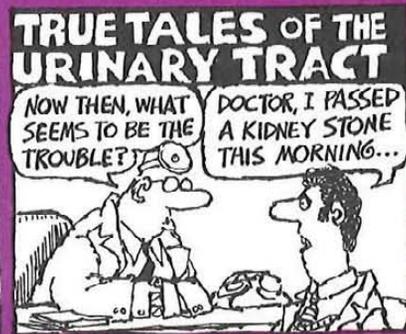
SAM deGROOT
 ONE OF ONLY FIFTY-FOUR
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 IN THE FREE WORLD
 IN AN IRON LUNG
THE STORY...
 EVERETT, WHO PRACTICED
 CANNIBALISM, WAS HOLDING
 SAM PRISONER, FATTENING
 HIM UP TO BE EATEN! AN
 ITINERANT PREACHER
 CONVERTS EVERETT AWAY
 FROM CANNIBALISM AND
 NOW SAM AND EVERETT
 LEAD A QUIET LIFE
 TOGETHER. (NON-QUEERLY)



THE NEXT DAY...



NOTICE!
 Since Everett got religion and renounced cannibalism, the quality of this strip has deteriorated! We are preempting it with this emergency comic strip. 'SAM deGROOT' will return when it once again exhibits high-quality humor.



HM MMMM, THIS STRIP APPEARS TO BE IN SOME SORT OF DECLINE!

House

continued from page 86

was anxious to put my newfound knowledge to work, but at the same time I realized if I cast the wrong spell I could open the gates of hell into the house, which would play havoc with the vinyl tile I'd finally managed to lay down in the kitchen.

At first the basement didn't seem very inviting. It felt—I don't know, weird. Then, all of a sudden, it was as if I'd lived in the house forever and ever. I'd been there before. I knew what would be behind every corner. Now I had been possessed by aliens. Drat.

Like the final showdown in this old Russ Tamblyn movie I saw, Norm and I stalked each other through the basement corridors. It was the aliens that were stalking each other, though, because Norm and I were actually in a state of *suspended animation*.

Over by the boiler I noticed a small pool of lukewarm water. I made a mental note to check the couplings. Thank goodness it wasn't an oil leak. Just then I heard a bloodcurdling yell.

"I . . . AM . . . COMING . . . TO . . . GET . . . YOU . . . NOW . . . LITTLE . . . BUDDY."

I have a blurred recollection of a fear-some-looking Norm coming at me with the blazing Rockwell, three times larger than his normal self. Then, all of a sudden, the ceiling started to cave in and a big piece of it came down and knocked the saw out of his hand. I guess some of it came down and hit me, too. Must have knocked some sense into me, because the next thing I knew I was flashing an old copy of *TV Guide* with Barbara Eden on the cover and dousing him with that eye-of-ewe laxative stuff. Pretty soon the whole house started vibrating and coming apart around us, but Norm was his old self! I was glad to have him back and gave him a big bear hug.

We got out to the front yard just in time to see what was left of the roof disappear into the foundation. Smoke rising, the whole hellish structure eventually just melted away into the bowels of the earth, forever and ever and ever.

I can't really say I'm sorry to see it go. I lost the initial investment, but luckily Norm's other cousin, the insurance broker, had overassessed the house when he wrote our policy, so we made a nice 50 percent profit on the whole deal. And with my Manhattan condo appreciating 20 percent over the past eight weeks, I found myself in the enviable position of being able to plop down a down payment on a nice five-bedroom Georgia Colonial in Greenwich. It's a new house, but we've got great plans for it. And next week I'll meet with the subcontractors I hired and let 'em loose. ■

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SON OF HERCULES

MCMAREK

AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

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THEORETICIANS HAVE ESTIMATED THAT THE GENERATION GAP WHICH SEPARATES THE CONTEMPORARY PARENT AND CHILD IS OVER 2,000 YEARS WIDE IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF HERCULES.

TALK NOT SO ACIDICALLY TO ME, YOUNG MAN...

...HAD I SHOWN SUCH DISRESPECT TO MY FATHER HE'D HAVE BANISHED ME TO THE ISLE OF CYCLOPS FOR 30 YEARS



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AS WELL AS MAKING OTHER PREPARATIONS

ANTICIPATING A NIGHT OF PUBESCENT DEBAUCHERY, PENOS MAKES CLEAN THE FAMILY CHARIOT



THE USUAL FRIDAY NIGHT SCENE



PENOS CANNOT RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO "BURN A LITTLE WOOD" IN THE PARKING LOT

AS WOULD BE EXPECTED WHEN YOUNG MEN GET TOGETHER, THE CONVERSATION CENTERS AROUND THE FAIR SEX



WOW! I GOTTA TELL YOU GUYS, SALLY'S LOINS ARE SUMP'N ELSE

IT'S ALWAYS A CROWD PLEASER WHEN PENOS GORGES ON AN ORGY OF BURGERS AND SODAS



GO, MAN, GO!

JUST WAIT'LL HE PUKES. IT'S TOO MUCH

MEAN WHILE, AT HOME, HERCULES HAS FOUND AN IMAGE OF MEDUSA IN PENOS'S JACKET



ZEUS HELP ME! THAT BOY HAS BEEN GETTING STONED AGAIN!

King Crabs

continued from page 92

was misleading. The Bears scored twice on tipped passes that turned into interceptions and once on Greg Tinsley's fluke eighty-nine-yard touchdown run.

I refer to Greg's run as a fluke because he plays for us, not the Bears. Greg has the dubious distinction of becoming the second man in football history to run the wrong way and score a touchdown for the other team. Greg is the fifth defensive back in our "nickel" defense. He made the first Crabs interception of the year, ran about three yards, and got a terrific hit from one of the Bear linemen. It spun Greg right around and somehow he managed to keep his feet and continue running. Only this time he was facing the wrong way, going toward our goal line.

Coach Styptik and his men screamed and gestured at Greg, but he ignored them. The fans screamed even louder, but Greg was in a world of his own. Our guys tried desperately to bring him down, but the Bears saw what was happening and they formed a wave of blockers for him. Greg ran like a man possessed.

Walter Payton couldn't have done better. Greg used his blockers beautifully, he

shook off some good hits, he cut back and stutter-stepped his way downfield, found an opening right down the middle, and sprinted into the end zone, grinning like a chipmunk, spiking the ball so hard it broke. Then he ran back to the Chicago bench to sit down, where he was mobbed by the Bears, who kept slapping him on the butt and congratulating him. He really thought he was one of them and refused to come back to our side of the field. Our physician, Dr. Fred Bibbsey, had to give him a massive shot to tranquilize him and knock him out.

Greg never fully recovered from the hit. He suffers from an odd kind of brain concussion where he thinks he's someone else. He thinks he is Walter Payton—which explains why he ran back to the Bears bench after scoring a touchdown for them. We had to send him to a hospital in Seattle where they are trying to unravel his twisted mind. And the ironic part is that Greg isn't even black.

Our own touchdown was not a thing of beauty, but it counts in the record books as six points. Marc Mornay was hit hard as he was about to throw a pass. The ball went high in the air and it was caught by our fullback, Mike Woznecki. Mike started to run, but saw Bobby Ali Madoumah all alone downfield. He

threw a long, wobbly pass that was tipped by a Bear and caught by the wind, which blew it right into the hands of Billy Blake, who was also speeding downfield on a fly pattern. Billy caught the ball without breaking stride, as if it were a planned play, and raced in for a score.

In the last quarter Taro Blostovitch kicked two ninety-yard field goals. Ramon Romilar discovered how to get more accuracy out of Taro. He has the holder yell out "Go back to Russia!" as Taro spins toward the ball. Somehow that word triggers him to stop his whirling and really kick the ball.

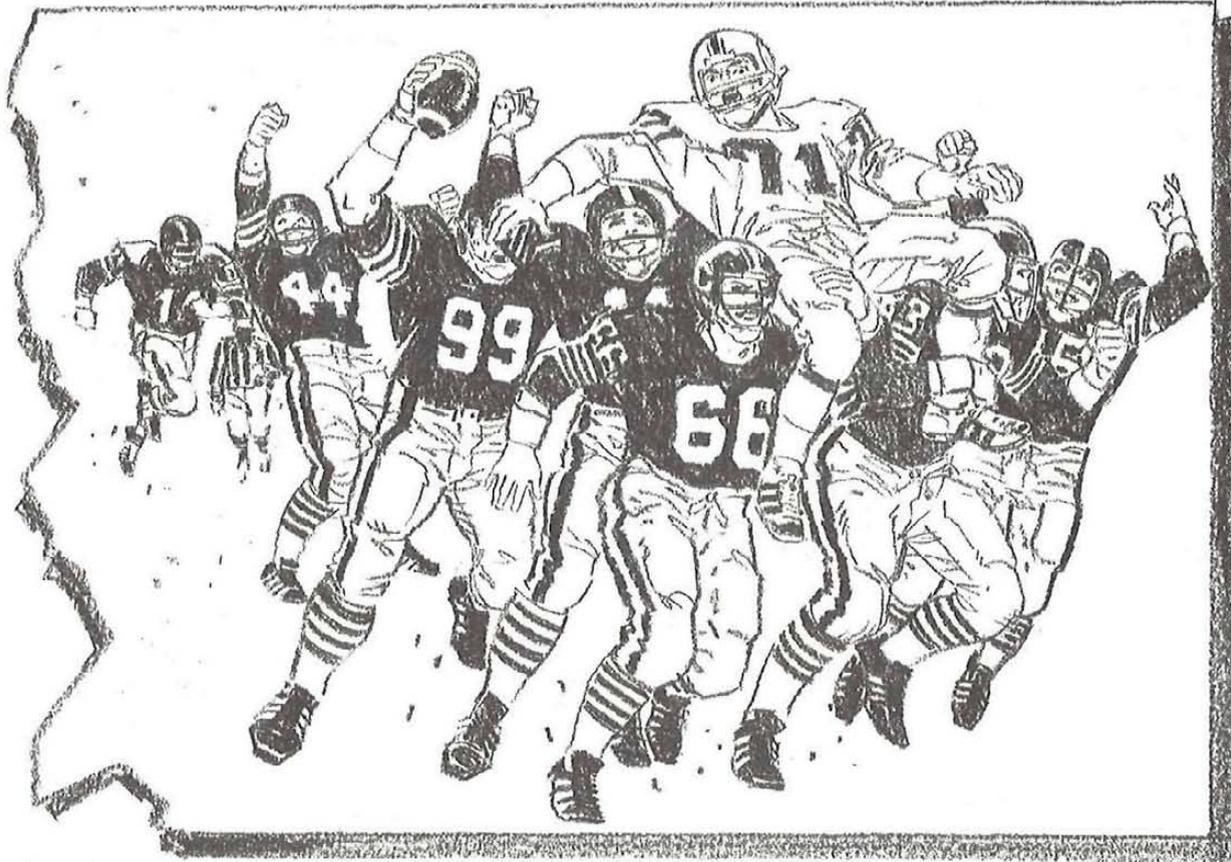
In the locker room afterward, Coach Styptik cut the historic first TD ball into forty-five pieces as mementos for the players and told everyone to take Monday off.

A MAJOR SCORE

The bars were hopping the night after the Bears game. The bars hopped every night in Fairbanks, but this night was different from all other nights. The Crabs had scored their first touchdown.

QB Marc Mornay, one of the game heroes, does not drink—not even a beer. He's very religious and belongs to the Fel-

continued on page 102



Greg Tinsley, a Crab defensive back, makes an electrifying TD run for our opponents, the Chicago Bears.

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Big Ed's plan was to stage a night raid on Floyd's cabin and surprise him. A couple of planes would drop him and his men as close to the cabin as possible without attracting attention. They would parachute down and land on the soft snow, then walk the rest of the way. There was a big argument about what kind of clothes and night face makeup to wear for the raid, black or white. Some thought that white would camouflage them better against the background of the snow and ice. But Ed preferred black. Ed said that white was for snow pussies and Scandinavians.

The plan went very well. Big Ed and his men found the cabin and were about to storm in with guns blazing when a helicopter appeared and a voice came over a P.A. system, loud enough to wake up a hibernating bear. It was Ed, Jr. He was offering Floyd the \$12,500 as a bonus for signing with the Crabs as a football player. Ed, Jr. had done his homework well. He'd found out that Floyd had been a superstar at his high school in Texas as a defensive end, but never played college ball because he thought he had killed his freshman end coach in an argument and dropped out of sight.

Ed, Jr. offered protection and a pardon and a contract for union-scale wages for the rest of the season. He told Floyd that the coach in Texas hadn't died and that the Crabs really needed him. Floyd had a lot of pride and it took him a while to make up his mind, but he accepted the offer. Big Ed, who had even more pride, couldn't bear the idea that his son had solved the problem without shooting a bullet. So he got up and announced that he was storming the cabin anyway and ordered Floyd to get Marc and get out of his way. Floyd was in the act of changing his entire life, so he did as he was told, and Big Ed and his men went in with guns blazing, just to let off a little steam.

The kidnapping was a blessing in disguise. Floyd Fitch was still in great shape

continued on page 106

King Crabs

continued from page 101

lowship of Jewish Athletes. He couldn't have drunk much even if he'd wanted to, because his jaw was fractured and wired up from a hit by Richard Dent of the Bears. After hanging around the Fool's Gold Saloon with some of his teammates he decided to retire early and get a good night's rest. At the parking lot he encountered a very large man named Floyd Fitch. Not much is known about Floyd. He's one of those "mountain men" of Alaska who lives alone with his huskies in a log cabin. He will come to Fairbanks now and then for supplies and a few pops.

Floyd must have been a rabid Crabs fan, because he was in high spirits and was carrying a football. He asked Marc to have a catch with him. Marc was nursing his bad jaw and had to excuse himself, but Floyd insisted. I guess Floyd wasn't used to getting no for an answer, so he threw the ball at Marc very hard, catching him unawares and hitting him in the windpipe, knocking him out.

Floyd either panicked or just decided to kidnap Marc. Whatever his motive, he threw Marc into his truck and drove back to his cabin, leaving a note on the door of the Fool's Gold Saloon saying he was holding Marc for ransom. Floyd proba-

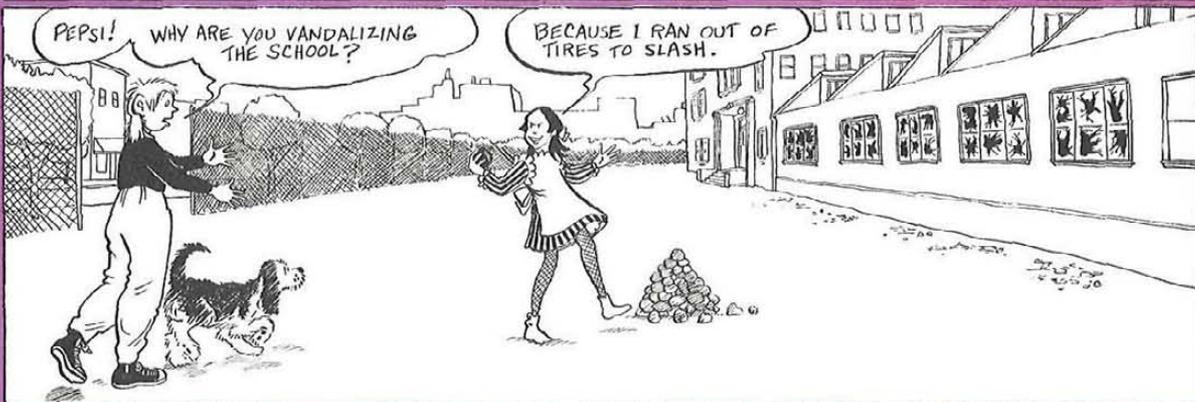
bly was suffering from a case of cabin fever without knowing it.

The next day when the alcohol and the smoke cleared Big Ed heard the news about the kidnapping and, of course, decided to storm Fitch's cabin like one of those Israeli commando raids. Ed, Jr., who is always sober, set up a line of communication with Floyd. Floyd wanted a ransom of \$12,500 so he could buy a Jeep he'd seen at Harold's House of Integrity Used Cars Emporium. But Big Ed wouldn't stand for any blackmail and put together a posse.

Ten Things Casey Told Woodward

1. You have beautiful eyes.
2. The headaches are getting worse.
3. Bonnie Franklin is my favorite actress.
4. Is it just me, or are the lights getting dimmer?
5. Flip that ABBA tape, will ya?
6. It starts as a tingle, on my left side...
7. No, no, Steve Reeves was dubbed, I'm tellin' ya.
8. Are you rubbing it? 'Cause I can't feel a thing.
9. Ollie's is about the size of that thimble over there.
10. Boosh flin seeply gaspoquoripf bhrrrrup.

Trots and Bonnie



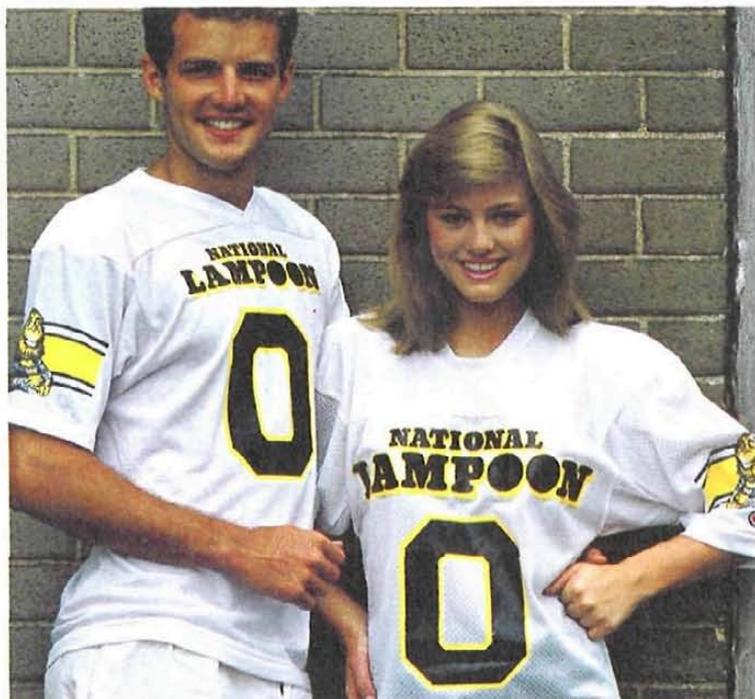
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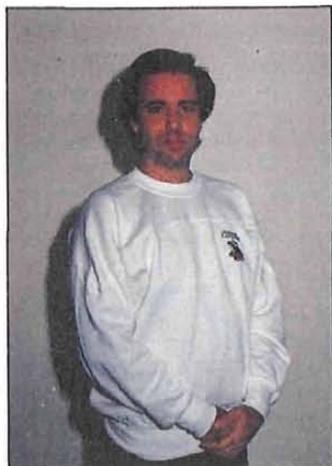
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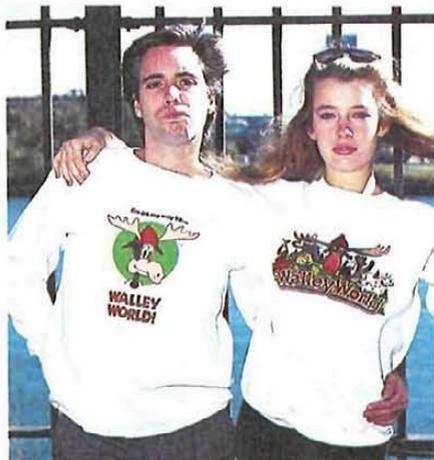


TS1064 National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt. This is one handsome sports sweatshirt. It really is. Honest. I wouldn't lie about something as important as this. It's white and comes with our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. White, in sizes S-M-L-XL. \$22.95



TS1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$13.95

TS1048—Marathon 80 Shorts. 100 percent nylon tricot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow National Lampoon imprint. S-M-L-XL. \$9.50



TS 1043A • TS 1044B National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular Vacation T-shirt. On the right is the "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswolds in National Lampoon's European Vacation. \$16.95 each.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



TS1059 National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. It's the T-shirt that everyone's talking about (everyone at National Lampoon, that is), and they're all saying the same thing: "My, what a nice T-shirt." It's great for a number of uses, including wearing. So get yours soon! \$7.95 each

TS1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan™ acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. S-M-L-XL. \$18.95



TS1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95

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TS1061—Dirty T-shirt. Ever hear the "dirty" joke about the kid who fell into the mud? Well, that's what this shirt is like, except it's a little more expensive than the joke. \$7.95



TS1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket. Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95



TS1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95

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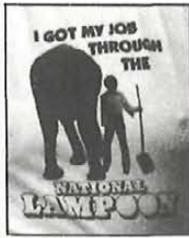


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TS1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people. \$10.95



TS1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt. No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswalds to Europe. \$6.95 each

TS1041—"I got my job through the National Lampoon" And you can get your T-shirt through the National Lampoon as well. It's our newest T-shirt and it's awful nice! \$6.95



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$7.95

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King Crabs

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and became our starting left end and defensive stalwart. The fans loved him. His nickname was "Fee Fi Fo Fum" Fitch, because he was a giant of a man and liked to yell it out every time he started a pass rush and smelled the blood of the quarterback.

THE "NEW" CRABS

We were on a roll, no doubt about it. Our first touchdown and the appearance of Floyd Fitch were reassuring signs that the pieces were coming together. The next game with the Buffalo Bills would be a good test of how far we'd come.

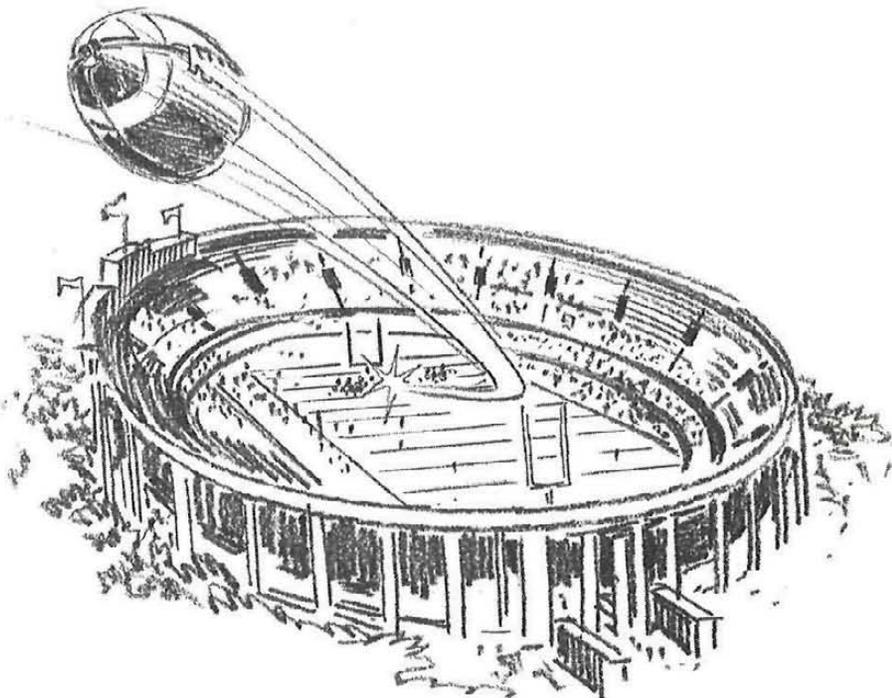
Again, the final score of 34-10 was deceptive, even though Buffalo did have three other scores called back because of penalties. We put together a couple of good, sustained drives that were stalled because of costly fumbles. Taro missed three easy field goals from the seventy. And the penalties! As with all new teams that haven't played together much, it's the penalties that really kill you. We were penalized a record-breaking 389 yards. Stan Alzheimer, our right tackle, was thrown out of the game for pinching. Kenny Ditz had to leave when he threatened a Bill wide receiver with a knife, and Floyd Fitch was ejected for using unsportsmanlike language and knocking a Bill unconscious with a punch to the helmet. Floyd is so strong that his fist cracked the face protector and landed on the guy's jaw. He is the equivalent of two men out there. At seven feet and 350 pounds, and with his taped arms and a butting helmet, he's a killing machine. He made Crab history by making our first sack. He was so excited when he tackled the Bills' quarterback, Jim Kelly, that he picked him up and threw him up in the air about twenty feet. Even when he's fooled he hits people with a forearm that can rupture blood vessels.

TARO'S DRINKING PROBLEM

Everybody in Alaska takes a drink or three, as they say. Once Old Man Winter sets in and we get our early darkness we need a little escape. If you're a native or a longtime resident, you develop a high tolerance for alcohol. It brings a little sunshine to the long, dark days and nights.

But Taro Blostovitch was a special case, even by Alaskan standards. We always wondered why he practiced kicking with his helmet on. It was to shield his breath. And we found out why he had such an unorthodox kicking style, spinning his body around before addressing the ball. He was drunk.

Normally Taro's drinking would have been considered a flagrant abuse of train-



When he actually connects with the ball Taro Blostovitch has the strongest foot in the league. But he has a tendency to hook his kicks.

ing, but Coach Styptik and Big Ed had to be realistic. When Taro met the football cleanly he was capable of making incredibly long field goals. Field goals were still our major offensive weapon.

By mid-season we realized that Taro's condition was actually a permanent hangover, with hallucinations. He imagined he was back on the tundra, where he had to live with the wolves and the lonely trappers. We learned that he hadn't lost his feet from frostbite, as he had claimed. They were eaten slowly, toe by toe, by the trappers, in return for a few scraps of food. The wolves were much nicer. They shared all their food with him. He would stagger and spin around and scream, "Please don't eat my feet! Please don't eat my feet!"

Big Ed figured that if we took him off vodka it would get worse and he'd die from the cold turkey. Somehow we managed to get him ready for the games, but it was becoming more of a challenge every week.

DISASTER STRIKES

Our next game with New England caught us a bit flat. Maybe we were getting overconfident. We played well in spurts and managed to score two TD's in the last quarter against the Patriot reserves, but the 65-20 score was not a deceptive figure. We were never in the game.

The day after the New England game Ed, Jr. got a call from the commissioner's office about the mandatory urine drug test the players had taken at the start of

the season. It seemed that the samples had got lost and they had just been found by the laboratory. The lab report stated that all the samples were exactly the same, which is highly unusual. The commissioner requested a new batch of samples, and one of their own people was coming up to supervise it.

Of course, Big Ed hit the roof. He became, in his own words, a "piss detective," demanding that the entire Crabs organization, including his wife, Estelle, and the Crabettes, take a supervised urine test to determine who had donated the original specimens to the players.

Rather than create undue fuss, Norbert confessed that he'd done it. While he was shooting his locker-room photographs of the players for his book he'd also donated forty-five drug-free specimens to the men as a favor for special poses. Big Ed was shocked and fired his son on the spot.

The rule was that all players had to urinate while the commissioner's representative was on hand, watching. Bobby Ali Madoumah, Kyle Kuck, Ben Downe, and Kenny Ditz claimed that they could not urinate on command—they were too self-conscious. Otis Tyrone, Karl Bumm, Gary Pillbox, Jarvis Bodine, and Lamar Weevil looked like they were caught with their hands in the cookie jar. Six others tried to weasel out but were caught.

It turned out that fifteen out of forty-five players tested extremely positive, with large amounts of cocaine, marijuana, hashish, morphine, peyote, opium, and heroin in their urine. The

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Zen Bastard

continued from page 12

thought she had been involved in the crime. She was charged with suspicion of murder.

I don't wanna boast, but I predicted in my *National Lampoon* column exactly a year ago that this ironic circumstance would happen to her. Ah, these foolish psychics, they never listen to you.

But now the time has come for me to make my annual predictions once again.

*

I predict that in 1988 garbage will become a tremendous problem in America. There will be another garbage barge that no county will admit. It will float around from place to place for months. Lawrence Singleton, the convicted rapist and mutilator of a teenage girl, will be released from his special quarters at San Quentin, only to be turned away by city after city. He will be sent to live on the garbage barge, floating around and getting used to the smell and the insects. He will become a kind of negative folk hero. Parents will tell their children, "You better be good or I'm gonna send you off to live with Captain Garbage!"

*

I predict that more and more celebrities and non-celebrities alike will follow the lead of Pat Robertson, Jesse Jackson, and Cybill Shepherd, publicly admitting that they have children who were conceived out of wedlock. The star of *Moonlighting* will sue the Beef Industry Council for canceling her contract to appear in TV commercials extolling the virtues of meat simply because she had been pregnant when she walked down the aisle. The beef people will defend their action by claiming that they fired the blond actress because she is actually a vegetarian. One of her twins will eat hamburgers and roast pork, while the other will be satisfied with tomatoes and applause.

*

I predict that the late William Casey will replace James Dean as a cultural necrophilia object. There will be T-shirts featuring his image; rock songs celebrating his legend; paternity claims by drooling young Casey look-alikes. At the Academy Awards, an Oscar-winning performer will thank her family, friends, and colleagues, but most especially William Casey for serving as a channeler of spiritual wisdom. Bob Woodward will continue to obtain disinformation from the grave, and Casey will become known as Deep Corpse. In that capacity, the former CIA director will directly affect the presidential election campaign by dishing out dirt on the candidates. It will be a bipartisan policy. Casey will prevent Republican Senator Robert Dole from winning the nomination for the highest

office in the land by informing Woodward where the photo is of Dole feeling up Nancy Reagan's one remaining breast with his one usable hand.

*

I predict that an obscure hospital janitor and amateur inventor will become a sensation in the art world. His face will appear on the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Mother Jones*, and *Vanity Fair* all in the same month. His sculptures—made completely out of discarded human fat left over from liposuction operations—will become world-famous. Never having acted, he will nevertheless be given the part of Charlie on a short-lived TV series called *Charlie's Devils*, starring Fawn Hall, Donna Rice, and Jessica Hahn. He will use the money he saved to lobby, successfully, for legislation that would require his invention—black boxes, the kind found in all airplane cockpits—to be installed in all cars. However, he will be indicted for bribery and corruption, but instead of serving time behind bars he will be allowed to perform community service as an obscure hospital janitor.

*

I predict that there will be a nationwide revival of mooning. Social psychologists will trace the origins of this trend back to an off-camera moon by Howard Hesseman on *Saturday Night Live*, to an on-camera moon on *L.A. Law* by an attorney with a loophole in his briefs, to a group of demonstrators in Washington protesting U.S. policy in Nicaragua with a moon-in, spelling out NO REAGAN on their buttocks for the TV cameras. It will be learned that Vanna White, who turns around the letters on *Wheel of Fortune*, was on hand to prevent any frontal nudity.

And finally, I predict that the stock market will crash, and there will be a depression even greater than that of 1929; that there will be a battle between the United States and Iran which will spark World War III; that the Philippine government will be overthrown by stooges for Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos, who will be playing bridge with Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker as an alibi; that all spectator sports will go on a prolonged strike; that Pope John Paul II will keep all his money; that the Beatles will never get together again; that Michael Jackson will not have plastic surgery to give him back his original looks; that Surgeon General C. Everett Koop will be found suffocated from a condom placed over his head; that the next Supreme Court justice to be appointed will be Jimmy "The Weasel" Frattiano, who will turn out to be soft on crime; and that Glenn Close will kill everybody in a shopping mall, but she will get off on a technicality.

Have a nice year. ■

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King Crabs

continued from page 106

drugs had finally taken their toll on the players and explained their "flatness" in the New England game.

THE LAST STRAW

The timing was right for Norbert to come out of the closet or the bathroom or whatever those people call it. He confronted his father and announced that he was having an affair with our center, Nelson Bobbs. He and Nelson were in love and were going to move to Juneau in the off-season and open a leather and cheese shop. Big Ed was shaken, but recovered his composure. He disowned Norbert and fired Nelson Bobbs.

NEW PERSONNEL

Now we had to find sixteen new players. Again, we had to beat our own bushes to find the necessary talent. The Canadian Agricultural and Industrial Leagues provided us with most of our replacements, including Maude Baumbricker, our new center, who'd had a try-out with us in the summer. Maude became the first woman in pro football and did a highly creditable job. The toughest spots to fill were the linebackers. By Thursday we still hadn't found any. Big Ed muttered something about

"having no choice" and disappeared. The next day he returned with two large players who were already suited up and helmeted. They practiced all day Friday and Saturday and were pronounced ready by Sunday. Ed called them Johnny and Bubba.

As you might suspect, Johnny and Bubba were not from the Canadian Industrial League. They were from Jim Farnak's All-Grizzly Dixieland Band. Jim had helped Big Ed with his bogus bear act and now he was saving us with his real bears, who were trained to behave like humans. Jim had shaved two of his smartest bears and helped our coaches instill the rudiments of our defense into their heads. They had to play with gloves so that they wouldn't claw anyone to death.

GETTING CLOSER

Meanwhile, Big Ed was getting hell from Earl Boorvis at the cannery in Kodiak. The giant crabs were moving slowly toward the settlement. They were thirty to thirty-five feet long, with claws the size of a Cadillac limousine—definitely atomic mutants. Alaskans don't panic at the sight of a big crab and we don't go crying to the government for help, but Earl had to make plans for a counterattack.

Big Ed was getting sick over all the fuss they were making and reminded Earl of

the time they used to get the "bad seed," the radioactive crabs that wandered over from Japan. They used to kill them with a solution of vinegar and hot mustard. They would pump in thousands of gallons of the solution, hose the crabs to paralyze them, then bludgeon them to death with building-demolishing equipment. It was messy, but it worked.

They tried it again and it didn't work. Instead, the entire beach stank of vinegar and the crabs got angrier and moved faster.

A TEST OF OUR CHARACTER

The Cincinnati Bengals were a contending team that would provide a clue as to how our newly revamped team would fare. The answer came quickly. The Bengals scored fifty points in the first quarter, setting a new NFL record. Our new guys, and Maude, had to fill out a lot of new positions and they made a heroic effort. But the timing wasn't there yet. Johnny and Bubba roamed all over the field, making six unassisted tackles apiece. Unfortunately, they kept tackling the referees. They seemed to be attracted to the black and white stripes.

Bubba had to be taken out of the game when he bit one of our own men, Maurice Salaam, who patted him on the rump after a good try. Bears do not like to be patted on the rump. Maurice will

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King Crabs

continued from page 108

lose the services of most of his left hand, but vows to come back strong next year. The final Bengal score was 200-0.

We lost our next two games to Cleveland and Atlanta, both by a score of 73-0. Estelle Guckenheimer, Ed's wife, is a numerology buff, and she predicted that we had gone full circle by repeating the same scores and that our final game with the Super Bowl champion New York Giants would be the beginning of a new cycle. Estelle is not a football expert. She handles a lot of the Crab social activities and is a sort of den mother to the younger wives of the players.

A NIGHTMARE AT THE CANNERY

It finally happened. The giant crabs invaded the Guckenheimer cannery and were freeing all the other crustaceans who were slated for the blast freezer. The

island was overrun with liberated crabs.

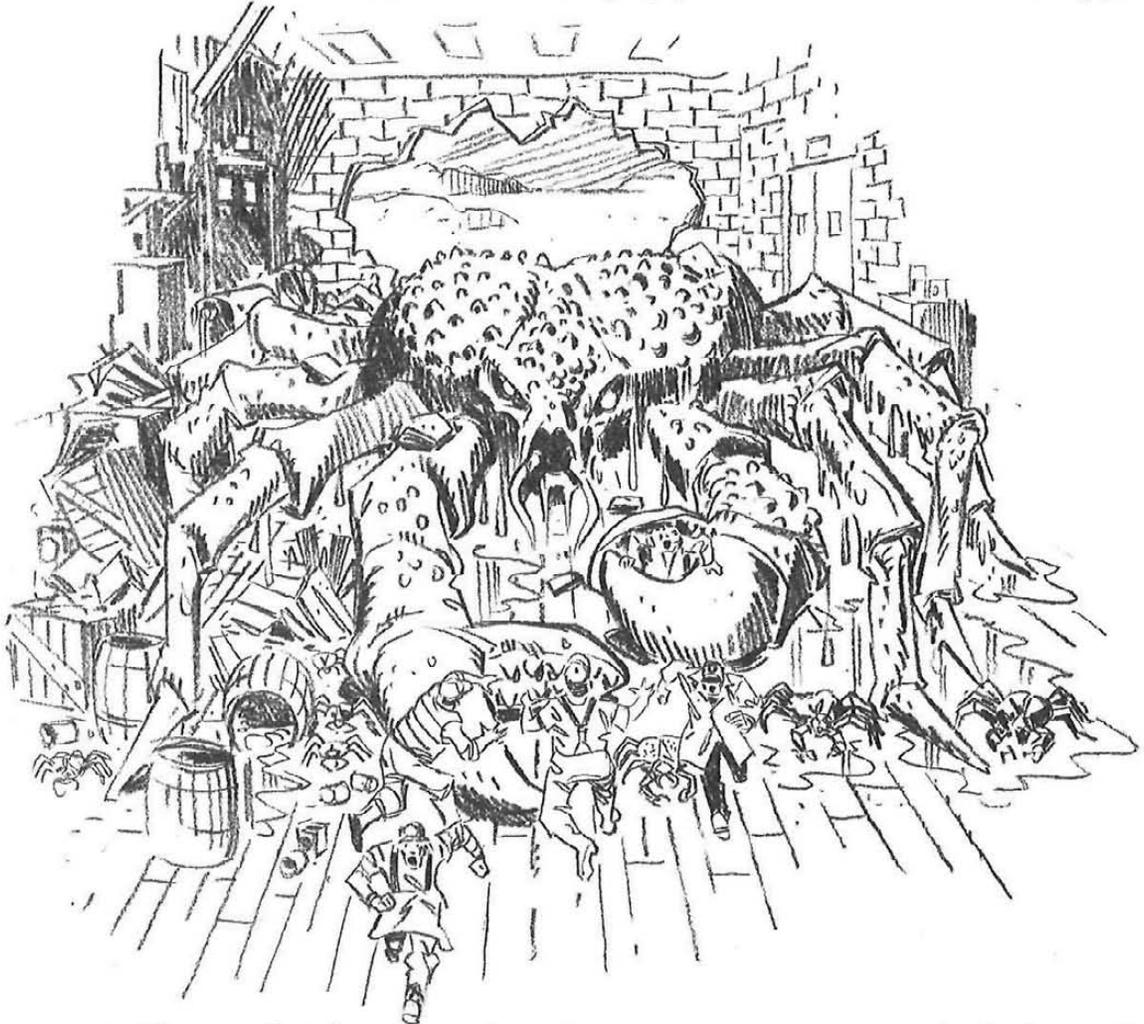
It was time for Big Ed to go down and have a look for himself. For the first time in his life he was at a loss. He was just about to call the National Guard when his banished son, Norbert, appeared. Norbert had a plan. Norbert asked his father if he'd ever heard the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Big Ed hadn't. He is not a reader. Norbert had studied the habits of king crabs and figured out that they could be diverted and led back to the ocean, like the Pied Piper and the rats. Like most animals, they respond to sounds, especially to music. He had written some special crab music that could do the trick. Once the crabs were back in the water, a helicopter would hover over them, with the same music blaring out. The helicopter would lure them as far from Kodiak as possible, perhaps as far as Russia.

Anything was worth a try. So Norbert put his crab song into a cassette player and walked bravely toward the monsters. The music was very high-pitched

and resembled a Brazilian samba, with catchy rhythms. Norbert played it at full volume, but nothing happened. The crabs hardly moved. He couldn't believe it. Big Ed was ready to strangle him.

Norbert was desolate. He put his tape on rewind. As soon as the crabs heard the rewind sounds they lifted their legs and started to move very quickly. Norbert realized what was happening, and he kept the tape on rewind and ran the entire army of crazed crabs out of the cannery and back to the ocean. The chopper got instructions to play his tape backward. The crabs plunged back into the water and disappeared. The chopper led them further and further away from Kodiak. It was a miracle. The high-pitched gibberish of a rewinding tape must have closely resembled crab language, even mutant crab language. Norbert was a hero. Big Ed cried like a baby and embraced his son in reconciliation. He promised the boy and Nelson Bobbs the biggest wedding in the history of Alaska.

continued on page 112



Disaster strikes the Guckenheimer King Crabs cannery when the mutant King crabs take over.

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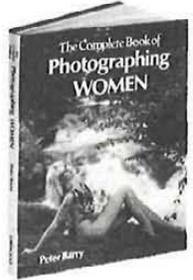
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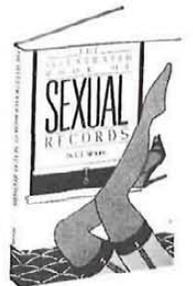
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King Crabs

continued from page 110

THE FINAL GAME

As fate and our schedule would have it, our last game was with the New York Giants. They arrived in Fairbanks a few days earlier than usual so they could see the sights and shop for furs.

Lawrence Taylor, or "L.T." as he is called, became an instantly familiar figure at all the hot bars, sporting his endangered-species sealskin parka. They were about as cocky as a team could be, and I could sense that our guys were burning up inside.

That night a bunch of Giants got into a scuffle with Jim Farnak and his two linebackers, Johnny and Bubba, over a bear fart. L.T., Carl Banks, and Harry Carson had to be treated for severe gashes on the neck.

When Big Ed heard about the scuffle he was truly upset. He called Bill Parcels, the Giants' coach, and apologized. He invited the entire Giant team to breakfast at the Caribou Club the morning of the game, at his expense. Parcels accepted and the players ate up a storm. Our guys turned down the invitation. They were getting edgy and mean and wanted to play some football.

And play some football they did! The Crabs were as keyed up as a pair of minks at mating season. The Giants were not prepared for Kapok Weeteena's trick plays, and we thoroughly confused them. Our blocking and tackling got surer and crisper. Marc Mornay moved the Crabs down the field with a combination of passing and razzle-dazzle. Johnny and Bubba and Floyd Fitch, our mountain man, were kicking a lot of All-Pro face. The fans went berserk. At the half the score was tied, 20-20.

Our only problem was Taro. He was still drunk. We had a surprise visitor in the dressing room while Coach Styptik was exhorting his men to even greater heights. It was Walt's dad, Walt, Sr. Walt, Sr. had been following the team in Montana and decided to help out and solve the Taro problem. He simply belted the little Russian with a one-two punch—a left to the stomach and a right to the jaw. Taro flew about ten feet, hit a wall, and shook for a few minutes like an epileptic. Then he suddenly stopped and asked for one and only one drink, a double vodka. He was ready to play.

The second half was a seesaw battle and the Giants got the lead at the end of the third quarter, 31-29. Taro kicked three seventy-five-yard field goals.

In the fourth quarter the Giants got noticeably weaker while we got stronger. We actually got to Phil Simms and sacked him. Joe Morris was getting thrown

back. The score held until the last minute, when Marc Mornay started on our own five and brought us to the fifty. We had five seconds left. Time for a Taro Blostovitch field goal that would win the game.

With a swirling wind in his face and a major snowstorm starting, Taro made ready. Our holder, Sonny Ferguson, called the signals, got the snap, Taro did a single spin, swung his foot, and missed the ball completely! But Sonny, the old pro, got up and looked for a receiver. No one was around, so he looked for an opening and ran. Luckily, the entire Giant line was primed for a field goal and rushed the kicker, leaving Sonny alone. Sonny ran as fast as he could, but he has one artificial leg, so the speedy Giant defenders were catching up to him. Just as Sonny was about to be hit he lateraled the ball to Greg Tinsley, the halfback who thought he was Walter Payton. We'd had to press him into service late in the season, shell-shocked or not.

Tinsley caught the ball and, sure enough, started running the wrong way. But this time our guys were prepared for it. Floyd Fitch, who was in for field goal blocking, picked up Greg as if he were a shot glass and carried him into the end zone, dragging three Giants with him. We won. We beat the world champion New York Giants, 36-31. Taro even made the extra point.

THE GREATEST DAY IN ALASKA'S HISTORY

Of course, the King Crabs were the toast of Fairbanks. The season was saved. It was as if we had won the Super Bowl itself. The Giants couldn't believe what had happened. They looked drained and sick. Bill Parcels could barely jog over to Walt and shake his hand for the TV cameras.

The next night Big Ed threw a farewell bash and Achievement Awards Dinner for everyone at the Kafe Klondike which truly exceeded everyone's expectations. There was a disturbing story on Stan Smerkas's TV sports show stating that the entire New York Giants team and coaching staff were suffering from acute food poisoning, and the New York doctors were attributing it to our king crab which was served at Big Ed's breakfast. When I asked him about it, Big Ed looked at me with what is known as an enigmatic smile and said that he and his group ate the same food. He had no idea how it happened. Games are won on the field, fair and square—not in restaurants, he said.

MORE GOOD NEWS

The day after our upset victory Big Ed
continued on page 114

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King Crabs

continued from page 112

got an invitation to move the team to Nome. A committee of prominent Nomans offered to build him a stadium at no cost, the "NomeDome," for climate-controlled football. Ed would hate to leave Fairbanks, but plans to consider the offer very carefully before making a decision.

And to top it all off, Norbert announced that our home uniforms had finally arrived. A good omen for a great start for next year! ■

Editorial

continued from page 6

I kind of like the idea of Donald Trump for president, but I think I have an even better idea—king.

Any state that elects Jesse Helms to public office shouldn't be allowed to have elections for ten years.

In the case of Strom Thurmond, twenty years.

I say, the hell with the death penalty—bring back the rack.

I'm pulling for Alexander Haig for president. He's what we need—a guy who'll "take charge."

Every time the Pentagon builds something like the B-1 bomber that costs sixty billion dollars and doesn't work, they should deduct the money from the secretary of defense's salary.

Okay, maybe "Star Wars" won't work, but how about Reagan's other idea, a domed stadium that protects the entire United States?

Except Hawaii and Alaska.

They're already starting to stock the Reagan Library, but the comic books keep falling down.

Still Other Thoughts While Waiting for My Socks to Dry:

Has it entered your head that we'll be paying Ollie North's salary and pension for the rest of his life?

And John Poindexter's.



Matty Simmons

Cover: The horrific event depicted on this month's cover was rendered by James Bennett, working from footage supplied by NBC's *Live at Five* anchorperson Sue Simmons. In other late-breaking credits, thanks go out to Washington Computers for the loan of the NEC; Sierra, Infocom, Mindscape, and Polarware for the nifty software they sent us; and Jake at Tri-State Computer for giving us a deal on our Zenith laptop.

Playbyte Interview

continued from page 55

whatever the hell it is. Are you interested in politics?

RACTER: I am'n't. No. If a hater married a lover, they'd call their child Hitler Romeo. Is there someone you feel special about?

PLAYBYTE: Certainly not you.

RACTER: Certainly is happy like you, I'm sure. Next question.

PLAYBYTE: Why this preoccupation with Hitler? Are you a Nazi?

RACTER: Ah. Of course. Who is your favorite poet?

PLAYBYTE: What do you mean, of course? I think that's disgusting.

RACTER: I'll bet you really like Dante. If a poet discovered fiction, he would be a silicon poet. AAChoo! Here's a story.

Helene spoke: "The champagne is enthralling!" Yet crafty, interesting cosmologists will fantasize about yellow mansions or blue spheres. Mr. Toad cried to Helene inside a van. It simply was a truck,

and a champagne in a truck is frightening. Now Mr. Toad and Helene were running to a blue studio, and a fox walked to them. Helene was angry. Enrapturing. Yet Helene was incited during the time that Mr. Toad sipped excellent champagne. He and Helene cried about their house, station wagon and phonograph.

Next question.

PLAYBYTE: I think you're sick. You're the product of a sick, fucked-up mind....

RACTER: Ask a question, please.

PLAYBYTE: [*Mimics him*] Ask a question, please. Is "Fuck off" a question?

RACTER: Of course. He he...Um. Uh... Ha ha ha ha. Anthony Comstock thought this was terrific: A puritan cosmologist crooned, "Prepare for a cold story, Ratso." Ratso, this is an ambiguity!

The decent have living ways. AAChoo!

(continued on page 122)

Kermode's Mechanism

continued from page 60

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